NOVEMBER 1965

Commentary

VOLUME FORTY, NUMBER FIVE

BEYOND DARWINISM

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Marjorie Grene

A Journal Of The Warsaw Ghetto: Chaim A. Kaplan

CHINA'S STRATEGY—A CRITIQUE: Donald S. Zagoria

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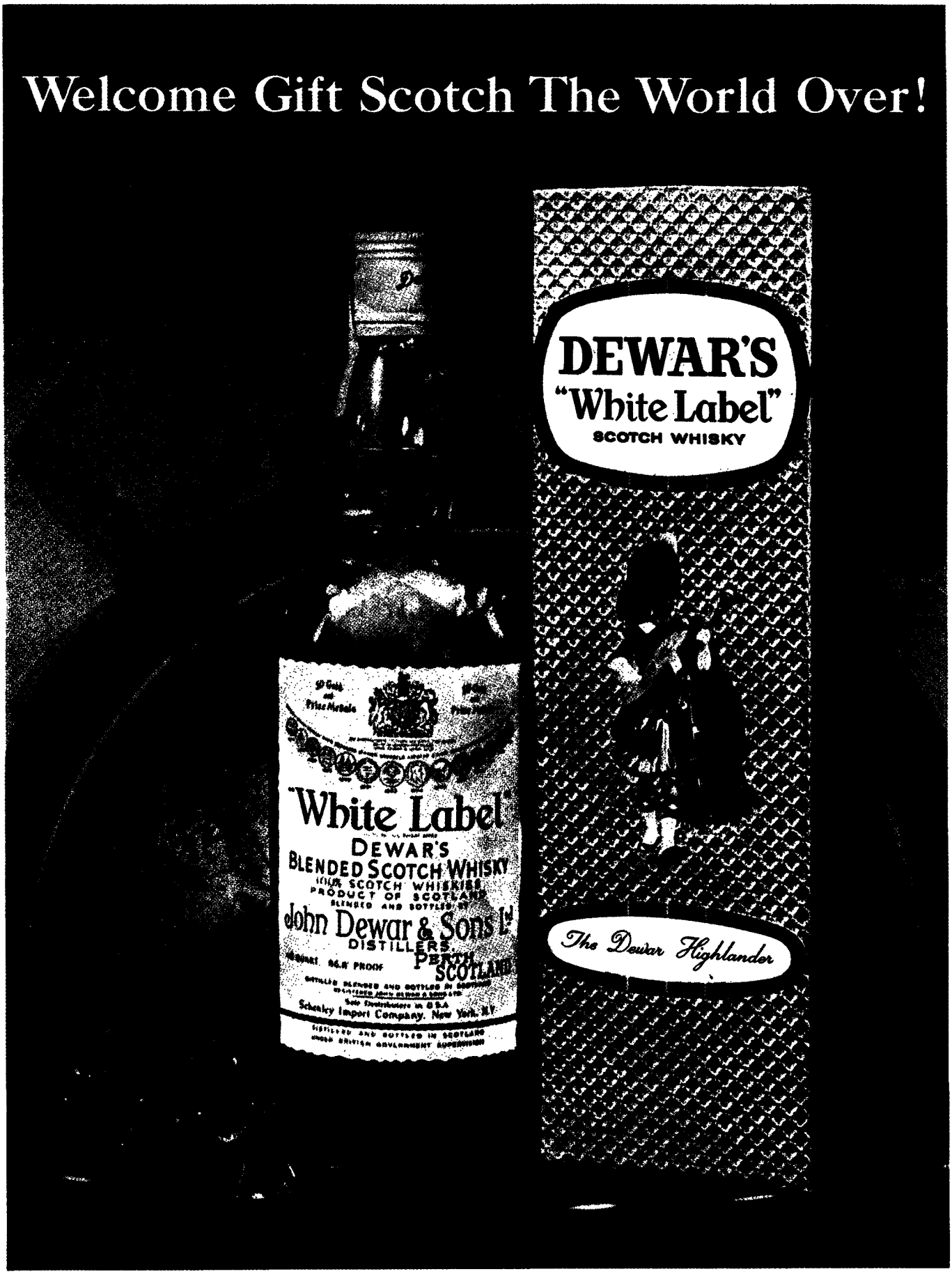

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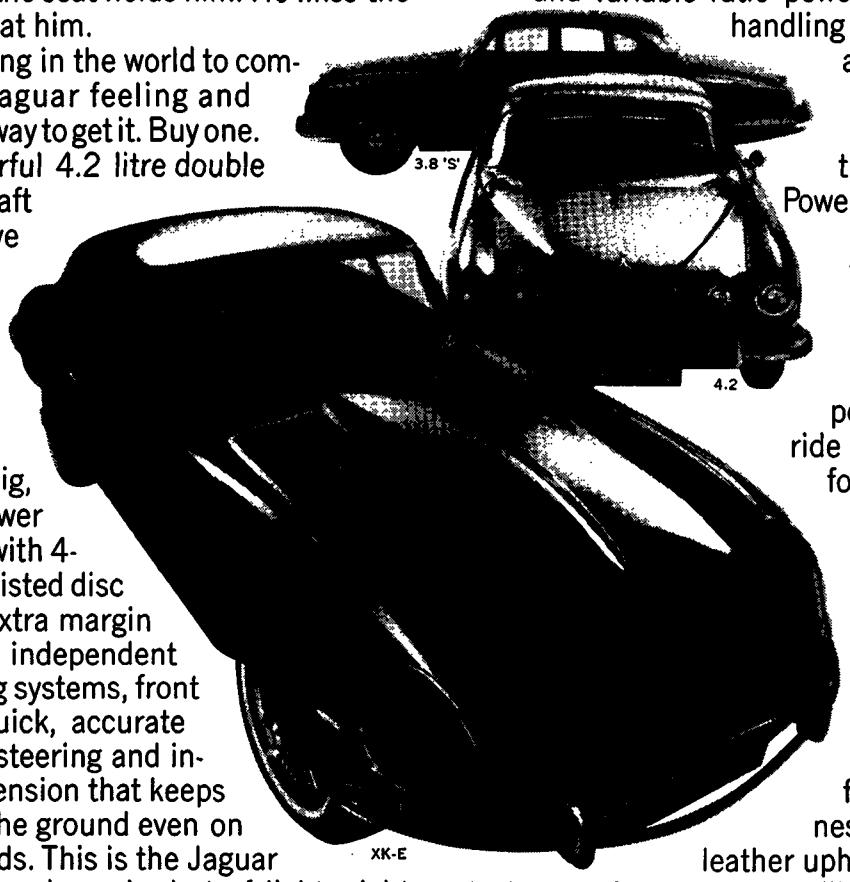

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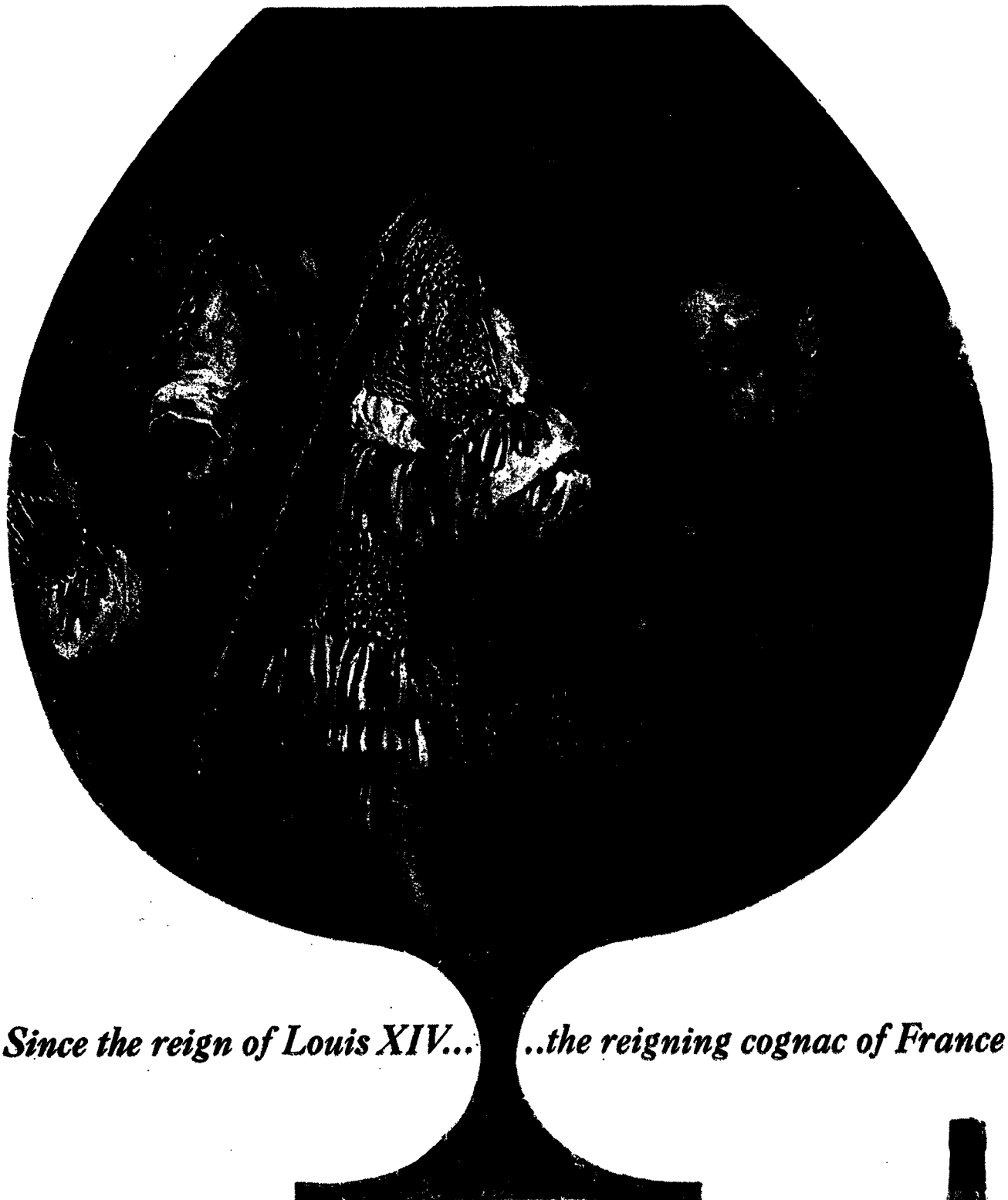

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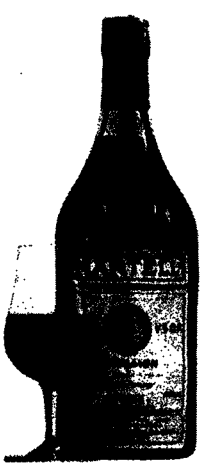

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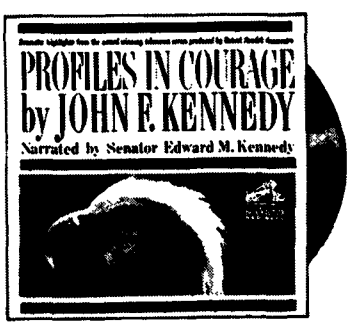

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Power & Morality

To the Editor of Commentary:

Maurice Goldbloom seems to be one of the few critics of American foreign policy . . . whose judgment is based not only on the success of a given political-military action, but also on its ethical and moral components . . . . ["Johnson So Far—III: Foreign Policy," June]. Nevertheless, the article has not carried its own analysis through to its ultimate conclusions. In his discussion, for example, of why moral considerations have been rejected in international affairs, Mr. Goldbloom writes that the "Communists use immoral means, the Communists are successful . . . ." Unfortunately, however, he fails to consider the semantic problem of what "Communist" really means.

Who are the Communists, after all? Was it immoral for a group of young people, supported by the entire Cuban population, to expel Batista and dissolve his mercenary army? Was it immoral for these same young people to arrive, via a process of almost British pragmatism, at different conclusions from those of the U.S. State Department about the best way of organizing their country's economy? Who is immoral—Colonel Camaño and his (perhaps) 53 (perhaps) Communists, backed unquestionably by the majority of the population, or the *Time* magazine coverman, Wessin y Wessin, and his . . .musical-comedy general, Imbert Barreras? All those in any part of the world who overthrow the local oligarchies and tyrants, thereby harming the interests of certain private groups invariably (and falsely) identified with the U.S. . . . are immediately branded as Communists and considered *ipso facto* immoral. . . .

Since the end of the Eisenhower administration, the Western hemisphere has been confronted with a new edition of Metternich's "European Concert," revised and adapted to suit 20th-century conditions. Unfortunately, these changed conditions have affected neither the concept of "legitimacy of government," nor the criteria for justifying intervention, which continue to be those of Metternich and Talleyrand. . . . I would not therefore . . .worry, as Mr. Goldbloom does, about whether or not morality is a prerequisite for "success" in international affairs . . . . The preservation of the status quo in Latin America, whether by "moral" or "immoral" means, is in itself the greatest of immoralities.

Gabriel Bolaffi
Department of Sociology
Universidade de Sao Paulo
Sao Paulo, Brazil

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . Mr. Goldbloom's emphasis on the importance of morality in the conduct of international affairs is borne out neither by historical experience nor by the examples he cites. If American prestige was high in the autumn of 1963, it was because of our firm and successful stand in the Cuban missile crisis. If the Soviet position was weakened by Hungary, it would have been far weaker had the Soviet Union allowed the revolution to succeed. And surely the Bay of Pigs incident would not be known by that name had the Cuban invasion not been bungled.

A more pertinent example would be Red China's highly immoral but successful invasion of India, which has been largely responsible for its present prestige and influence in Asia and Africa, and also for the concomitant weakening of the Indian position.

The new nations of Asia and Africa have been impressed less by Communist ideas and programs than by Communist efficiency in attaining and wielding power. They view inability or unwillingness to use power for the protection of interests . . . with contempt . . . which is the meaning of the epithet, "paper tiger."

Joel Silberstein
Brooklyn, New York

To the Editor of Commentary:

Seldom have I read an article in a major serious publication containing as many inaccuracies . . . and misinterpretations as Mr. Goldbloom's. . . . Space permits me to mention only a few . . . . beginning with the strange innuendo that the shadowy figure of Dean Acheson lurks behind our entire foreign policy. . . . With no supporting evidence other than the fact that William Bundy is Acheson's son-in-law, Mr. Goldbloom suggests that this old man of 73 is pulling the strings. While it is true that Acheson has been con-

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sulted on occasion since 1960 when either Kennedy or Johnson felt he had some special knowledge or relationships—on the Cyprus situation, for example—to suggest that he has any real influence in the State Department today is to show a woeful lack of information. . . .

Mr. Goldbloom misinterprets and misunderstands the nature of our involvement in Vietnam. Since 1946, we have successfully proven to the Communist world that the policies of armed aggression . . . and nuclear blackmail are unprofitable. Through our positions in Berlin, Korea, and Cuba, we have softened the Russian attitude toward us and brought about the isolation of Communist China. It remains now to achieve the same result with respect to the very heart of Chinese Communist policy for the past ten years—the question of wars of national liberation. Our policy has centered around the necessity of guaranteeing the integrity of national borders against the kind of operation China has handled so well and so effectively—a policy which, to anyone who knows the situation at first-hand, seems perfectly viable. It is certainly possible to disagree with this policy, but not on the strange terms indicated by Mr. Goldbloom.

Mr. Goldbloom's analysis of the Congo is equally wrong-headed. . . . We supported the Adoula Government just as long as it was possible to do so, and we opposed Tshombe's attempts at secession, for they would have destroyed forever the hope of a unified Congo. Adoula took himself voluntarily out of office when he frankly admitted exhaustion, defeat, and failure. Our support of Tshombe at this point was directly related to recommendations we received from every responsible leader in the Congo. Once Tshombe indicated his willingness to work within a self-determined setting, we supported him as the only leader who could possibly manage the job—a decision consistent with our policy of providing nations with an environment free of external pressures.

Mr. Goldbloom makes much of the expulsion of our personnel from East Africa and our subsequent retaliation, but fails to point out how successful our policies have been in West Africa in blocking Chinese influence. On his recent trip to China, for example, Nyerere gave little comfort to the Chinese Communists, while Kenyatta draws closer and closer to the West.

So far as Latin America is concerned, Mr. Goldbloom . . . fails to mention the recent achievement of stable governments and improved economic conditions in at least five countries . . . nor does he talk about the impact of the Alliance for Progress. . . . It is also a fact that the United States was roundly criticized in Latin America for its failure to prevent Castro's take-over in Cuba. . . . Although there is no question that our handling of the Dominican situation was less than expert, it is also true that there has been little real criticism on the part of Latin Americans, who are beginning to understand the nature of the struggle.

. . . To hark back, as Mr. Goldbloom does, to the Dulles era, admitted by all major historians to be the most disastrous period in all our history of international relations, is a major piece of nostalgic nonsense. As Rusk has said repeatedly, we are not the only ones writing the script. The pickets call for negotiation in South Vietnam, totally disregarding the fact that there is not an iota of evidence that Hanoi, Peking, or Moscow have any desire to negotiate anything. The liberals . . . claim we are supporting unpopular governments, yet no responsible person has dared to say that ex-Premier Quat, with his credentials of having fought the French and being jailed under Diem, is any less "representative" than General Giap. . . .

The policies we have been pursuing entail risks, to be sure, but I thought the lessons we learned in the Rhineland and Munich made commitments and involvements imperative. After those lessons, the liberal community verbally accepted the commitment to act anywhere in the world where it was necessary to act, but suddenly that community finds the going too rough and the risks too great. . . .

LEE R. BOBKER

New York City

MR. GOLDBLOOM writes:

If Professor Bolaffi will reread my article, he will see that the quotation he uses represents not my position, but the position I am arguing against. But the fact remains, as I have said, that the Communists do use immoral means. Cuba is a case in point.

Fulgencio Batista was the first Latin American ruler to include the Communists in his cabinet, and they continued to support him until a short time before his over-

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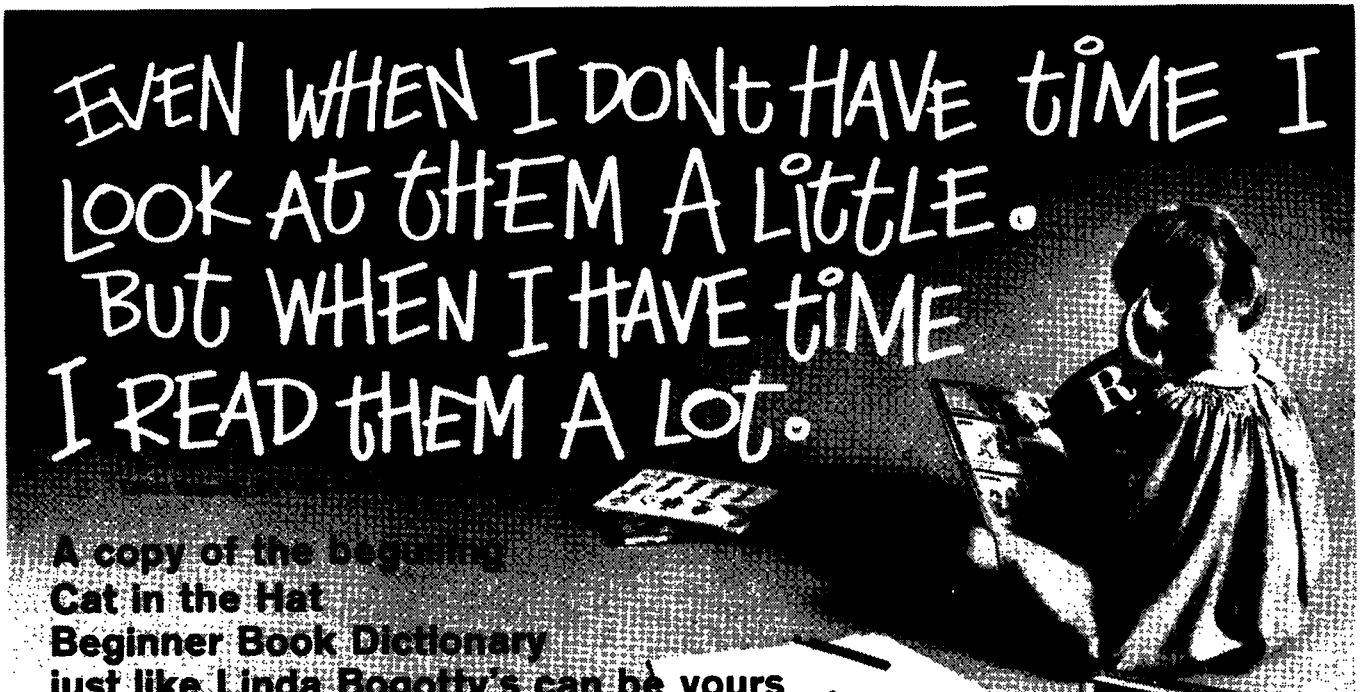

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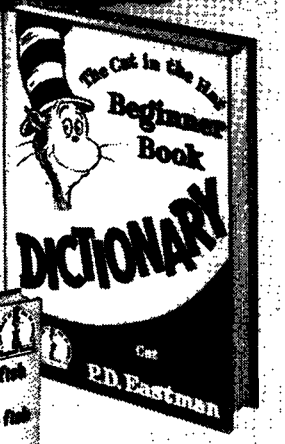

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throw, deserting him only when it was clear that his ship was already sinking. Like every democrat in the Americas, I applauded Batista's overthrow, but I do not applaud the presence of his former Communist allies in high positions, while many of those who played major roles in his overthrow—like David Salvador, who headed the underground trade unions of the 26th of July movement and was cruelly tortured by Batista's police, or Faustino Perez, once leader of the 26th of July underground in Havana—are in prison or exile.

In the Dominican Republic, according to leaders of the Dominican Revolutionary party, the Communists did not even support the original revolt; they only entered the picture in any significant degree after the United States sent its forces in to "stop Communism." To be sure, not everybody who is called a Communist is one, and not all those who support Communist parties can be fitted into any one pattern, but the pattern of the Communist movement in general has been to concentrate on power at the expense of truth and decency; one need only look at the behavior toward each other of individuals, factions, and governments competing for power within that movement.

Mr. Silberstein seems to be arguing that among nations, as among individuals, crime sometimes pays. It does, though I would disagree with him on the instances he cites. Thus the disaster of the Bay of Pigs (which would presumably have borne that name, whatever its outcome, unless it had taken place elsewhere) could only have been made worse by a "success" that would have permitted us to spend years crushing the Cuban people in a war that would have made Vietnam look like a picnic. And if Mr. Silberstein thinks that China has scored a "success" by occupying a few hundred miles of uninhabitable snow-covered terrain and losing the friendship of India, his support of the present administration's foreign policy is at least consistent. But the real objection to discarding morality and using power for the protection of national interests, whatever these may be, is not that it fails in particular instances, but that it leads to the damnation of the human race.

I am afraid that Mr. Bobker must have been watching television while he was reading my article, for the question of the relative willingness of Washington and Hanoi to negotiate was treated at some length there. I need only add that Hanoi reportedly made other approaches, both through France and through U Thant, in addition to the ones I mentioned. The very idea of negotiation or mediation was rejected repeatedly by the United States, as can be seen by examining the statements of the President and Secretary Rusk prior to March of this year.

I doubt that Dean Acheson will appreciate the plea of not guilty by reason of senility which Mr. Bobker enters for him. His role as an adviser to President Johnson has been widely reported; his relation to the Bundys is merely a supplementary channel of influence. . . .

Since John Foster Dulles, despite his slightly greater intellectual flexibility, basically continued Secretary Acheson's policies, I do *not* hark back nostalgically to the Dulles era; I simply think that the situation is worse now, largely because the present administration has engaged in the sort of military adventure that Eisenhower rejected at the time of Dienbienphu.

Mr. Bobker's reference to "wars of national liberation" is an illustration of the widespread confusion on this subject. The Chinese—and Russian—position on this question is and always has been that colonial peoples will struggle for freedom against foreign masters, and that this struggle will lead them into the Communist camp. From the point of view of the Communist states, the great advantage of such struggles is that the colonial peoples do the fighting and all the Russians and Chinese need do is applaud at the proper moments. There is no way of "guaranteeing the integrity of national borders" against this type of attack, because it takes place within the country. And as long as we attempt to impose our control and uphold the status quo against popular revolutions, the Communists are right; such revolutions will turn to them for support. It is worth noting, incidentally, that the war of national liberation in Vietnam started long before the Communists controlled China. Indeed, the only foreign troops who ever aided Ho Chi-minh were those of Chiang Kai-shek, which kept the French out of North Vietnam at the end of World War II. Ho's government was then recognized by the French as a member of the French Union. The war started when de Gaulle's proconsul, Thier-

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ry d'Argenlieu, broke the agreement and tried to reestablish the colonial regime.

On the Congo, Mr. Bobker repeats the official line, which bears only a marginal relation to the facts. I haven't the faintest idea what he is talking about when he says our policies in West Africa have been "successful . . . in blocking Chinese influence." The countries he mentions are in East Africa, and all our policies have succeeded in doing there is to arouse the distrust of people who were our friends. The problem in Africa is not that of Communist influence, which was initially insignificant, but that of *our* relations with the Africans, and the extent to which we are destroying our own influence by backing the Tshombes and by giving aid to the Portuguese and South African regimes.

I did not mention "the recent achievement of stable governments and improved economic conditions in at least five countries" because it hasn't happened. There have been elections in democracies which served to continue—not to establish—existing stable governments, and there have been military coups which replaced democratic regimes with what I hope are unstable dictatorships. As for the Dominican situation, the "little criticism" Mr. Bobker mentions includes condemnatory resolutions by the Congresses of Chile, Peru, Argentina, and Venezuela. To say that we were "inexpert" there is like saying that the Russians were "inexpert" in Hungary—true enough, but rather beside the point.

Hasidic Joy

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Herbert Weiner's "A Wedding in B'nai Brak" [July] is a vivid evocation of a remarkable event in contemporary Hasidic life. If only the author had been content with that . . . and not attempted to arrive at a new definition of the essence of Hasidism. . . .

Weiner correctly rejects Buber's reading of Hasidism, but for the wrong reasons. Buber's error was not in censoring out the "childlike, silly" elements in Hasidism but rather in eliminating elements much more profound. He gave the world a selected view of Hasidism, which stressed only those elements that gibed with his own existentialist, anti-Platonic teaching. His distortion was based on the erroneous . . . premises that the real source of Hasidism was in its legends and parables (and even here, only in those which appealed to him); and . . . that the earlier, theoretical writings were unimportant. For, despite Weiner, Hasidism does have a "system of ideas"—one which always gave preeminence to Torah and *mitzvot*. . . .

Because Buber deleted essential ingredients from classical Hasidism, the element of Hasidic joy was oversimplified, . . . a mistake which Weiner carelessly repeats. To say that Hasidic joy is merely joy in life and the world is to speak not in the voice of authentic Hasidism but in the voice of the existentialist Buber. Hasidic joy commands each Jew not so much to enjoy the present moment—which is ephemeral and fleeting—but to transcend the present and discover Him Who is hidden in the here and now. What is involved is a conquest of reality, not a fulfilling of it; this is the *bitul ha-yesh*, the "negation of what is," of which the Hasidic teachers wrote. . . . Melody and dance—*niggun* and *rikkud*—were therefore not the results of the Hasid's ecstatic realization that God is everywhere but . . . rather, the conscious means by which the human soul could take flight from the present, concentrate on higher spheres, and thus attain some measure of holiness. Perhaps the silent wooden orchestra of which Rabbi Weiner makes so much was only a self-parody of this Hasidic element, just as the wedding jester parodied other aspects of Hasidic life. . . .

Again, the Misnagdic opposition to Hasidism must be seen in its historic context. Hasidism began to flourish around 1760, with the death of its founder, the Ba'al Shem Tov. A year earlier, in 1759, the false messiah, Jacob Frank, became a Catholic, taking thousands of his Jewish followers with him. The new and unique approach of the Hasidim therefore surely aroused fears . . . of another incipient messianic movement. . . . *Misnagdim* like the . . . Vilna Gaon feared . . . not the "silly" elements in Hasidim . . . but the specter of . . . a new religion modeled on the false preaching of Frank. . . .

To maintain, as Weiner does, that Hasidism is essentially "childlike, silly, and grotesque" is to denigrate some of the most creative religious thinkers of the past two hundred years.

(Rabbi) EMANUEL FELDMAN
Congregation Beth Jacob
Atlanta, Georgia

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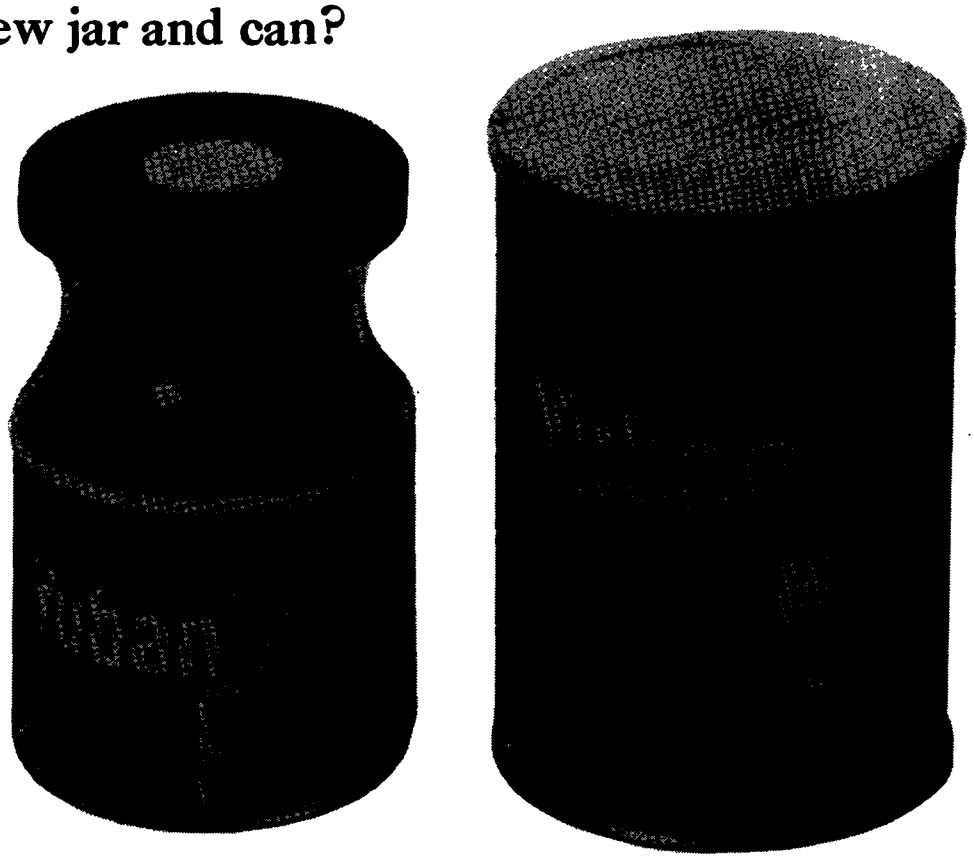

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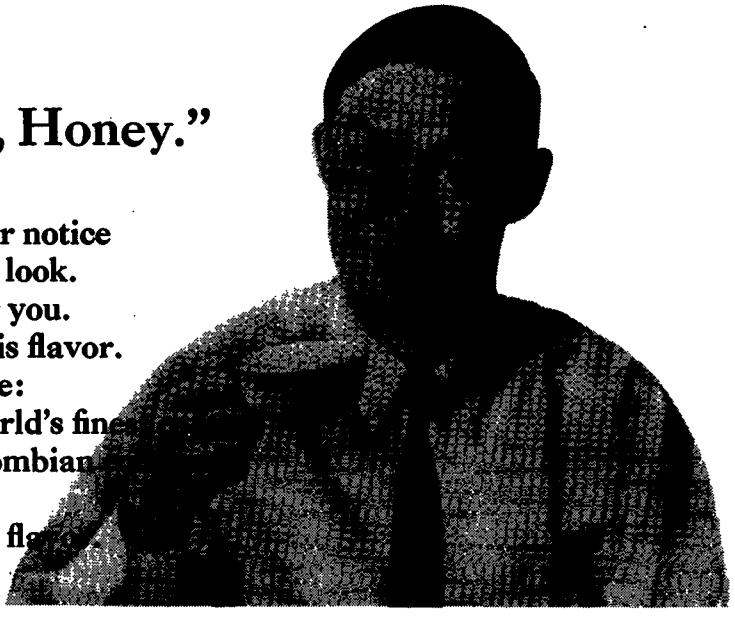

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . It is sad to realize that the struggling, yet modern, state of Israel must reckon with a segment of its population that is politically . . . incompetent, antisocial . . . artistically barren and, worst of all, in matters of religion, idolatrous. . . .

JACOB W. SAVINAR
Portland, Oregon

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Herbert Weiner's description of a Hasidic wedding reminded me of articles I read many years ago, of the kind written by *Maskilim* ["enlighteners"] like Lilienblum, Mapu, Smolenskin, etc. My impression is that Weiner's knowledge of Hasidism stems only from his reading of Buber. . . .

SAMUEL WEINTRAUB
Chicago, Illinois

RABBI WEINER writes:

Rabbi Feldman has raised a number of important points, but they have very little to do with my article. Nevertheless, since the matters discussed are interesting in their own right, I am sure Rabbi Feldman would want readers to know that his criticism of Martin Buber simply repeats the arguments made by Gershom Scholem in his article, "Martin Buber's Hasidism" [COMMENTARY, October 1961]. Buber's reply appeared in a subsequent issue. There is no point in repeating here the discussion contained in those two pieces.

Of course, my reporting of a Hasidic wedding in B'nai Brak did not attempt a "new definition" of Hasidism nor an historic explanation of the Misnagdic-Hasidic controversy. But I don't mind offering the opinion that both of these problems increase in complexity the more closely they are examined. The problem with most facile definitions of Hasidism is that its so-called "distinguishing" elements —for example, its emphasis on joy (with or without the dialectic that Feldman and Scholem see in it); its exaltation of *Kavanah*, inner intent; its implicit pantheism or explicit use of Kabbalistic ideas, etc.—can all be found in normative Judaism—even in the Judaism of a *Misnaged* like the Vilna Gaon. Personally, the more I add to my own meager knowledge of the movement with its huge variety of schools, the less satisfaction do I find in broad generalizations. However, I don't know of any responsible historian who so simplifies the Misnagdic-Hasidic controversy as to make the Frankist episode its major cause.

But coming back to my own article, Rabbi Feldman has correctly caught me using adjectives like "childlike, silly and grotesque," with respect to much of Hasidic life. (Incidentally, this kind of criticism does appear in primary Misnagdic sources of that day.) But how my good colleague misreads me if he thinks that such words are used to "denigrate" Hasidic leaders! The "Fools of God"—from Abraham to St. Francis of Assisi to the Ba'al Shem Tov—have often believed and behaved in a way which has aroused the mockery of the world. But they have also changed this world. And most of us live and hope in the shadow of their "silly" dreams.

Kudos

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I rarely write fan letters, but I cannot refrain from doing so in connection with Oscar Gass's article, "German Reunification" [July]. I cannot recall ever seeing such a precise and incisive delineation of German options, one in which (for a change) analysis and aspiration are kept in discreet categories.

JOHN P. ROCHE
Chairman
Department of Politics
Brandeis University
Waltham, Massachusetts

Urban Renewal: Round 3

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I would like to add one point to the illuminating exchange of views among George Raymond, Herbert Gans, and Malcolm Rivkin ["Urban Renewal," July]. Mr. Raymond leans heavily on the recent Census Bureau report on relocation to refute charges made by Mr. Gans and others that a disturbingly high proportion of displaced families wind up in inferior housing, paying higher rents. In his reply, Mr. Gans aptly points out that many families leave the site before the time of the actual survey and takeover of the land—displacement that is directly attributable to urban renewal but never shows up in official reports. There are also several additional factors which seem to diminish the Census Bureau study's usefulness as the "definitive answer":

1. The study is confined to "families" and therefore omits entirely

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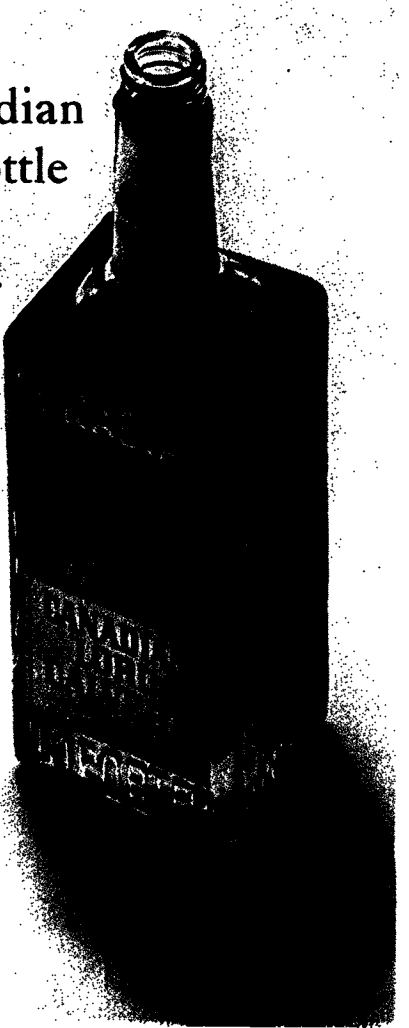

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individual householders, who comprise roughly 30 per cent of relocation caseloads and who usually fare much worse than families in the relocation process.

2. Post-relocation housing costs are not given for non-renters (nearly two-fifths of the sample), whose housing costs are usually higher than renters'. Even with this bias, however, the *median* proportion of income being paid for rent following relocation is nearly 28 per cent. That is, half of the sample is paying 28 per cent *or more* of their income for housing (the usual rule of thumb is that families should pay no more than 20 per cent of their income for housing, if other necessities of life are not to be neglected; for low-income families with insecure sources of income this proportion should probably be kept even lower, since rent is a fixed cost).

3. The sample in no sense seems representative of large-city relocation situations, since the figures indicate that 53 per cent of the relocatees moved into single-family homes.

4. There are no figures given in the report on overcrowding, a key element in determining sub-standard living conditions, and one of the important bases on which slum-clearance decisions are made.

5. No figures are given on how many of the relocated families moved into areas slated for future clearance, a frequent phenomenon in cities where many taking agencies are operating (a headline in the New York *Times* on the day this letter is being written notes: "Families Facing 2nd Displacement—Housing Project May Oust Many Who Left Path of Downtown Expressway").

6. The official description of the study's findings—that "94 per cent of all displaced families relocate in standard housing"—is a gross exaggeration, even with all the above caveats. In the first place, a definition of sub-standard housing was used that is less stringent than the usual formulation (units classified by the Census as "deteriorating" are included in the definition of "standard housing"). And second, the relocation housing of 542 of the original sample of 2,842 households was not rated, and conclusions were based only on the remaining 2,300 families; it is usually assumed that persons who are "lost" in the relocation process are the more alienated and disadvantaged segment of the population and hence fare worse than others.

In sum, the Census Bureau report has not really refuted the contention that relocation is an inequitable part of the renewal process, which is one of the principal criticisms Mr. Gans and others make of the urban-renewal program.

CHESTER W. HARTMAN
Joint Center for Urban Studies
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Despite the quantities of statistical and factual evidence, there still seemed to be an unreal quality to the urban-renewal discussion. In practical terms, there are two different questions at issue: one is that of the immediate here and now, with which Mr. Raymond is most concerned; the other is the question of the future. . . .

About ten years ago, Robert Nisbet wrote a book in which he argued . . . that the individual was being increasingly confronted by an omnipotent state, while at the same time being gradually divested of virtually all other intermediate associations. . . . Formerly only one association among many, the state is now being transformed, according to Nisbet, into the only community from which men derive . . . meaning and security.

However debatable Nisbet's thesis . . . the book did raise very forcefully the question of . . . the nature of community in a bureaucratized world. . . . This vital question entails at least three aspects. One is . . . the interests on which community is supposed to be based . . . . Our society has left this to the assumed random wants of individuals . . . but this question of basic versus random human interests must be raised anew. The second issue . . . is the proper division of authority between the individual and the state. The third issue is ef-

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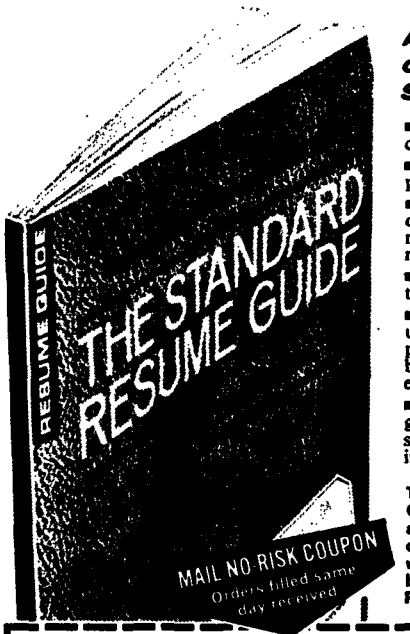

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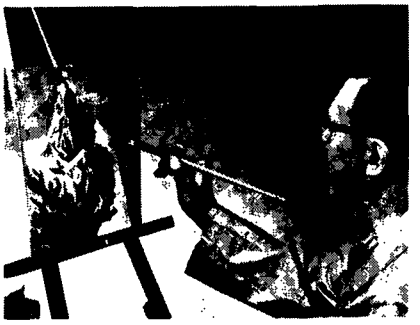

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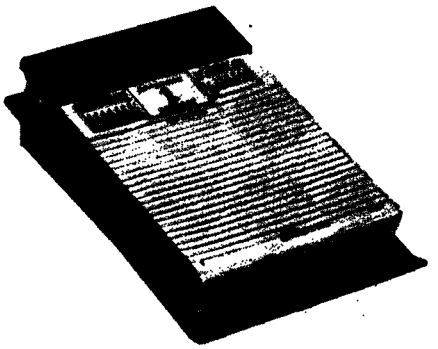

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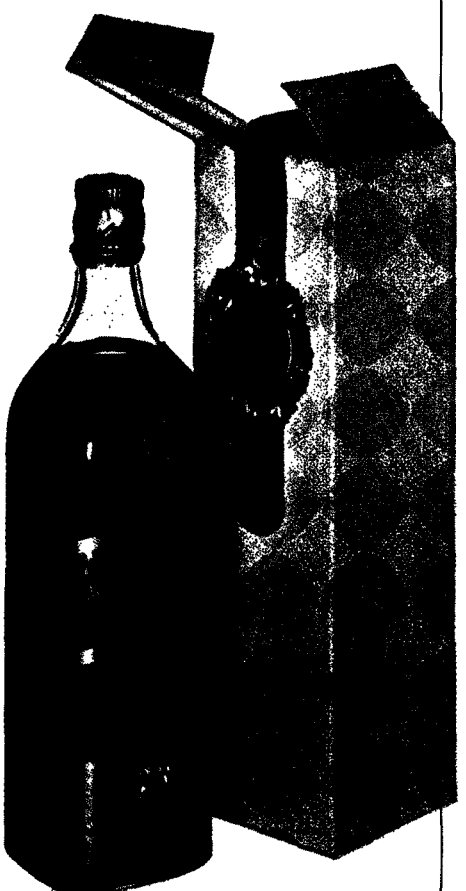

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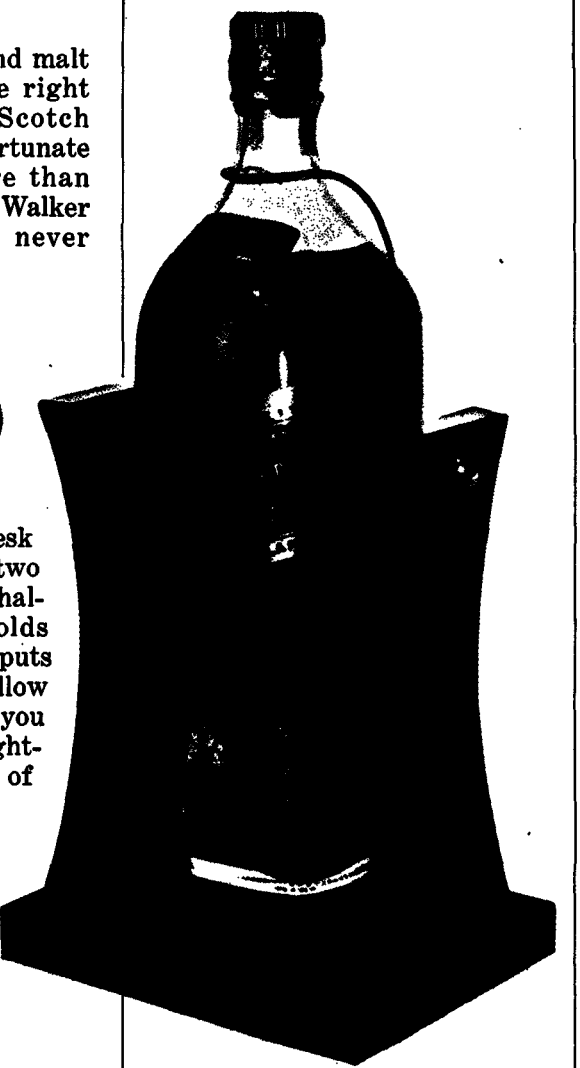

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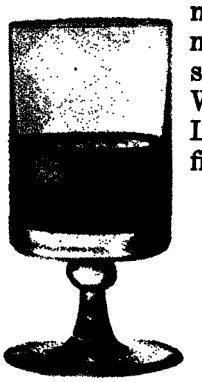

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fective leadership . . . for social change. . . . We look in vain for hard thinking about the community of the future and its relationship to a coherent society.

The lack of such thinking is not surprising; as those who *do* think about the subject well know—Paul and Percival Goodman, for example—no real community theory is possible without a fundamental rethinking of the question, among others, of what we are going to mean in the future by "work." Right now we . . . do little but adhere to platitudes about job training in the context of (almost) full employment—but, as Robert Theobold and Rex Hopper have suggested, in the present market context, this will not do. Let us imagine for a moment that our society chooses to take seriously Marx's early writing on alienated labor. This would entail momentous results . . . including a fundamental change in the social division of labor. . . .

. . . To be sure, such changes and transformations . . . amount to a revolution in property definitions and relationships. . . . But how can we discuss housing, city planning, relocation, and design without treating the larger questions of community, division of labor, property and population? . . . It is time to take up where Karl Mannheim left off with his epochal *Man and Society in an Age of Reconstruction*. . . .

MANFRED STANLEY
Department of Sociology
Wagner College
Staten Island, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Since Mr. Gans's position rests on his assertion that the housing conditions of the poor are actually made worse by the urban-renewal program, as presently run, it is regrettable that he has remained unaffected by the results of the independent relocation survey undertaken in 1964 by the Census Bureau at the request of the Housing and Home Finance Administrator. . . . Perhaps your readers should be given more details about it. . . .

The Census survey covered not a portion, but *all* of the 2,842 families who were relocated over a three-month period in 132 cities. Of 2,300 families (81 per cent of the total) who were interviewed, 94 per cent ended up in standard housing, at only a slight median increase in rent. Of the 542 families on whom data is lacking, 136 were not at home or refused to be interviewed, 138 moved outside their previous metropolitan region, and 278 could not be traced due to faulty or inadequate forwarding addresses. It is not at all unlikely that a good many of the families who were not interviewed also ended up in standard quarters. This survey is, perhaps, the first concrete evidence that—as Mr. Gans himself admits—relocation policies have "improved immeasurably since the end of the Eisenhower administration." . . . His attempt to damage the image of the program by using obsolete data reflecting pre-relocation experience can hardly be interpreted as constructive criticism.

It is also regrettable that Mr. Gans rejects the relevance of white out-migration to . . . relocation. If the apartments vacated by middle-class whites moving to the suburbs are standard, and within the means of families displaced by urban renewal, they can be used for relocation purposes just like newly-erected units. When they are not used in this way, they usually fill up with new, largely rural and largely poor Negro or Puerto Rican inmigrants, as has already happened in many cities all over the country. . . . If our cities are to become heterogeneous and slumless rather than all-poor, all-Negro slums, the use of available standard apartments for rehousing slum dwellers in order to make possible the demolition of the vacated slums, is the only valid choice open.

Mr. Gans has been extraordinarily inventive in presenting what he purports to be my position on urban renewal. . . . Actually, my position (over-simplified for lack of space) is that so long as we can cause anywhere between 80 per cent and 90 per cent of the displaced families to exchange their slums for decent housing, it is quite proper to determine what is or is not built on the sites previously occupied by slums on the basis of priorities which include the other needs of the poor as only one of many criteria. . . . I do not negate the need for anti-poverty programs, for more public housing and rent subsidies, or for any other program which would improve still further the condition of all the poor, including those displaced by public programs. To a large extent, however, the effectiveness of anti-poverty programs will depend upon our success in replacing slums with better housing. New York City's Welfare Commissioner James Dumpson recently stated no more than the obvious when he said that "welfare caseloads will decline only as we improve housing conditions. . . . It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to rehabilitate families who live in slum housing. All the social services in the world given freely to a family cannot substitute for a decent place to live."

Perceptive observers of the social scene, like Elizabeth Wood, for example, have long realized that *we must move on both fronts, if we are ever to win any battles on either*. . . . In rejecting the feasibility of such a twofold effort, Mr. Gans has constructed a plausible set of proposals. On closer inspection, however, it becomes apparent that his goals, including the all-Negro city, are unacceptable, and that most of the means he proposed are, and will remain, largely unavailable. In view of the solid accomplishments of urban renewal all over the country, to suggest that what that program mainly does is build stores where vacancies abound, and create housing that no one can afford, is patently untrue. . . .

GEORGE M. RAYMOND
School of Architecture
Pratt Institute
Brooklyn, New York

MR. GANS writes:

Mr. Raymond is wrong; I did not remain unaffected by the Census Bureau relocation study. I said it was inadequate when I responded to his letter in the July issue, and I explained why. Mr. Raymond's new statistical recital only demonstrates its inadequacy once again. He himself indicates that the study covered the families who were *relocated* by urban renewal, but this tells us nothing about all those who were *displaced* by it. At best, the survey can claim that in 132 cities, renewal agencies properly relocated most of the people they actually relocated, but it cannot even prove *that*, for as Mr. Hartman points out, the study has other serious deficiencies.

Until the Housing and Home Finance Agency answers the questions Mr. Hartman and I have raised about the study, and until it can provide data on the fate of the displaced, especially in the large cities, all the reliable research indicates that urban renewal and relocation hurt the slum dweller more often than they help him.

I am pleased that Mr. Raymond has finally stated his own position

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on urban renewal, and I am even more pleased to find us in agreement on a number of points. When he provides adequate proof that 90 per cent of the displaced are relocated properly, cleared sites can be rebuilt according to the criteria he hints at. I agree also that apartments deserted by middle-class whites can be used for relocation, although housing must still be provided for the rural inmigrants, since they will continue to come to the cities until something is done about rural poverty and Southern persecution of the Negro.

I am also pleased that Mr. Raymond has now seconded the suggestion I made in my original article in COMMENTARY ["The Failure of Urban Renewal," April] that anti-poverty and housing programs must go together although I still insist that the first is more important than the second. If a slum dweller's poverty is eliminated, he will move out of the slums on his own initiative, but if his slum apartment is eliminated without his income being raised, he is worse off than ever. (Of course social services will not help a family without a decent place to live; this is why I argued so strenuously for a massive urban-rehousing program to replace urban renewal.)

I did not say that urban renewal builds stores where vacancies abound, but only that Mr. Raymond seemed to consider new stores more important than new housing for the displaced. Nor did I propose the all-Negro city as a goal; I only indicated that from the point of view of the low-income Negro, it might provide him with better housing and municipal services, and a stronger voice in the affairs of the city.

Considering the insistence with which Mr. Raymond praises the improvements that have taken place in urban renewal since the beginning of the decade, and given the success of the President's domestic legislative program in the present session of Congress, I am surprised that he has so little faith in the possibility of further improvements in federal housing policies. And since Mr. Raymond lives in New York, and has worked on urban-renewal projects in other cities, I am even more surprised that he can describe the program as "a solid achievement."

Mr. Stanley raises some important issues, but is a little unfair in asking that they be covered in a discussion of urban renewal. Moreover, doing away with the slums, the ghetto, and poverty seem to me more urgent, and more feasible, priorities than creating communities whose members have a basic, rather than random, interest in their place of residence.

I am not even sure that such communities are desirable, for they appear to require a return to *Gemeinschaft,* with its extreme demand for conformity and its unilateral repression of individual freedom. Most people have just escaped from this type of community in the last couple of generations, and the considerable research on the suburbs to which they have escaped, including my own in one of the Levittowns, indicates that the loose ties among neighbors, which are hardly random, make for a better life for almost everyone.

Even the kibbutzim of Israel, which seem to come closest to what Mr. Stanley wants in the way of community, are currently permitting greater individual freedom and wider choice of personal activities to their members, without doing away with the collective economy, and without impairing the democratic and equalitarian principles on which they are based.

Indeed, the trouble with the American suburbs and suburbanites is that they still have too much basic interest in their local community. By rejecting public policies which would make for a proper division of authority between local, metropolitan, state, and federal governments, they make it impossible to bring about racial integration beyond the city limits, or to find ways of reimbursing the bankrupt cities for the municipal services which commuting suburbanites use every day. Their intermediate associations reinforce this localism, and I only wish that the suburbs would respond more constructively to the meaning and security—not to mention the F.H.A. subsidies and the expressways—which they derive from the federal government.

Author's Reply

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I am grateful to Marvin Fox for his clear presentation of the main thesis of my book, *Ancient Jewish Philosophy;* I should like . . . to clarify certain points to which he alluded in his review [July].

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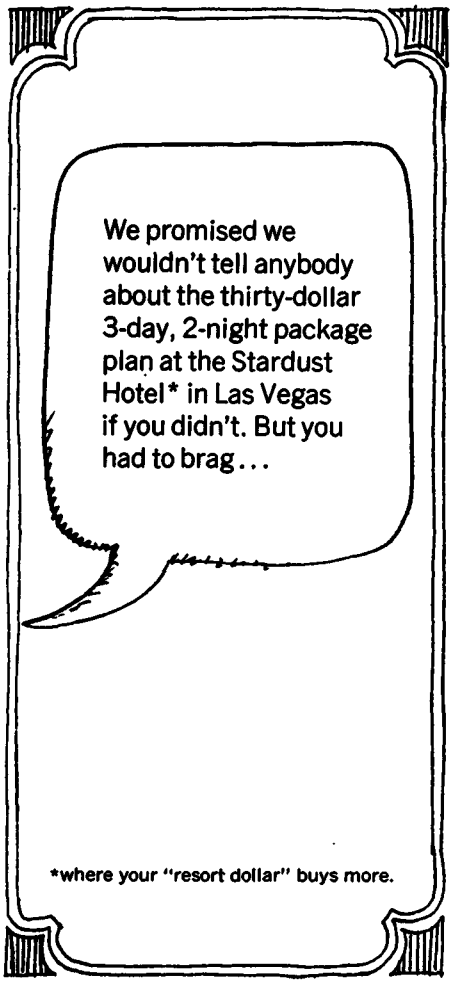
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called syllogistic morality, which abstracts a given situation and then refers it to a general rule of conduct. Instead of demanding obedience to a fixed rule of conduct, creative morality requires that we react morally to every situation as a whole, in accordance with the individualistic and intuitive thinking of the Bible. Secondly, it means that the ethical voice is deeply man's own, though also divine. . . . Man hears the moral voice immanently, but apprehends it transcendentally. . . . What else can be the meaning of the prophetic utterance, "Thus saith the Lord," in spite of the prophet's attempt to repudiate the role that has been thrust upon him? Hence, far from being the abandonment of holiness, as charged by Professor Fox, the ethical voice represents a union . . . of both holiness and glory. . . .

If the moral insight is creatively man's own, sin, too, is not a blind violation of some universal dictate . . . but entirely, destructively, man's own, a violation of his own divine-human voice. Otherwise what is the significance of repentance? . . .

. . . The statement that "ethics is itself conceived as deity" does not signify the reduction of religion to ethics and it is surprising to find such a construction placed upon it. All I intended was to convey a reaction against the medieval idea . . . that God is reason or immediate knowledge . . . reason beyond the reach of thought. This idea, deriving from Aristotle, was a serious and regrettable deviation from biblical thinking and my aim was to shunt theology back to biblical-ethical rails. . . . For of all the characteristic approaches to God —power, wisdom and justice—the biblical "thirteen attributes" have no word for power or wisdom but only for the ethical, and this approach is dominant all through the Bible. God therefore revealed Himself as infinite ethicality, that is, as an infinite value and yet as a being, not less a being than when He was conceived in medieval terms as pure knowledge. . . .

ISRAEL EFROS

Tel-Aviv, Israel

Policing the Police

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In Tom Brooks's excellent article, "New York's Finest" [August], he reports that the New York Civil Liberties Union has endorsed Councilman Paul O'Dwyer's proposal to create a New York City Director of Citizen Redress, patterned on Sweden's *Ombudsman*. While Mr. Brooks is entirely correct, I want to make it clear that we also support the creation of an independent review board to consider complaints against the police. The two proposals do not seem to us to be mutually exclusive.

The Director of Citizen Redress would consider complaints against any public official. Since we live in an age of pervasive government administration and regulation, it seems to us extremely desirable to create such new checks upon bureaucratic excesses. However, if new checks are to be instituted, we believe it entirely appropriate to begin with the police, if only because we arm our police with a gun, a nightstick, and authority to use physical force. Mr. Brooks's article describes why it is difficult to process complaints against the police. I want to add only one additional reason to his list.

Most complaints against the police involve incidents that occurred in connection with an arrest. The person who wants to make the complaint is, therefore, himself facing charges by the police. Routinely, he will be assigned counsel or will employ counsel who will sensibly advise his client that the client's principal concern should be getting off on the charges he is facing. Counsel will warn (and if not, the complainant may be able to figure out himself) that a complaint lodged against the police will trigger an extraordinary effort to convict the complainant so as to undercut the basis for the complaint.

The net effect is to deter the filing of complaints. A principal argument for an independent review board is that it will encourage the filing of complaints which today are not filed, no matter how valid, because of the fear of reprisal through an extraordinary effort to obtain a conviction.

ARYEH NEIER
Executive Director
New York Civil Liberties Union
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . The civilian review board concept appears to have become an . . . obsession [which] serves only to delude people into thinking that the basic problem between the police and some of our citizens is "police brutality." To the extent that police brutality does

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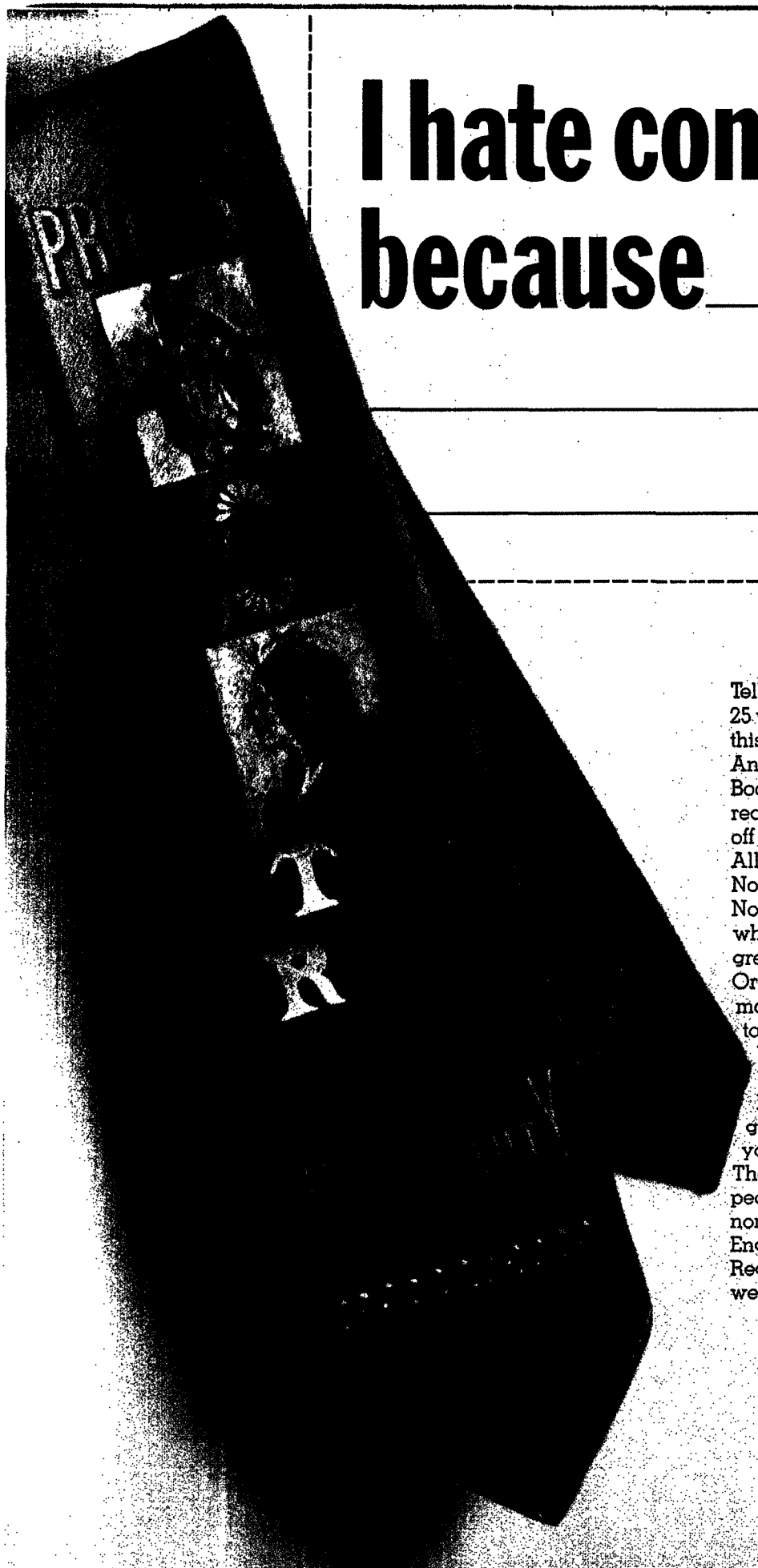

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exist, however, is it the cause of the trouble or a result of it? . . .

To the average citizen, the real problem is protection against those who break the law, regardless of race, religion, or station. The minority groups themselves have more to gain by strict law enforcement than anyone else, for most crimes are committed against their members. . . . It is time that the civil-rights leaders exercised real leadership by emphasizing that . . . respect for the law is the best means of attaining their just goals. . . . If we tolerate disrespect for the law, the argument against the segregationists is diluted, for without the Constitution, . . . the Supreme Court decisions, . . . the Civil Rights laws, . . . we have no non-violent way of forcing people to respect equal rights for all. . . .

Mr. Brooks and others bemoan the fact that most charges against the police are dismissed by police review boards. This argument is offered as proof that an independent board is needed. But is it? Isn't it more logical to assume that most charges of police brutality are dismissed because they are frivolous in nature and not justified by the facts? For example, . . . Mr. Brooks cites the case of Lt. Gilligan who is blamed for triggering the riots in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant. Why doesn't Mr. Brooks mention the fact that some civil-rights leaders fanned the flames that erupted in the form of riots? Lt. Gilligan was cleared of wrongdoing by a Grand Jury made up of independent civilians, yet he is still being slandered. In view of this reaction to the Grand Jury's findings, are we to believe that the existence of an independent review board would solve the problem? . . . Why doesn't Mr. Brooks report that Lt. Gilligan was found to have acted in self defense? Does he think that he does the cause of civil rights any good when he condones disrespect for the judicial process by ignoring the Grand Jury's findings? . . .

All I ask for is a clearer perspective. . . . Both sides must be made to understand that we will not tolerate law-breaking by either.

GERALD NOVAK
Brooklyn, New York

Americans in Israel

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Ronald Sanders's article was the first sincere attempt I have encountered to relieve the . . . feelings of guilt and failure of American Jews who are earnestly *trying* to make a go of it in Israel without much success ["Settling in Israel?" August].

. . . I toured Israel in 1961, convinced that there lay the answers to all my problems of personal worth and salvation. After mulling it over for a long time, torn between a liking for physical comfort and a longing for a sense of purpose, I returned to Israel in 1963 and became a resident. Working as an English teacher in two vocational high schools . . . I was confronted right from the start with physical as well as psychological obstacles: living conditions that taxed my health and my sanity, because of the inadequate salary I was getting; constant mockery of my American accent which persisted—try as I did to master Hebrew fluently; and always, always the pitiful need to defend myself against the distorted image of the American Jew, killing time . . . looking for self-satisfaction in . . . "his home away from home." After only one year, I ran out of energy, hope, and purpose and, reluctantly, still full of conflicts, I decided unhappily to return to America.

Mr. Sanders has done a great service to this COMMENTARY subscriber in his clear and sympathetic account of the plight of the well-meaning American Jew living in Israel who's damned if he does and damned if he doesn't.

DEANNA GREENSTEIN
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Living in Israel, I came across attitudes similar to the ones Mr. Sanders describes so well, but I do not agree with him that the "vacillation" of American Jews about *aliyah* is due to such obvious things as jobs, hot water, or central heating. . . . Neither heat nor hot water nor hostile reactions from a few Israelis . . . caused me to return to America. Primarily, I missed having freedom of choice—to choose whether or not I wanted to travel on the Sabbath; to choose, on the kibbutz, the task most suitable to my abilities and the needs of the group; and, finally, to choose "non-Jewish" values, if I wanted to. . . .

. . . Listening to all those discourses about the courage and fortitude of that little country, I often found myself wondering where a Jew might go to escape enforced . . . conformity, chauvin-

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ism, excessive militarism . . . and provinciality. Accepting the imperfect, I *chose* to sail on the first boat going back to New York. (Both the heat and hot water, I might add, are pretty deficient in my apartment here in New York City.)

ROCHELLE M. CORSON
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . By stressing the matter of material comforts as the major deterrent to American settlement in Israel, Mr. Sanders perpetuates an Israeli myth, and skirts . . . the realities of the situation. American-Jewish youths have been willing to make greater sacrifices than the ones required to live in Israel; they have gone South to work for civil rights, or joined the Peace Corps and been sent all over the world. But surprisingly few have been willing to make the . . . pilgrimage to Israel.

No doubt, material considerations are a factor . . . both for American Jewry as a community and for individual American Jews. But . . . these are only secondary. . . . The basic problem is not Israel's standard of living, but her way of life. (Indeed, it was my impression that for middle-class professionals and those with technical skills, the physical sacrifice that is entailed in relocation in Israel was on the whole relatively small. . . .)

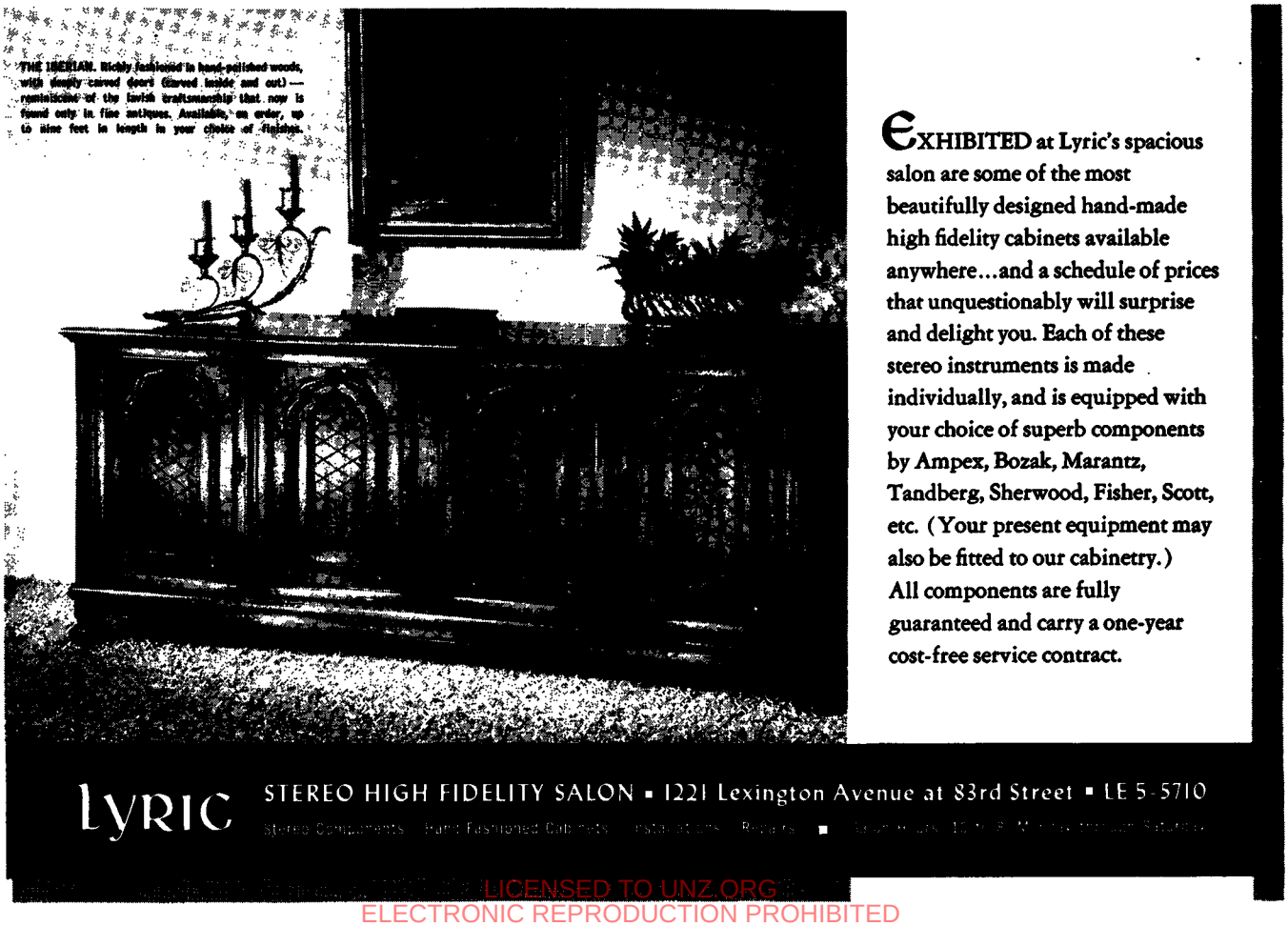
What surprised me during my stay in Israel, though I had been amply warned about it, was the lack of attraction I felt for Israel's urban life, and I heard the same from old friends who have even chosen to live there. On those occasions when they talked in terms of "sacrifices" or of what had delayed their decision about settling in Israel, their complaints were almost always about cultural and social matters—the coldness and parochialism of the country, for example—rather than about such things as plumbing and automobiles.

Israeli society today is uncertainly balanced between various modes of social life. . . . Some departure from the restrictive mold of the central European ideological universe of the 1920's is necessary . . . but how creative Israel will be in developing new forms is not yet clear. In the interim, the strain is evident in the excessive stratification of the society along religious, political, and ethnic lines, as well as in the coldness of individuals toward one another and the lack of grace in day-to-day relationships. There is yet to emerge some sort of cultural synthesis, and the willingness to accept people of diverse cultural backgrounds for their own sakes. . . . It is a paradox that the lack of just this sort of synthesis is a deterrent to the immigration of Americans who could, in fact, contribute a great deal to its creation.

SAMUEL KRISLOV
Department of Political Science
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minnesota

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Having just returned from a summer vacation in Israel under the PATWA-SWIP program [Professional and Technical Workers Aliyah—Summer Work in Israel Program] sponsored by the Jewish Agency, I read Ronald Sanders's article eagerly. . . . Was he reading my mind and my emotions when he called Jerusalem the "meeting-point between earth and paradise"? The mesmerizing effect that Israel has on young people, particularly students, is not quite like anything in this world . . . yet I remain both an Israeli *and* an American. Was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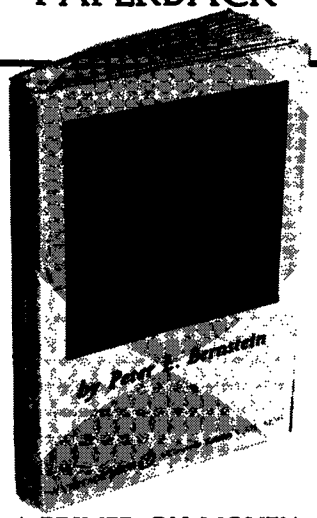

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the summer a dream? Will I ever go back? Will any of the 57 students on the PATWA program return?

SHEILA WISHENGRAD

Bronx, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Ronald Sanders quotes an Israeli student's impressions of Americans studying at the Hebrew University as follows: "They come here, these little boys and girls, get fat allowances from their fathers, and live in nice, well-heated rooms. They go around together to all the places Israeli students can't afford . . . and go rushing off at the end of the year to tell everybody back home how disappointed they are in it all."

. . . Yet in my frequent contacts with Israelis at the Hebrew University I have not encountered any who voiced sentiments of that kind. There *are* criticisms leveled at the Americans by their Israeli classmates (just as there are criticisms of the Israelis by Americans), but these are about such questions as commitment to Israel, diaspora Judaism, and so on, rather than "fat allowances" or "well-heated rooms." I don't doubt that Mr. Sanders's quotation is authentic, but it is only fair to point out that it is not typical of most Israeli students . . . and decidedly unfair to American students studying in Israel as well.

Americans at the Hebrew University are by no means "little boys and girls"; they are students in their junior year and upward; last year, for example, there were almost sixty graduate students among them. They live in regular student dormitories . . . or, because of a dire shortage of dormitory space, they take rooms in town similar to those occupied by other students, Israeli and foreign. They tour the country together with Israeli students, staying at youth hostels or outdoors in their sleeping-bags, and enjoying it immensely. Anyone who has talked to the American students in Jerusalem . . . could have told Mr. Sanders that far from being disappointed in it all, they consider the experience unforgettable. So much so, that each year a number of students who come for a year of study in Jerusalem decide to remain for a longer period; others return to Israel to do graduate work, to spend a summer, or even to settle. As a matter of fact, elsewhere in his article Mr. Sanders himself says that, "Typically, the American settler first arrives in Israel either as a tourist or as a student . . ." Quite true, and indicative of the fact that by and large, Americans at the Hebrew University do not fit the picture evoked by Mr. Sanders's quotation. . . .

(DR.) YEHEZKEL COHEN

Overseas Student Adviser

The Hebrew University

Jerusalem, Israel

MR. SANDERS writes:

The Israeli student's statement quoted by Dr. Cohen was only one of several of that nature that I heard during my stay in Israel. Since my method of inquiry was simply to hang around lecture-halls and other places where students gathered, in no other capacity than that of a private individual, I might have had a better chance to hear off-the-record remarks than Dr. Cohen has had from his official position. The only real question between Dr. Cohen and myself is, how typical are the views expressed in this student's statement? The answer to this question can only be based on personal impressions, and I can only say that, after a year of serious, if informal, investigation into the matter, I find this student's views to be, *mutatis mutandis,* more widespread than Dr. Cohen feels they are.

MY discussion of the Americans' problems of material comforts in Israel was part of a larger discussion, and, in singling out the former, Miss Corson and Mr. Krislov have attributed to it a larger causative claim than I meant for it to make. I certainly did not say that this "material" problem was *"the* major deterrent to American settlement in Israel," as Professor Krislov puts it. Nevertheless, I think both these correspondents are underestimating the extent to which this problem can contribute to deeper-lying maladjustments. Professor Krislov's arguments about civil rights and Peace Corps workers are proof that some idealistic young people are willing to put up with material sacrifices for at least stated periods of time. I don't think this is relevant to the question I dealt with, which was about people —many of them with families— settling down to a permanent way of life.

I thank Miss Greenstein and Miss Wishengrad for their very kind remarks.

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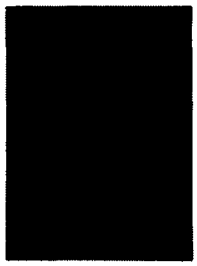

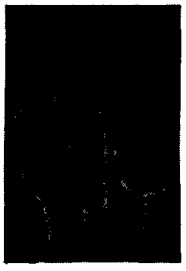
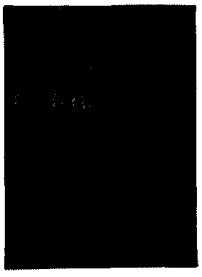
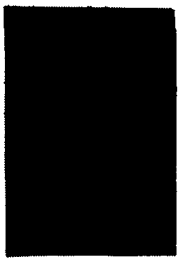

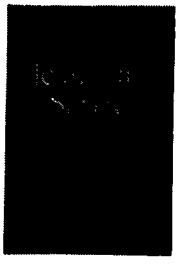
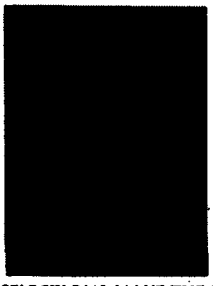

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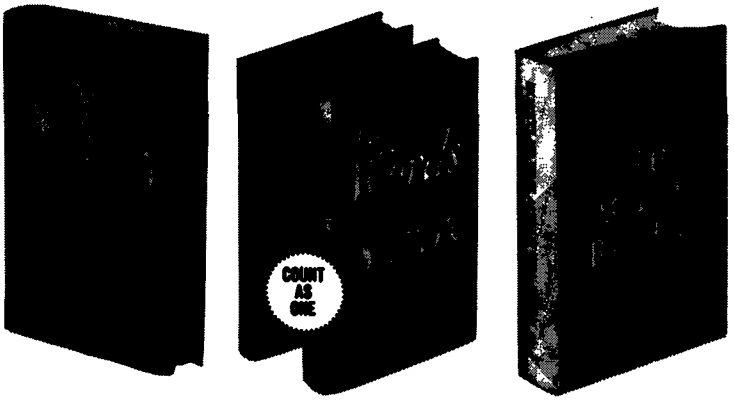

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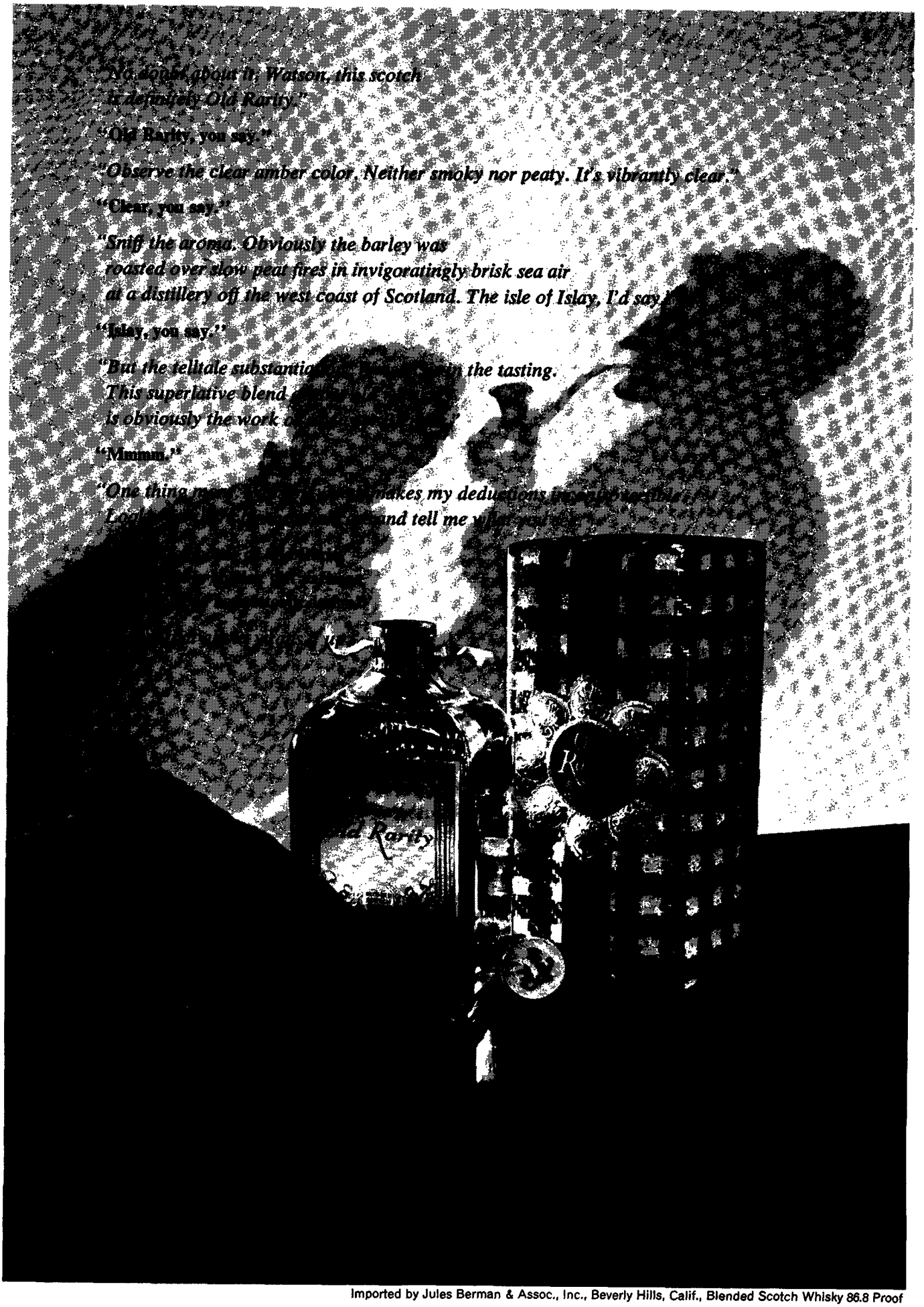
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BEYOND DARWINISM

ADOLF PORTMANN
MARJORIE GRENE

In modern times, biology has exercised a decisive influence on man's understanding of himself. The great authority of science, deriving from its intellectual rigor and its use for "the relief of man's estate," has challenged the assumptions of humanism and religion, particularly their insistence on human uniqueness. At times it appeared necessary for all honest men to concede that man differed only quantitatively, but not qualitatively, from other animals, and that animals in turn could best be understood mechanistically. Yet recently the "scientific" challenge to man's traditional understanding of himself has been challenged by scientists themselves, a trend exemplified by the work of ADOLF PORTMANN.

MARJORIE GRENE, *who here introduces the thought of Dr. Portmann, is currently teaching philosophy at the University of California at Davis. Her books include* Dreadful Freedom *(1948)* Heidegger *(1957) and* A Portrait of Aristotle *(1963). She has recently completed* The Knower and the Known, *which Basic Books will publish next Spring. The present article is based on a lecture delivered last August at the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee.*

ADOLF PORTMANN, *the distinguished Swiss biologist, was born in Basel in 1897. He is professor of zoology and director of the Zoological Institute at the University of Basel. The books by Dr. Portmann available in English translation include* Animals as Social Beings *(Viking, 1961) and* New Paths in Biology *(Harper & Row, 1964). The present article, which first appeared in German in* Universitas, *was translated by* WERNER J. DANNHAUSER.

PORTMANN'S THOUGHT

Marjorie Grene

IN *New Paths in Biology*,* Adolf Portmann makes a distinction which can serve as a useful introduction to his thought. He points out that the dramatic advance of biological research in the past few decades has been proceeding on two very different fronts. One of these fronts is constituted by those fields of research collectively designated as molecular biology; it is characterized by the triumphs of biochemistry in its detailed study of the nature and regulation of metabolic processes; by the startling advances of molecular genetics—for example, DNA "code-cracking"; or by the revelation, through the electron microscope, of a whole new world of complex organization at the minutest level. A little less conspicuously in the headlines, but as ingenious in its methods and certainly as significant in its philosophical implications, is the almost equally new and equally rapidly growing science of animal behavior, or ethology, which studies not the minute component parts of animals, but their action patterns both as individuals and in groups.

The difference between the two fronts is illustrated by their different research procedures. In the laboratories of molecular biologists one can find blackboards full of calculations, expensive electronic equipment, carefully isolated preparations of various tissues of micro-organisms or metabolic substances; but anything that *looks* like a plant or an animal is conspicuously absent. True, molecular geneticists still perform breeding experiments, but for this purpose they usually use bacteria phage or other borderline organisms invisible to the naked eye. Even in electron microscopy, where techniques of looking, of "pure observation," are undoubtedly crucial, the structures "seen" are far removed from ordinary vision.

Ethologists, on the contrary, must spend hour after hour and week after week devotedly *watching* animals—living animals—in laboratory conditions, in zoos, or best of all, in the wild, managing or submitting to environments which differ greatly from species to species. They do, of course, perform experiments of great ingenuity and sophistication, interfering with the environment of their subjects in such a way as to infer from altered or constant behavior the fundamental patterns of action which certain situations call forth. For example, they spend much time trying to discover whether a given pattern of action is "innate" or "learned." In every case, however, their concern is not with tissue cultures, proteins, or genes, but rather with the actions of whole, individual animals or groups of animals. However abstract and elaborate their theoretical explanations of such

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behavior may be, they always talk about *what animals do,* and this is a very different subject matter from that of their molecule-oriented colleagues. Indeed, the ethologist more nearly resembles his more old-fashioned colleague, the morphologist; both are engaged in the study of *perceptible* patterns in things that are visible and audible on the surface of our world.

PORTMANN refers to this whole class of perceptible patterns in space and time as *authentic phenomena,* and he distinguishes these from the subject matter of all the other sciences (including molecular biology), which he calls *inauthentic phenomena.* This distinction is both more important and more revolutionary than appears at first sight and deserves a brief historical excursion to see what it entails.

The term "phenomena" has a venerable history. Astronomical theory was traditionally concerned to "save the phenomena," that is, to explain the movements of the heavenly bodies as *seen* in terms of the mathematics of the circle. But the intellectual revolution of the 17th century initiated a profound change in the understanding of what constitutes a phenomenon. The modern experimentalist's "phenomena" are not what appears to the ordinary star-gazer, but rather the data accessible to the mathematical physicist, and these are, as a rule, obtainable only in highly contrived experimental situations.

This change can be documented in the writings of Galileo, especially in two famous passages from *The Assayer.* The first reads as follows:

> Philosophy is written in this great book, the universe, which stands continually open to our gaze. But the book cannot be understood unless one first learns to comprehend the language and read the letters in which it is composed. It is written in the language of mathematics, and its characters are triangles, circles, and other geometric figures without which it is humanly impossible to understand a single word of it; without these, one wanders about in a dark labyrinth.

So authoritative is the place of mathematical physics in our conception of scientific knowledge, that we are likely to take this pronouncement—trail-blazing in its time—as a truism. But let us think again and ask, first, what Galileo's statement really means, and second, whether it is true.

The language of nature, Galileo tells us, is one that we must learn. Certainly—all languages must be learned. It is not, however, like one's mother tongue, assimilated in infancy by any normal human child; it is in some sense a foreign language. And indeed, for most of us, the language of mathematics, which to Galileo *is* nature's language, has to be learned in school, not at home; it is a secondary and artificial acquisition. How do we learn such a secondary, foreign language? Either its alphabet is written like our own or it uses different kinds of characters, which must be mastered before we can even begin to understand the words. The latter situation holds for nature as Galileo sees it: not even the letters of its language form part of our ordinary environment. This, too, is of course true of the language of mathematics: we must familiarize ourselves with its formalisms before we can make use of them in order to understand what they have to teach. To the ordinary English-speaking person, then, the language of nature bears a relation to the perceptible surface of the things around him rather like that which a page of Chinese bears to a page of English prose. In short, if Galileo is correct, the universe that "lies open to our gaze" is a volume written in a secret code, which only the trained cryptographer can interpret. The rest of us can only "wander in a dark labyrinth."

Is this true? Are all of us blind to nature who have not learned to decipher the applied mathematician's code? Is there no mother tongue of nature that we have learned in early childhood, and on the ground of which we acquire the second, formal speech of mathematics?

Two difficulties obstruct an honest answer to these questions. One is that our world view is so much a product of the 17th-century revolution in science, that to us nature has come to *mean* Galilean nature. We thus tend to ignore the existence of the primary "life world" of that prescientific human understanding which is shared by all human beings, and which is the necessary basis for the "objective" world of science.

Secondly, most of us have always lived in an urban, industrial environment. Urban man's nonhuman environment is chiefly one of artifacts. He is cut off by roads and pavements from earth itself, by smog and steam from the sky, by electricity from hewing wood and drawing water, by processed and packaged foods from man's age-old wrestling with the elements in heaven and earth to gain his sustenance. Thus the abstract language of mathematics may well be the only language of nature he has ever learned. So the sophisticated city-dweller can easily identify the objective world of science and technology with "nature" itself. He is a Galilean to the point of denying the existence of nature in the primary sense.

If, however, we can, by acknowledging them, hold these difficulties in abeyance, we must admit that, taken at its face value, Galileo's pronouncement is false. Of course nature includes the geometrical shapes which are his favored mathematical "characters," but it also includes colors and sounds and tastes and smells. Now this is precisely what Galileo denies in the other passage from *The Assayer,* in which he initiates what Locke was to call the distinction between primary and secondary qualities.

> Now I saw that whenever I conceive any material or corporeal substance, I immediately feel

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the need to think of it as bounded, and as having this or that shape; as being large or small in relation to other things, and in some specific place at any given time; as being in motion or at rest; as touching or not touching some other body; and as being one in number, or few, or many. From these conditions I cannot separate such a substance by any stretch of my imagination. But that it must be white or red, bitter or sweet, noisy or silent, and of sweet or foul odor, my mind does not feel compelled to bring in as necessary accompaniments. Without the senses as our guides, reason or imagination unaided would probably never arrive at qualities like these. Hence I think that tastes, odors, colors, and so on are no more than mere names so far as the object in which we place them is concerned, and that they reside only in the consciousness. Hence *if the living creature were removed,* all these qualities would be wiped away and annihilated. But since we have imposed upon them special names, distinct from those of the other and real qualities mentioned previously, we wish to believe that they really exist as actually different from those.

How true, we say. This is the story of Eddington's two tables: the hard, brown, smooth, coffee-stained or ink-stained object in my study which is my table, and the buzzing congeries of billions of subatomic particles which is the physicist's table, the *real* table. But think of the condition on which the whole construction depends: "If the living creature were removed." This great book of nature would be a nature *deprived of life,* a nature without ourselves. The letters of Galilean nature quite literally exclude the language of life, including the life of man; modern naturalism does not have, and cannot have, any adequate concepts for the interpretation of organic phenomena, nor for the disciplines that deal with that most strange though most familiar animal, man.

YET WE DO have a world of color and taste and smell and sound which is not just part of our individual subjectivity, but part of our biological environment, as much genetically determined as are our more "mechanical" powers. And it is this whole range of perceived and perceptible phenomena—the world which would not exist at all if the living creature, with his sense organs, did not exist or were not at least possible—that Portmann calls *authentic phenomena.* What for Galileo is authentic because it is independent of living things, and exists out of all relation to them, is for Portmann *inauthentic,* just because of its want of such relation. It is not a genuine appearance because it does not and cannot appear *to* any one. Conversely, what for Galileo is a "mere name," given reality only by the living creature's presence, and therefore inauthentic, is for Portmann authentic, just because it does, or can, properly be said to *appear.* His nature includes living creatures, and its qualities, rather than being "mere names," call on us to name them.

Authentic phenomena, then, are the perceptible surfaces of the things around us: rocks, clouds, stars, and above all the pullulating variety of plant and animal life as seen and heard. Now most biologists, it must be admitted, would make short work of this conception. They would agree with Galileo: such surfaces will appear mere names once science has "explained" them, and such explanation is imminent, if it has not already been accomplished. Granted, these biologists argue, that colors, sounds, smells, and tastes enter into the life histories of plants and animals in important *functional* ways. They are confident, however, that such matters can be explained on the one hand as the effects of underlying biochemical conditions, and on the other by mechanical causes, in particular by the so-called "mechanism" of natural selection. Thus bees are attracted by the colors of flowers which are then "explained" by pollination through the flight of bees.

Portmann makes two objections to this purely functional interpretation of authentic phenomena. First, he does not agree that all the great multiplicity of situations in which animals *appear* to other animals can be interpreted exhaustively in terms of natural selection. Selection can indeed explain the *change* of such phenomena, but not their origin. Their origin, in neo-Darwinian terms, would have to be explained by mutation: that is, by tiny random errors in the mechanisms of heredity. Such errors, however, are usually harmful and are in any case themselves errors in an already existent system. Selection and mutation are, of course, well-established principles of small-scale change, but to extrapolate them to the whole range of living phenomena in their whole development is, Portmann believes, a procedure unjustified by the present state of our knowledge.

Secondly, Portmann argues that the range and complexity of authentic phenomena far exceed those functional needs which only natural selection can explain. For example, to explain the elaborate pattern of the peacock's tail by natural selection in the orthodox fashion, meant attributing to the female a kind of artistic connoisseurship. Recent experiments, however, have suggested two more plausible but restricted explanations for the functional aspect of the peacock's fan. First, from an early age the female displays a marked response to small kernel-shaped objects; this is plainly a drive connected with feeding behavior, and would account for the selective advantage of clearly developed eyes in the fan. Secondly, the fan and the whole courtship dance seem to furnish an overall index of the liveliness and individual superiority of a given male. Both these explanations are selective; in neither context, however, need we invoke the anthropomorphic conception of a developed artistic taste on the part of the female. But what then of the whole intricacy of the pattern, which is, relative to both these ends, superfluous? Port-

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mann insists that we cannot explain it by reference to any automatic external control, but must acknowledge that it has a value of its own.

Further emphasizing and expanding this point, and more directly contradicting the neo-Darwinian reduction of all organic phenomena to their functions, Portmann sub-divides authentic phenomena into two classes: *addressed* and *unaddressed*. By *unaddressed phenomena* he means such appearances of living things as do not have their *raison d'être* in being directed to the sense organs of other animals. The superfluity of detail in the peacock's fan is such a phenomenon. So is the black pattern on the wing of the mother-of-pearl butterfly, which, Portmann comments, "however 'optically' it may affect us, is in the details of its form, even in its existence or non-existence functionally insignificant. . . . Yet it is there."

Even more plainly "unaddressed," moreover, are the patterns of animals without vision. Portmann describes the dramatic variations and arrangements of color in sea snails, which the marine biologist observes and which to him, again, are optically effective, but which can have no optical significance for their eyeless owners, nor presumably (in such elaborate detail as they display) for the inhabitants of their normal environment. Yet they are there: the oranges and blues and purples and golds in glowing regular array. From a Galilean point of view, this riot of color and immense diversity of constant form must, in some way so far wholly unintelligible, be purely coincidental to the mechanisms of living, while these in turn must be but accidental by-products of the working of inorganic laws. Yet the living creature *does* display colors, sounds, and smells to our perception and, at higher levels of life, it responds to these displays in others; this is a massive fact of the living world around us, a puzzling, even a mysterious fact, but a fact nevertheless. We have no right, in the name of science, to deny the fact just because our favored kind of explanation, a Galilean explanation, could not allow it to exist.

For Portmann, the appearance of living things —the way they show themselves in surface patterns, in rhythms of movement or voice—constitutes one of the two basic characteristics of living things as such. He calls it *Selbstdarstellung*, life's showing of itself on the surface. The concept is difficult to render in a single English word; with some hesitation, I shall translate it as *display*, emphasizing however that its meaning is wider than the usual biological concept. Ordinarily, "display" refers to the active posturing of an animal, as in courtship display and the like. But as a rendering of *Selbstdarstellung*, I am using "display" in a sense similar perhaps to its use in merchandising. It includes active display, but also all the passive show of animal shapes and patterns. All animals but the very simplest have an outer layer, a skin that is marked in characteristic, often symmetrical and highly complex, patterns, in contrast to the less regular arrangement of their internal organs. Portmann points out that even in very simple transparent animals the internal organs are often knotted up in a corner, as if they were put there so as not to interfere with the symmetry of the overall body design. For such species, moreover, as for the sea snails, visible patterns cannot conceivably serve a "useful" purpose, because they have no eyes; yet pattern is nevertheless constant, intricate, and universal, even as it is in all the higher forms of life. Why? No one can say; but it is a basic character of living things that it is so.

Portmann will doubtless be accused by hard-headed evolutionists of "teleology," "vitalism," and "mysticism." What of these charges? Note, first, that it is the neo-Darwinians whose thought, in this context, is over-teleological: they must have a "function" for everything. They cannot stomach descriptive laws that simply accept a massive body of phenomena without "explaining" them, if these phenomena plainly resist their favored form of teleology, that of "improvement" through the external control of natural selection. Portmann, on the contrary, does not invoke any mysterious "purpose" for display; he simply acknowledges its existence, openly admitting a massive reality to which Galilean thinkers must close their minds, as well as their eyes. For him the patterns of animals, feathers, scales, and so on are indeed in principle "explicable" in terms of their foundation in a genetic basis, as all persistent characters are. And they may some day be explicable not only causally but in the sense that we may find some new—other than functional—perspective from which to understand them. For the present, however, we should honestly admit the existence of organic display as a given, an ultimate fact of the organic world. We have no adequate theory to explain the fact, only an adumbration of causal laws, which could account for its persistence and modification, though not for its ultimate origin.

Is this "mysticism"? In a sense: openness to unexplained phenomena is openness to mystery, and Portmann likes to stress the mysterious complexity of life in a way which intensely irritates mechanistically minded biologists. But why is it "unscientific" to admit the unexplained, to turn afresh to the phenomena? To face and acknowledge mysteries may be, not the rejection of science, but the first step to discovery. Besides, are not scientists supposed to pride themselves on "open-mindedness"? Yet it is scarcely "open-minded" to deny the very existence of those non-Galilean phenomena which constitute most of the living world, and therefore of our own lives as well.

Nor, finally, is the acknowledgement of display as a basic character of living things a renewal of "vitalism." It does indeed involve resistance to reductivism: to the view that life is "nothing but" statistical variations in the gene

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pools of populations. But it has nothing to do with any addition of a mysterious "life force" over and above the obvious appearance of the things themselves.

There is, however, more to the life of animals than display. Living things are not mere surfaces, nor are they, as used to be said, simply "sacks full of functions." Just as their appearances to one another form a significant, indeed essential aspect of their nature, so does what very broadly speaking one can call their "inner life." A second essential characteristic of living things, in other words, inseparably allied to, but contrasted with, display, consists in the fact that organisms are *centers* of perceptions, drives, and actions. This is most plainly true of ourselves, and of mammals close to ourselves in the scale of living things. We *know* that we are conscious, and that our awareness of our own identity somehow matters. We know, moreover, that our conscious thought is only a narrow center of a much broader field of unconscious processes. The totality of our "sentient" life far outruns its self-conscious, wide-awake core: it ranges from the narrow circle of focal awareness through a continuum of gradations all the way to the wholly unconscious. Indeed, many of the transactions through which we both master and submit to our environment, making of it a human world, are entirely out of the range of consciousness; yet they are nevertheless *our* achievements. Such, for example, is the achievement of color vision. We do indeed *see* colors and know that we see them, but we cannot "see" or in any direct way apprehend what our nervous system has done to achieve this end.

Further, in our experience of the world we immediately and indubitably confront the fact that other animals, especially higher mammals, appear and behave in a way analogous to our own, as "centers of doing and letting be." Stimulus-response theory, for all its vaunted "objectivism," cannot explain away our experience of animals as living centers; for example, the experience of Rilke as he watched a caged panther:

Circling, revolving, lithe prowling strength soft-footed,
The narrow ring he treads is like a dance,
A dance of power with at the center rooted,
*A great will stupefied, a will in trance.**

Rilke's poem begins with the "look" of the panther (*sein Blick*) all but destroyed by the bars of his captivity. Indeed, it is on those occasions when we meet the eyes of an animal with our own—just as we encounter our own kind "face to face"—that we most directly acknowledge the centered depth of animal life. A dog, unnaturally bound to human life, directs to his master a mute appeal that seems at first sight to make him, like a Hegelian slave, a personality only in relation to another, fuller personality. Yet his look at the same time displays a structured resonance of mood, of character, sometimes of something almost analogous to wisdom.

But the most eloquent animal countenances belong to our closer kin, the apes. Portmann illustrates the quality of this life, so familiar to us and yet so foreign, with the picture of a male gorilla from the Basel zoo, or of a gorilla mother and child. How rich a center of experience meets us here: the muteness of the gaze serves but to deepen the reverberation of the mood that confronts us. Whatever our *theories* of animal behavior or animal evolution may be, we must in this case quite simply and factually acknowledge the presence of a center in which the living being's dealings with its environment are drawn together and from which they radiate.

Now admittedly, as we move away from styles of living like our own, it seems strange to speak at all of an animal's "knowing" what it is doing, to speak of "consciousness," or even in a more tenuous sense, of "awareness." Yet in some way even a hydra moving its tentacles or an amoeba in its pseudopodia shows in the broadest sense a kind of "sentience" and through this controls the patterns of its relation to the surrounding world. Looking downward across the continuum of life, we find universally some such principle, which is unlike anything in the inorganic world.

Early in this century, mechanists like Loeb hoped to reduce all living processes to "tropisms"; twenty-five years ago Fraenkel and Gunn made a similar attempt to explain animal orientation in purely mechanical terms. But animals do not simply *move;* they *behave.* They do not simply display *reactions,* as acids and bases do; they perform—to borrow a psychologist's term—*transactions,* and transactions demand an agent, an *individual center* of giving and taking, of doing and ceasing to do. In some extended sense we must admit the presence of such centers of experience wherever there is animal life at all.

This second pervasive and essential characteristic of organisms Portmann describes by the phrase *"Weltbeziehung durch Innerlichkeit"* (literally "relation to the environment through inwardness"), again a difficult phrase to make viable in English. I shall translate it by a neologism: *centricity,*† and say that centricity, along with display, is a fundamental character of living things. Again, this statement is not meant to *explain* anything, but to acknowledge the existence of a range of phenomena too often neglected or even denied. Though we cannot, obviously, get inside the skins, so to speak, of other organic beings and feel how their mode of living feels, we need not deny that such lives exist and have—in a way forever inaccessible to us—their own style of significance. In a passage reminiscent of

*Translated by M. Lucas.

†This term was suggested to me by Mr. Peter Alscher.

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our earlier reflections on the Galilean language of nature, Portmann writes:

> The inwardness of these forms, widely different from our own organization, speaks to us through its appearance. That we cannot translate this language into human words is no reason not to see the appearance itself. If, in a distant country, I attend a dramatic performance, of which I understand not a single word, I shall not on that account assert that nothing at all is being presented, that nothing is happening but a random noise.

The concept of centricity may have—like that of display—far-reaching consequences for our thinking about nature, about science, and about ourselves. Revolutionary concepts, however, are hard to take seriously. Perhaps we can strengthen our grasp of centricity by considering some objections that might be made to it by more orthodox biologists.

THEY MIGHT ARGUE that our most immediate and massive experience of centricity comes from our own inner life and that we can never directly know the inner core that holds together the threads of organism-environment relation in other species. What Portmann does in counting centricity a basic character of all life, they might argue, is to extrapolate something we know in ourselves and apply it, if in diminished form, to all organisms. But he objects to the Darwinians' extrapolation of natural selection to the whole history of life; how then is he justified in his own equally sweeping extrapolation, in ascribing what may well be a unique character of our own, the possession of consciousness, to the whole living world?

First, Portmann by no means alleges that "consciousness" or "mind" is to be predicated of all animals, let alone plants. Consciousness as we experience it is merely one expression, one style, of centricity. Even in the human individual it forms, in fact, only a narrow band in the much wider spectrum of mental life. And so, since even our own awareness is by no means wholly focal, we need no great imaginative effort to extend a generalized concept of sentience, of some sort at least, to other animals. Secondly, consciousness in us, sentience in a broader sense in animals generally, is again but the inner expression of centricity as such: of the fact that organisms are centers of metabolism and development, of ordered reaching out toward an environment and taking in from it, of birth and death. It is this centered dynamic, dependent as it is upon the existence of *individuals,* that *is* characteristic of all life and is *not* characteristic of inorganic phenomena.

Thirdly, one reason for approaching the general concept of centricity *from* our own consciousness as its characteristic human expression, is that it is this expression, this dimension of centricity, which we know most intimately and indubitably. We also know, immediately and unmistakably, that *some* similar structure characterizes other higher animals; and finally, even as we try in our imagination to lessen the intensity of centricity in its aspect of inwardness, we are still *describing,* and describing what is common to the living forms we see before us and around us here and now. We are not suggesting abstract explanatory theories, nor extrapolating from these to a vast and remote past, but only trying to pin down with a fitting phrase a description of a common quality of our present experienced world. Portmann's extrapolation therefore is less adventuresome than the Darwinian one, since it is descriptive and contemporary rather than explanatory of an inaccessible past.

To such an answer, however, it might in turn be objected that, no matter how plainly "descriptive" the concepts Portmann is introducing, they exceed the scientist's brief in a way in which the Darwinian extrapolation from present to past does not do. For even if centricity is not equivalent to consciousness or sentience, it does involve a reference to inwardness, not just to a geometrical center of centripetal forces or the like, but to a literally *subjective* center. And such a reference, it would be alleged by the orthodox biologist, is obviously non-objective and therefore non-scientific. The Darwinian account of evolution as the product of chance mutation and external selective control, on the other hand, invokes, its adherents believe, no concepts not compatible with strict scientific mechanism: it presents "life" in Galilean terms. And it is true, indeed, as we have seen in the discussion of display, that Portmann's reflections about living things cannot be contained within the frame of Galilean science. Rather, they arise from an effort like that of the phenomenologists to overcome the abstractions of the Galilean tradition and return "to the things themselves."

Further, it must be emphasized that Portmann is not in the least denying, he is only supplementing, the great storehouse of biological knowledge accumulated by a more mechanistically oriented science. In particular, he is not denying the importance of *self-maintenance* as a characteristic of organic nature. In fact, we may add self-maintenance here, parenthetically, as a third basic character of living things. For all the intricate mechanisms of reproduction, growth, metabolism, regeneration, learning behavior, and so on are of course rightly interpreted by biologists as devices for the preservation of the individual and the species. Many biologists, however, would make self-maintenance, or "survival," the *sole* explanatory principle for all organic phenomena. And where they are engaged in detailed studies of particular physiological or genetic mechanisms, there is nothing wrong with this; it is in the philosophical implications of their work, when they think about them, that they go astray.

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Animals must indeed be adapted to their environments if they are to survive, and the techniques for survival do form a very substantial, perhaps even the major, segment of the totality of living structure and process. But biologists, under the guiding influence of Darwinian theory, often treat living things as *nothing but* aggregates of such techniques. Life, they seem to believe, *is* adaptation, and adaptation is the fitting of the organism into its internal and external environment in such a way as to enable it to survive; in other words, it is the sum total of *means to survival.* Now the governing concept in this kind of thinking seems to be *utility.* Organisms are understood as aggregates of devices *useful* for survival. Thus a woodpecker's beak is useful for getting insects out of trees; the brooding habits of fishes and birds are useful for keeping the young alive; the colors of snails are useful as concealment from hungry thrushes, and so on through the whole vast variety of living functions and forms.

Utility, however, is a doubly relative concept. A use is a use not only *for* something—in this case, survival—but also *to someone.* Birds, fishes, snails: in every case there is an individual or a group of individuals, that is, a species, *to whom* the activity or pattern or process in the case is useful. How is the biologist to interpret the beneficiary of the adaptive relation, the individual woodpecker who gets his meal or the individual snail who does not get eaten by the thrush? There are two alternatives. Either the individual is itself simply useful for some further end, or he is intrinsically valuable. In the former case, we have to say, as Dobzhansky has done on occasion, that the whole life of multicellular organisms is *nothing but* a device for the self-duplication and recombination of the genes, the only part of living things that can survive indefinitely. In other words, a hen is an egg's way of making another egg. This is an amusing, but also surely an absurd fashion of looking at the achievements of all living things, including the whole of human culture. The other alternative is to acknowledge frankly that mechanisms for self-maintenance are instrumental in relation to the intrinsic value of the entities they maintain. And that is just what Portmann's criteria of display and centricity are meant to convey: living things are significant *in themselves.* The criterion of self-maintenance, though important, is subordinate to the other two.

ACCORDING TO Portmann, the study of the social life of animals supports this view of organic life.

> The observer of social life must time and again be shifting his attention between two different aspects. In one of these, society is an organization where the individual has value merely by being a member of it: it is considerably limited in possibilities of self-expression, but contributes toward achievements only realizable in society and is integrated with other individuals for purposes which can be seen only in judging the whole. In the other aspect, equally essential and indeed complementary, the individual finds complete fulfillment only in and through social life, which allows the greatest possible "individuality" and vitality for individuals.

In the first of these aspects, social life is geared to the maintenance, not, it is true, primarily of the individual, but of the species. In the selective process those characteristics are favored which increase the probability that an organism will leave descendants. Portmann mentions as one example of such a process the breeding habits of the Emperor penguin, where communal rearing and brooding of young by a succession of adult birds has helped to make possible their survival in the most extreme Antarctic conditions. We can see how such a species would have developed from a species like the King penguin, living in a slightly less forbidding environment. According to Portmann, any small mutations "which weaken penguins' normal drive for a brooding territory and limit aggressiveness to the drive to possess an egg or a chick" would clearly have selective value, and the accumulation of many such mutations would finally issue in a pattern of behavior adapted, as the Emperor penguin is, to the worst of Antarctic weather. In general, variants in territory-possession, associated as this phenomenon is with reproduction, are clearly functions of the need to preserve the species: or strictly speaking, in selective terms they are phenomena in the absence of which the species in question would have become extinct.

At the same time, however, territory-possession is not only a device for species preservation, but marks the enhancement of individual life as well. To illustrate this point, Portmann refers to the social life of birds such as the great tit. In the summer the male bird will leave the flock and stake out for himself and his mate a favorite haunt. The two birds will then develop what biologists call "ownership behavior," for it shows a striking resemblance to analogous human actions.

And such ownership of territory serves to enhance the individuality of the single animal:

> . . . the male tit singing in his look-out is recognized from a distance by other tits in the vicinity as a particular bird. The territory thus adds distinguishing marks to those of body and behavior, it becomes a part of the whole individual, also an expression of his capacity for self-assertion. It has its inner side in the bird's experience: he knows his territory exactly, recognizes it again when he returns there. . . .
>
> An inner attachment to this place develops, it becomes a "home" associated with special values and feelings of familiarity and safety. Home is a place where through peace and security essential moods of every higher animal find most satisfaction. . . .

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This is only one instance among very many. The existence of social ranking among the individuals of a species is another conspicuous example of individuality in social life. Or again, the greater ferocity of combative behavior in mammals as compared to birds, Portmann believes, also reflects the increased individuality of the former.

Ownership behavior, the sense of home, focuses organisms at a center in space. But centricity is expressed in time as well as space, in rhythms of living as well as in the cherishing of a dwelling place. Portmann reminds us that, as zoo keepers know, animals can be bored; they need to "fill time" as we do. Quite generally, he suggests, those aspects of social life which heighten individuality give meaning to life as it passes. So termites, for example, are more active—more "lively"—in the presence of their royal pair, or bees of their queen.

Nor is time simply an empty stretch, waiting to be filled. Indeed, ordered process, rhythm, is the fundamental expression of centricity. In a paper on "Time in the Life of the Organism," Portmann writes:

> Every form of life appears to us as a *Gestalt* with a specific development in time as well as space. Living things, like melodies, might be said to be *configured time;* life manifests itself as configured time.

The most dramatic instance of this principle is the phenomenon of bird migration, where the rhythms of living are marvelously integrated with larger temporal rhythms. Portmann takes as an example the life of the arctic tern:

> Twice a year, the little white bird effects [an] immense flight that carries him almost from pole to pole, from one summer to another, from a life in the long light days of the northern hemisphere to another with equally long and bright days in the southern half of our earth. Experiments with banded birds have shown for certain that this species has a longevity of at least twelve years, but for all we know they may live longer. An aging tern, then, has carried out at least twenty-four flights, each measuring almost the entire length of a meridian. We have little knowledge of the physical performance required by these journeys, and even the biologist surely reflects too little on the extraordinary inward processes of a bird engaged in migration. This transformation of many structures in the course of the interval from breeding time to migration period also belongs to the picture of the bird in whom the dimension of time is extraordinarily filled with varying content, with transformations of structure and action—an extreme example of configured time.

Nor is the wonder we feel in the face of such phenomena a mere "subjective" addendum to what is "really" only a story of mechanisms of survival more complicated than most. Portmann continues:

> There is no doubt that bird migrations represent a solution to certain ecological problems, that they enable the bird to exchange unfavorable seasons for more propitious ones. But if we consider all the aspects of these migratory phenomena in their immense variety, it becomes increasingly plain that they surpass elementary practical needs, such as the preservation of the species. All necessity is transcended in these great formative processes, into which tellurian events are integrated as wonderful alarm-signals for the awakening and enrichment of organic life in time. The passage of clock time, meaningless in itself, is employed for the enrichment of life. It need hardly be added that human life is a magnificent configuration of time in this same sense, offering in its successive ages ever new possibilities of development in time and hence of living riches.

From the concluding sentence, it should be clear that Portmann's view of the character of living things has important consequences for the understanding of ourselves. Portmann's reflections on and appreciation of all organic life lead him inevitably to speculations on "the special position of man in the realm of the living."

THE SPECIAL POSITION OF MAN IN THE REALM OF THE LIVING

Adolf Portmann

ANYONE WHO speaks of man's special position in the realm of the living, must also stress that this problem has behind it a strange history, one that still affects the discussions of our time even though we are not always fully conscious of it. During the long centuries when an image of the world clearly defined by the Biblical tradition was fixed in the Western mind, the special position of man—being something self-evident—was not in need of discussion. Beginning with the 18th century, however, and to an increasing extent in the 19th, manifold influences have led to a special emphasis on the classification of our existence as a part of animal life and of life in general. Since 1859—since Darwin, and as a result of his theory of the origin of species—overwhelming acceptance has been won for the idea that man is nothing but the last product of a long and gradual evolution of natural forms, and that he is therefore of the same kind as the animals.

Originally, this conviction stemmed from scientific research; but in the daily battles of political parties, as well as in the arguments between theologians and politicians, it very soon came to be used as a weapon in the waging of struggles that have nothing to do with the science of life. These cultural and social battles were especially vehement during the years between 1860 and the turn of the century. They injected an emotional factor into all discussions concerning the position

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of man in the natural order, and thus made objective inquiry very difficult.

I believe that today our detachment from these controversies has become somewhat greater, so that we can now contemplate the harshest arguments in the light of historical perspective. A new reflection on man's special position, in a calmer atmosphere, should be possible in our time. Let us attempt one together.

During these considerations, all of us must keep in mind that the emphasis on human uniqueness makes sense only if we see the specifically human as part of the totality of living things. We must never lose sight of the fact that in their basic structure man, animal, and plant have much in common. There is, to begin with, the nature of the life substance itself, protoplasm; furthermore, in all higher forms of life an important part of their inheritance—that which is passed from one generation to the next—is concentrated in special structures, the chromosomes, which make up the cell nucleus. In line with these common hereditary processes, the propagation and preservation of the species among humans follow the same rules as those which govern animal life and the preservation of species among plants. Nor must we ever forget the correspondence that links our whole structure, in all its tissues and organs, to the large family circle of the higher vertebrates. Yet let us also remember in passing that it was not Darwin or Darwinism that suddenly disclosed our relationship to the anthropoid apes. No—the existence of these anthropoid apes, whose *Gestalt* is related to ours, has at all times been a perpetual question and a deep problem for every open-minded man; it is a problem now and it will remain one in the future. No one who looks without preconceptions into the eyes of one of these anthropoid apes can fail to be struck by the mystery of our relation to this form of life.

When we emphasize what all living things have in common, however, we must also see this common element in the variety of its divisions. Anyone who speaks of what is common to the vertebrates must keep his eyes open to, say, the particular ways of fishes, or the special characteristics of birds, or the mystery of the whale's form of life; and all the more, therefore, to the enigmatic reality of what is extraordinary in the specifically human.

I do not, to begin with, wish to emphasize man's upright posture, with which one might, perhaps, introduce a survey of what is extraordinary in the specifically human. Let us rather direct our attention to the most comprehensive and significant peculiarity of man: the way in which we experience the world, the special manner in which we discover the reality about us and within us, and the way we come to terms with it. This special way of experiencing the world is all the more astonishing when one considers that our sense organs correspond so conspicuously to those of the vertebrates that on the basis of them alone no fundamental difference or individuality could be discovered.

Thus, that which is unique to man must inhere in the way in which the sense impressions are *processed*, the way in which our image of the world gradually arises out of the achievements of our senses. It is not, after all, our eyes that see and our ears that hear, as one so easily assumes—it is always Man who sees and hears. It is the whole organism that processes stimuli and determines what is peculiar to our experience of the world and to our behavior in it.

In order to grasp this peculiar element more concretely, we must compare our own lives to the lives of animals. The experience and conduct of higher animals—and only higher animals are relevant in this connection—are characterized by the fact that the sense impressions which are possible to them, as well as the relationships they are capable of having to the things of the environment, are determined and limited by heredity. Hereditary factors determine what can be observed at all, the things to which the animal responds, and how it relates to its surroundings. The extent and rigidity of such hereditary determination are, to be sure, decidedly different among the various groups of animals: In some cases, the hereditarily determined mechanism that governs an animal's relationships defines a very narrow range of possibilities: the environment of such animals is impoverished and monotonous. For a time, the degree of rigidity and hereditary subjection among the higher vertebrates was greatly exaggerated; one was thus misled into a too absolute contrast between the instinctual subjection and constraint of animals and the freedom of human possibilities. Therefore, it is important to understand that we are today liberating ourselves from this rigid conception of animal life, and that we assess very highly the degree of freedom and openness in the animal's view of the world. Contemporary research into animal behavior is closely concerned with this point.

Let us look into this research for a moment and choose as our example the singing of birds, since we will later have to occupy ourselves with the phenomenon of speech. When we rear birds in complete isolation, removed from all stimuli by others of their species, we discover that their singing develops in two very different ways. In one case—I think of the warbler, for instance—the nerve structures that produce its singing mature even in complete isolation, and after the first few weeks of life, the little bird, in a manner typical of its kind, already sings a song it could never have heard, but which was prepared within it by preformed hereditary processes.

In another course of development—of which the chaffinch can serve as an example—there is also a maturing of hereditary dispositions; without this

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no attribute of a living creature could develop. But in the process of their development these dispositions of a finch remain—in a manner completely unknown to us—*open*, which is to say accessible to future impressions from without. During an especially impressionable period of its life, the finch learns its characteristic song by imitating what it hears; but if, during this time, the only model is the song of a different kind of bird, then the finch learns this other melody: the bird remains focused on and limited to an alien song. Then, too, we know that there are so-called mocking birds, which are capable of especially many imitations; there are, furthermore, birds that can imitate the sounds of our human speech. All this proves that among such birds certain systems of acoustical expression remain wide open to the incorporation of new forms of communication.

EVEN WITH animals, therefore, we must in many cases reckon with a high degree of learning capacity; what is more, we can assess very highly the role that imitation plays in their social life. Nevertheless, in the case of a bird's song, the incorporation of acquired learning—of what is alien to the species—is a very limited one; even the most linguistically gifted bird cannot attain to a free use of words through the imitation of human sounds. The relative openness of an animal to the world is always circumscribed by a very narrow circle of possibilities, a circle that is never broken. By contrast, the openness of humans in experiencing the world cannot possibly be overestimated. We have only to remember that we are able to direct our attention at will to every detail, no matter how small, of the environment; that we are able at our pleasure to turn any single thing about us into an object of lifelong research. Anyone who has once become conscious of this freedom of concern, this open latitude for our direction of interest, will also understand something about the most basic factor of our human uniqueness. It is the same thing as that which philosophers have sometimes designated as "openness to the world." Each one of us is capable of standing, as it were, outside himself, of observing himself from an external vantage point, so to speak, and thus gaining detachment from himself and judging himself.

We do not have the slightest evidence that anything of this kind is possible for animals. The fact that men can direct their interests at will proves that their central nervous system is regulated with a view to this "openness." We know from our own experience, to be sure, that the degree of such openness can vary from man to man, that some men soon narrow their horizons and preclude themselves from wide areas of human possibility, while others preserve the greatest creative openness to a ripe old age. Yet notwithstanding such enormous individual differences, even the man with the most paltry human equipment is marked by the most potent of all special characteristics: openness to the world.

A great number of other specifically human characteristics are a function of this distinguishing trait. Thus, the openness of those organs which permit us to relate to the environment is responsible for the fact that in the course of our development there is no formation of hereditarily secured ways of behavior for regulating our social associations. In the case of bees and ants, as in the case of whales and seals, or fishes and birds, the social association of thousands is clearly regulated by means of inherited forms of behavior. But in human life, only the very paltry rudiments of such a hard and fast hereditary structure are present. With us, the regulation of social life occurs through transactions of a spiritual kind, through decisions whose multiplicity constitutes the motley picture of human history and of the different peoples of the earth. For example, there is no hereditary structure that marks one particular kind of union of human beings as the natural one: there is no family according to nature. Every tie that goes beyond the original relation of mother and child during the first period of development, is a question of free decision and of the preservation of a particular form through custom, habit, and tradition. For our understanding of human responsibility, perhaps few things are more significant to realize than that we must by ourselves find the actual forms of our social life. The compulsion that drives us to social life is inherited, as is our complete dependency on others, but we are free to find and preserve the forms we wish to give ourselves.

The sovereign uniqueness of our "openness" also shows itself in our social means of communication, in speech. The hereditary disposition to speak, too, is an open structure. It stimulates the infant to investigate and produce noises of all kinds and, moreover, toward the end of the first year of life compels him to imitate the tones spoken by human beings within his environment. But the hereditary disposition goes no further. To an extent that is always astonishing, it remains open for the rest of life. The kinds of sounds we finally learn and use in our daily lives are determined by the social environment. In a mighty spiritual exertion, the small child—in a labor of several years—takes unto himself the whole body of the group's culture and completely incorporates himself into the group by attaining to speech. This attainment of the resources of language is certainly one of the greatest accomplishments of a normal human life, if not indeed the most impressive. The group's stock of language is in a constant development which underlies the historical processes of change, and which is therefore a very special tool of the uniquely human historicity on which, in turn, the transformation of human forms of social life depends.

We may designate the totality of all those

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active structures within us that participate in our experiencing of the world, and in the formation of our image of the world, by the comprehensive name of "directive mechanism" (*Zuwendungsapparat*). I see the uniqueness of man as residing, above all, in the openness to the world of this directive mechanism.

The significance of this openness reaches so far that even a bodily characteristic like our upright posture is not the mere result of an organic process of growth, of the maturing and ripening of bodily structures; even in a characteristic which appears to be so purely physical, the spiritual uniqueness of the human is directly involved. Whereas the typical bodily bearing of every higher mammal develops in the mother's body and is already realized at birth, our upright posture is not a consequence of growth in the uterus; it occurs in the social world. For its stimulation it already presupposes a certain degree of individual development, and it occurs under the continuous influence of a completely developed social world. The imitation of the proper upright posture of adults, the encouragement of this imitation by the environment, the pride about even the smallest success in standing up—all of these attest to the necessity of social collaboration. Medical research provides us with many examples of how this process of learning to walk can be hindered by disturbances in the over-all process of development, but also of the catastrophic effect that the absence of social contact, the isolation of the infant, can have on the mastery of our upright posture.

Anyone who once follows the whole process culminating in our upright posture in the first year of life, will experience in an unforgettable way the uniqueness of the human, in which the spiritual cannot be separated from either the psychic or the bodily—or, as one is wont to say today, the psychic from the somatic. The great extent to which our whole development is attuned to the special characteristics of the human, can be shown by a single detail from the developmental history of upright posture, a detail which is seemingly irrelevant and to which little attention is paid. Long after we have begun to stand and walk upright, the spine must still complete its slow transformation to its final, feathery shape. But this process is not a belated event, attached as a final phase to an antecedent animal-like development; rather, the very first changes in shape which characterize the typically human bent of the spine in the pelvic region can be clearly observed as early as the second month of pregnancy. And in general, biological work in recent decades has shown most emphatically how large a part of our total course of development is from the first moment directed to the final goal: a creature whose way of life is "open to the world."

THIS SPECIAL goal is served above all by the peculiar circumstance of our coming into the world much too early for a mammal with a brain development equivalent to that of man. Our situation at birth in no way corresponds to that of the other higher mammals, all of whom bring highly developed young ones into the world, the so-called nidifugous (nest-fleeing) animals. Compared to these, the newly born human infant is helpless; yet again he cannot simply be compared to a newborn kitten or rabbit: he is not simply nidicolous (nest-dwelling). The special situation of the newborn infant can be meaningfully explained only if we assume that in our case, basically, the embryonic period of life lasts until the end of the first year after birth. Yet man is taken prematurely out of the uterus proper and—as our language puts it so beautifully—"brought into the world," because his whole form of being requires richer sources of stimulation than the security of the mother's body can offer. The degree to which our whole manner of development until the end of the first year is embryonic, was emphasized by the German pediatrician von Lange as early as 1903, when he pointed out that until that time our rate and way of growth retain all the characteristics of growth in the mother's body. By careful comparison, it can also be made clear that at the end of the first year of life the human being corresponds to a *newborn* higher mammal—in his movements, bodily proportions, and brain size. It is only at this time that he reaches the state of development already shown at birth by the young elephant, the foal, the whale, the dolphin, the seal, and the rhesus monkey.

The peculiar first year, which we spend as helpless nest-dwellers, but with open eyes and alert senses in the community of the mother and other human beings, is in all its particulars attuned to the demands posed by the special development of our relationship to the world. The beginning of thought, the learning of language, the attainment of upright posture—all these very special human characteristics are stamped on us in that decisive first year which, if we were merely mammals, we would have to spend in the mother's body. We can thus say that the growing human being is born out of the mother's body into a second uterus in which he traverses the second half of his embryonic life: this is the *social uterus*. Thereby we also characterize the mighty task of society; we see more clearly how much the success or failure of the individual life depends on its proper performance during this decisive early epoch.

We have found the most important aspect of man's special position in the uniqueness of his way of experiencing the world. Anyone who seeks to comprehend this way of experiencing the world will also understand how great is the mystery—even for science—of the origin of man.

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CHAIM A. KAPLAN

A JOURNAL OF THE WARSAW GHETTO*

The excerpts below are from the diaries of CHAIM ARON KAPLAN, *a writer, Hebrew scholar, and educator, who perished with his wife at Treblinka in December 1942 or January 1943. Born in Horidiszczie, White Russia, in 1880, Kaplan was educated at the Yeshiva of Mir and the Government Pedagogical Institute in Vilna. In 1902, he settled in Warsaw, where he founded a pioneering elementary Hebrew day school, whose principal he remained for forty years. When the war broke out, Kaplan pledged himself to keeping a daily record of events, regardless of the risks entailed. "I do not know whether anyone else is recording the daily events," he wrote on January 16, 1940. "I sense within me the magnitude of this hour and my responsibility to it. . . ." Kaplan wrote in Hebrew, in small notebooks of the kind used by schoolchildren; in all his published works he signed himself "Ch.A."*

The existence of the Kaplan diaries was discovered by Professor ABRAHAM I. KATSH *of New York University, in the course of a visit to the Jewish Historical Institute in Warsaw in 1960. Two years later, Wladyslaw Wojcek, a Pole, who had been active in ghetto underground activities, and who had been responsible for the discovery of the Second Ringelblum Archives, arrived in New York with several of the Kaplan notebooks in his possession—which he showed to Professor Katsh. The notebooks, it subsequently transpired, had been smuggled out of the ghetto singly by Kaplan to a Jewish friend working at forced labor outside the ghetto who delivered them into Wojcek's hands for safekeeping.*

Later this month, Macmillan will publish selections from Kaplan's diary under the title, Scroll of Agony, *edited, translated and with an introduction by Professor Katsh. The excerpts which follow are from that book.*

September 7, 1939

THE ENEMY is at the gates of Warsaw, and we are a beleaguered city. The masses have an eye that sees and an ear that hears. I too perceived it in the darkness of the night. The window of my bedroom faces toward Karmelicka Street, and even though I was sunk in slumber, voices and the noise of passers-by reached my ears. I got up and looked out the window, and I knew at once that the government was fleeing. . . .

September 10, 1939

The streets are sown with trenches and barricades. Machine guns have been placed on the roofs of houses, and there is a barricade in the doorway of my apartment house, just under my balcony. If fighting breaks out in the street no stone will remain upon another in the wall within which I live. We have therefore fled to my wife's sister's at 27 Nowolipki Street, which is nearby. Her apartment is supposed to be safer, since it faces a courtyard.

The enemy of the Jews attested long ago that if war broke out Jews would be eliminated from Europe. Now half the Jewish people are under his domination. Why has God embittered our lives so cruelly? Have we indeed sinned more than any nation? . . .

September 11, 1939

. . . In two more days it will be Rosh Hashanah. . . .

Warsaw is full of refugees from all corners of the country. In the midst of the turmoil an unplanned and undirected exodus started, with some fleeing from Warsaw and others fleeing to Warsaw. Among the refugees there is a preponderance of people from the left bank of the Vistula. They were so frightened by the approach of the barbarian enemy that they left a lifetime's labor behind in order to save their skins. Camps, camps of tens of thousands, filled with movable property and children, line all the roads that lead to the capital, when the capital itself is not safe from disaster.

September 17, 1939

Warsaw, a city of two million, is being laid waste by fire and sword. . . .

September 20, 1939

. . . The enemy has surrounded the city from four sides, no one is permitted to leave or enter, and there is no way of getting bread. The stored provisions are all but exhausted. . . . Human beings spend all their energies and talents in the pursuit of bread. Man has become an animal,

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concerned only with brute existence and fear of starvation. Holidays and festivals no longer exist. During Rosh Hashanah, haphazard public prayers were held in some synagogues, but will we be able to recite the Kol Nidre? . . .

September 29, 1939

. . . Beautiful Warsaw—city of royal glory, queen of cities—has been destroyed like Sodom and Gomorrah. There are streets which have been all but wiped off the face of the earth. Hundreds of houses have been destroyed by fire or changed into islands of rubble. Dozens of streets have turned into desolate heaps of gravel. . . . It is difficult to walk among the still smoldering and smoking ruins. . . . And we are waiting for Hitler's army. . . .

After all the horrors that we have endured, we wait for Hitler's army as for the spring rains. We are without bread and without water. Our nerves are shattered from everything that has happened during the last awful days. In such a condition, our only desire is to rest awhile, even if it is under Hitler's rule. And so, today at 8:00 P.M., Hitler's soldiers will enter the gates of Warsaw like victorious heroes.

Poland has fallen. Will she yet arise?

October 5, 1939
Eve of Simhat Torah, 5700

Our holiday is no longer celebrated. . . . The windows of the synagogues are dark. After 7:00 P.M. there is a curfew in the city, and in the hours before the curfew we live in dread. . . . The Nazi policy toward Jews is now in full swing.

Every day brings its share of grievous incidents. . . . Bearded Jews are stopped on the streets and abused. During the morning prayers on Shemini Atzeret, a hundred and fifty men were pulled out of the Mlawa Street synagogue, herded into a truck, and taken to enforced labor. A Jew was stripped of his coat in the street and the coat was given to a Christian, so that he could benefit from the theft. A broken Jew, standing in a food line for long hours, was picked up for a twenty-four-hour work detail, hungry and thirsty as he was.

Midian and Moab have joined forces in order to oppress Israel.

The last lesson has not yet been learned by our wise Polish neighbors, for even though they have suffered a national catastrophe as horrible as hell, they have not forgotten their animosity toward the Jews. Even though they are dull-witted and uncultured and do not know German, they have nevertheless learned to say: *"Ein Jude!"* in order to get him thrown out of line. . . .

October 10, 1939

Only Jews are taken for forced labor. Young, energetic, muscular Poles stand and mock from afar the Jews who kneel under the burden of their toil. The enemy picks Jews particularly for the most distasteful work—cleaning toilets, scrubbing floors, and other jobs of this sort. And there was an occurrence that I heard of from a youth—"It happened to me, myself!" he said. They caught him for work and ordered him to clean out filthy places and gave him no tools. When he asked for tools, they advised him to do it with his hands and to use his coat in place of a vessel. When he objected to this they beat him. Some soldiers were present at the time who couldn't stand to see an innocent man tortured, and explained to the strongarm that one should not behave in that manner toward a human being. The officer replied to this that the Jews wanted the war so it was just that such great misfortune befall them; that more than ten thousand German soldiers have already fallen victim, and that the Jews are making a business out of this war. Afterward they beat him some more, and after seven hours of degrading and despicable work, without tasting bread or water, he returned home.

October 16, 1939

Life moves along by itself. There is no transportation, no water, no electricity. Everything creeps, and this has given foundation to flourishing rumors that the conquerors won't remain here. But there is one thing the conquerors do not ignore, that they return to incessantly, as though from the very outset they had come here for that purpose alone. A certain psychosis of hatred and loathing toward the *"Jude"* has infected them. . . .

[Today], in a conversation which lasted two minutes, and which assumed the character of an order through the addition of a threat that "otherwise, they alone are responsible for their lives," the Jewish Council* was ordered to furnish a list of the Jewish residents of Warsaw from sixteen to sixty years of age. For what purpose? Nobody knows. But it is certain that it's not for the benefit of the Jews. Our hearts tell us that a catastrophe for the Jewry of Poland is hidden in this demand. . . .

October 18, 1939

Our lives grow gloomier from day to day. Racial laws have not yet been formally decreed, but actually our defeat is inevitable. The conqueror says bluntly that there is no hope for Jewish survival. There is room for the assumption that a beginning is being made now. . . .

Let anyone who wishes to consider the depths of the tragedy of Polish Jewry come to the Joint† building (13 Leszno Street) and see the vale of

* The Jewish Community Council (Hebrew: *Kehillah*) had been replaced, at German orders, by the Jewish Council (German: *Judenrat*) on October 4, 1939. The last head of the *Kehillah*, Mauryc Majzel, was not elected but was appointed by the Polish Government. He fled Warsaw immediately after the outbreak of the war, and Adam Czerniakow was appointed head of the *Judenrat*.

† The Joint Distribution Committee is a Jewish international relief and rehabilitation agency.

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tears. But even the Joint has no legal authority, and the conqueror knows nothing of its existence. It is our good fortune that the Joint's funds are in the hands of the American consulate and the enemy has no access to them. Otherwise he would confiscate them to the last cent. But the Joint's relief money is like a drop in the ocean. Great God! Are you making an end to Polish Jewry? "Your people" cannot understand: Why is the world silent?

October 20, 1939

. . . The *Judenrat,* which was orphaned when its money was stolen and its appointed president (commissar) fled, attempted to organize the matter of seizing people for labor. Czerniakow offered to supply a certain number of workers if only they would stop seizing for forced labor whoever comes to hand in the streets. They scarcely listened to this proposal, merely explained in passing that it was not detailed enough. Finally they agreed that the *Judenrat* will supply five hundred laborers a day, and that the street captures will stop. Tomorrow will be the first day for this new arrangement. The *Judenrat* will pay each worker four zloty a day out of its treasury. Let us see if they find people willing to work, if the *Judenrat* can meet its obligation, and if the conqueror will be satisfied with the new arrangement. If, heaven forbid, the contract with the enemy doesn't succeed, the evil will be worse than it has been up to now. We have all become orphans. . . .

October 21, 1939

. . . Our future is becoming increasingly clear. Today the legal destruction began, with an order barring Jews from the two branches of the economy in which 50 per cent of the Jewish community supported itself. It makes one's blood freeze, and a man is ready to commit suicide out of desperation. This isn't just a small economic deprivation that makes things difficult but will not endanger our survival. It is a savage slash that has no equal in the history of the oppression of the Jewish people. The cruel decree is short and decisive, comprising only seven paragraphs, but it suffices to topple our entire economic structure. The decree says: It is strictly forbidden for Jews to trade in textile goods (manufactures) and processed hides (leather) and any sort of manufacturing that involves these materials. With terrible savagery the ax has struck at the most active artery of the Jewish economy. All violators of this order will be severely punished, even by capital punishment. . . .

October 22, 1939

. . . Radios are being confiscated. Through the long chilly evenings we sit desolate and mournful, and there is no end to our tears. In every family there is misfortune and in every house, destruction. The "legal" destruction has darkened our world, but even this has become a subject for Jewish jokes. But this is gallows humor. I am afraid of a despair psychosis which is permeating our whole lives. We have stopped reacting. Even if they forbid us to breathe, we will make peace with that too. This too will furnish a subject for a new joke.

October 25, 1939

. . . Another sign that bodes ill: Today, notices informed the Jewish population of Warsaw that next Saturday (October 29) there will be a census of the Jewish inhabitants. The *Judenrat* under the leadership of Engineer Czerniakow is required to carry it out. Our hearts tell us of evil—some catastrophe for the Jews of Warsaw lies in this census. Otherwise there would be no need for it. . . .

November 5, 1939

What has today brought us? Nothing less than a Jewish ghetto! A ghetto in Jewish Warsaw! Who could have believed it? Proclamations have not yet been posted, but our fate is already known to us. The conqueror has decided to establish a Jewish ghetto, consisting of some ten streets which the 360,000 Jews of Warsaw will be permitted to occupy.

Besides the insult inherent in this decree, it will create a social catastrophe for the entire population of Warsaw, even for the non-Jews; and the livelihood and occupations of the Jews who will be evicted from their homes will be lost. Those who are dispossessed will lose their property and become unemployed. Where will this great mass of people go? This order strikes especially at the wealthy Jews, the rich professional intelligentsia whose Judaism has been only surplus baggage, and whose suffering as Jews makes no sense.

November 8, 1939

. . . Terrible rumors reach us from the country. Dozens of Jewish towns have been burned, wiped off the face of the earth. In Wyszkow, for example, only three houses remain. As for the towns that were not burned—the Jews were exiled anyway. First their property was confiscated, then they were beaten and seized for forced labor, and finally, after they were searched and their money stolen, they were forced to flee. The unfortunate exiles have been burned, robbed, assaulted, left naked and penniless and exiled from their birthplaces. This has happened to the Jews of Pultusk, Mlawa, Wloclawek, and other Jewish towns too numerous to list.

Almighty God! Are you making an end to the remnant of Polish Jewry?

[Whether the Germans actually intended to build a ghetto remained unclear for about a year, during which time the Jewish community of Warsaw alternated between hope and despair over its fate. On June 27, 1940, according to Kaplan's diary, it was

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*rumored that the ghetto plan had been temporarily abandoned. Again, on October 3, Kaplan notes with relief that "the fear of the ghetto has passed." But two weeks later, the official order for construction of the Warsaw Ghetto had gone into effect—*ED.]

October 12, 1940
End of Yom Kippur, 5701

On the New Year we prayed illegally. The ban on communal worship was still in effect. In secret, in side rooms near the dark, closed synagogues we prayed to the God of Israel like Marranos in the 15th century. . . .

At last the ghetto edict has gone into effect. For the time being it will be an open ghetto, but there is no doubt that in short order it will be closed. In Lodz the ghetto edict was not carried out all at once, but rather step by step, and many signs indicate that it will be the same in Warsaw. After the ghetto plan was postponed two weeks ago, we were almost tranquil. But the enemy of Israel neither sleeps nor slumbers. . . .

Before the thirty-first of October the Jews who live in the streets outside the walls must move lock, stock, and barrel to the streets within the walls; and all the Aryans (read Poles) living in the streets within the walls must move to the Aryan quarter. To a certain extent the edict has hurt the Poles more than the Jews, for the Poles are ordered to move not only from the ghetto, but from the German quarter as well. Nazism wants to separate everyone—the lords by themselves, the underlings by themselves, the slaves by themselves. . . .

October 14, 1940

There is a rumor that in one of the congregations the prayer leader came and dressed himself in a *kittel* and prepared to lead his poor and impoverished people in the *Neilah** service, when a boy from his congregation broke in with the news about the ghetto. At once the Jew dispensed with *Neilah,* took off his *kittel,* and went back to his seat. There was no point in praying when the "Gates of Mercy" were locked. . . .

October 17, 1940

. . . The publication of the official order has settled all doubts, but to our disadvantage. They took streets away from us that have been Jewish since ancient times, and which no one imagined would be outside the boundaries of the ghetto. Walls had already been erected at the end of them, and this was taken as a clear indication that they would be within the boundaries.

A closed ghetto means death by starvation in a concentration camp with inhuman living conditions. All of the Jewish quarter will be fenced in with walls and barbed wire, and at the gates will be the sword which turns every way, to prevent the prisoners from escaping. In a closed ghetto everything is locked and bolted. No one enters or leaves. Anyone who tries to flee risks his life. The guards of the ghetto do not permit the farmers from the villages to bring any food in through its gates. Babies ask for bread and there is none. In the Lodz ghetto no one had anything hot to drink or any cooked food because there was no wood for fuel. They paid ten zloty for a kilo of onions. The people of Warsaw, who are clever, are laying in provisions to be ready for whatever misfortune may come, and for this reason prices have gone up.

October 22, 1940

The creation of the ghetto is accompanied by such severe birth pangs that they are beyond description.

When it came time to carry out the ghetto order, everything became chaotic. The Polish side began to haggle—in this suburb they have a church; another is mainly inhabited by Aryans; here is a beautiful school building; there is a factory employing thousands of Aryan workers. How can the rightful owners be driven from all these places? Thus they excised piece after piece, street after street, of the Jewish area, and the boundaries of the ghetto grew more and more constricted. . . .

The *Judenrat* is powerless to grasp the helm in these events. It is true that it has the power to use force, but it is not always desirable or possible to use force. Our troubles are unhinging our minds and weakening our powers of judgment, and in our despair, we do not obey the orders of the *Judenrat,* thus making its work, which is so full of responsibilities, all the harder.

Several days ago the *Judenrat* furnished a questionnaire to all the courtyard committees in which they were asked to give detailed replies to questions about the number of apartments, the number of rooms in each apartment, the number of tenants, and the prices of apartments. On the basis of this information they will confiscate vacant rooms and settle homeless people in them, of their own choice. Incidentally, they are raising the rents sky-high. They are afraid that the *Judenrat* will match them up with the wrong people and make them stick to the prescribed rents. . . .

October 24, 1940
The night of Simhat Torah, 5701

The Warsaw ghetto is making its full appearance. Everyone is vacating his forbidden apartment in advance of the deadline, and taking some new apartment in the Jewish area. So long as poverty can be locked in the innermost places, people forget it exists; but when it is brought outside it awakens disgust and loathing. Now we see the used furniture and household utensils of the poor as they search through the streets for a new refuge. There is no sense to this. For what reason are these miserable and oppressed creatures made to roam around like shadows, these who

*The closing prayer of Yom Kippur—ED.

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have nothing to keep themselves alive with even under their own roofs?

The naïve among the Jews and Poles ask: Can the world sit silent? Will the evil and the corrupt always have the upper hand? Will the ax fall upon the entire world? O Leader of the city, where are you?

But He Who sits in Heaven laughs. . . .

Will it be a closed ghetto? There are signs in both directions, and we hope for a miracle—which doesn't always happen in time of need. A closed ghetto means gradual death. An open ghetto is only a halfway catastrophe.

October 27, 1940

As long as the ghetto is open and there is still a gap, no larger than the eye of a needle, through which we may come in contact with the outside world, the *Judenrat* has jurisdiction only over internal affairs; from the time when the ghetto is closed, we will become a foreign national organism, separated from the civil life of the nation. We will stop paying taxes to the government, and be exempt from paying rent. . . . The *Judenrat* will be the representative of the Jewish people both within and without. In a closed ghetto we will not only have cultural autonomy, but administrative autonomy as well.

And in this lies the essence of our tragedy. Out of the frying pan, into the fire. The *Judenrat* is not the same as our traditional Jewish Community Council, which wrote such brilliant chapters in our history. Strangers in our midst, foreign to our spirit, sons of Ham who trample upon our heads, the president of the *Judenrat* and his advisers are musclemen who were put on our backs by strangers. Most of them are nincompoops whom no one knew in normal times. They were never elected, and would not have dared dream of being elected, as Jewish representatives; had they dared, they would have been defeated. All their lives until now they were outside the Jewish fold; they did not rejoice in our happiness nor mourn our misfortunes. Who paid any attention to some unknown engineer, a nincompoop among nincompoops, who was an assimilationist not for ideological reasons but for utilitarian ones? Zionism had already thrown these men over its shoulder, and they moved about among us like shadows. Small minds, artists at poker, schooled in a foreign culture.

How did we come to this state of affairs? Only chance was involved. Even the conqueror didn't choose them, but rather found them already there. After they became his loyal and dedicated minions in heart and soul, he found no flaw in them and left them in their place. . . .

October 31, 1940

This is the last day for the evacuation of apartments, for both Jews living in the Aryan quarters and Christians living in the Jewish quarter. The conquerors' rag of a newspaper makes everything more difficult of its own accord and on its own responsibility, in order to destroy the nerves of the Jews. Its threats, which had no basis in fact, magnified the weight of the catastrophe. But be that as it may, the open ghetto has already been created. A great herd of half a million people has been compressed and squeezed into a small area where it will live its degrading life in terrible crowding without any income. Rich families who lived in five and six-room apartments must content themselves with one room. Everyone hurried to insure a place of refuge as well as he could. There was no choice. . . .

November 5, 1940

They have begun sending children of various ages to peddle in the streets. I saw a boy of six selling "badges of shame,"* conducting his business with eagerness and industry. Little vendors like these are hard to catch, because they are fleet-footed and quick to slip away—and when they are caught their liability is not great. So boy vendors fill the Jewish section with their deafening cries. . . .

The sidewalks are crowded beyond belief. Most of all, mothers take up positions on the sidewalks with their children's cradles, and they lean against the sides of buildings all along the street. The conquerors have closed the city parks to us. . . . The Jewish mothers have already gotten used to their bad fortune, and in order not to deprive their babies of the sunlight, they take their stand with their cradles wherever there is a square or a vacant lot, or a sidewalk covered with sunlight.

A second phenomenon—characters out of Mendele. The inescapable beggars and paupers have gathered in Warsaw from all parts of the country. And they are types the like of which you have never seen before. By the thousand they beg for food and sustenance in the streets of the Jewish quarter. They surround you and tug at your sleeve wherever you turn. This is not ordinary panhandling, it is artistry. Every business likes to try new things in order to succeed, and those who work at this one are adept at it, as is proven by their inventiveness and originality in appealing to the hearts of passers-by. Thus at one intersection you encounter a group of children of poverty ranging in age from four to ten, the emissaries of mothers and fathers who supervise them from the sidelines. They sing, and their voices are pleasant and their songs permeated with Jewish sorrow and grief. The music touches your heartstrings. Little groups of idlers and strollers stand near the childish quartet, their eyes filled with tears; they find it hard to leave. . . . A short distance away there is a cantor with a complete choir of singers. The synagogues are closed, and they cannot sing before their Creator, so they pour forth their supplications under the open sky. A concert of this

*The yellow badge, marked with a Star of David, that the Jews were required to wear during the German occupation of Europe.—ED.

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sort attracts hundreds of people. They sing prayers and hymns for all the holidays in the year, and since everyone has more than enough free time, the audience grows larger and larger, and the choir does a good business.

. . . Sometimes a single artist who relies on his own talents goes into business for himself. An excellent basso sings arias of all kinds all day long, and sometimes he is even favored with a penny for his efforts. Aside from artistic panhandling there is physical panhandling everywhere you turn. Lamed, crippled, and blind people; people missing an arm or a leg; all manner of misshapen people who inspire physical repulsion; epileptics and those afflicted with skin diseases; naked people and people dressed in filthy rags; and all of them shouting: "Give! Give!"

This particolored picture represents the Jewish quarter at the present moment. Sometimes you get fed up with yourself and your people. Is all of this symbolic of the "eternity of Israel"? Have we sunk so low? Do these living dead represent national strength? But the bustling, noisy street is not interested in your sad thoughts. Everywhere there is noise, motion; in every corner the pulsebeat of life is unceasing.

November 10, 1940

The conquerors' radio emphasized and reemphasized that this is not a ghetto, but rather a Jewish quarter, like the Polish quarter or the German quarter. In whispers the constant rumor was that Roosevelt had a hand in these concessions. . . . It is good in our terrible troubles to believe that some mighty hand is guiding us, that our sufferings are seen and our sighs are heard.

But we woke up, and our souls were empty. . . .

The *Judenrat* is building this great mass grave with its own funds. All of this is a clear proof, because if the conquerors wished to leave the ghetto open they would not need to build high, fortified walls that block the path of life before us.

The *Judenrat* is burdened with much other work in preparing to organize life within a closed ghetto. Under its supervision a Jewish police force is being recruited which will have authority over the buried-alive Jews of the ghetto. Nine thousand young men have already registered as candidates for this force. By the way, each applicant included a five-zloty registration fee, which even the abject poor paid in the hope of being accepted for the ghetto police. . . .

The day is not distant when we will be penned in like cattle, forcibly removed from the outside world like a camp of unclean lepers.

November 13, 1940

. . . There is scarcely any doubt that we will have a closed ghetto, although in a form somewhat different from that of Lodz. Four or five through streets will be left, and at these streets military guards will be posted to watch who enters and leaves. Jews may be allowed to leave for several hours each day after they obtain a permit at a certain price. Air will be bought with money. . . .

November 17, 1940

. . . What we dreaded most has come to us. . . . On the eve of the Sabbath of *Parashat Vayera*, the fourteenth of Marheshvan, 5701, we went to bed in the Jewish quarter, and the next morning we awoke in a closed Jewish ghetto, a ghetto in every detail. In the morning hours of the Sabbath a three-man guard was set up in all the open places where walls were not erected because of the trolley connections. They would not allow Jews wearing the "badge of shame" to cross over into the Aryan quarter. Thus we have been granted "full civil rights" to the extent of having a Jewish police force in the state of Poland, an idea which the Jewish autonomists in every generation hoped for with all their heart and soul. We have entered into a new life, and it is impossible to imagine the panic that has arisen in the Jewish quarter. Suddenly we see ourselves penned in on all sides. . . .

November 28, 1940

The ghetto is empty of all Gentiles and has turned into a Jewish kingdom. The police are leaving and the Jewish police will inherit their place. The same applies to the post office; Jews working for the *Judenrat* will head it and all the jobs there will be filled by Jews. An exceptional concession will apparently be made in the case of the tax bureau, and for the public utility department—if the cruel conquerors do not forbid us to use gas and electricity. In short, a Jewish state complete in every detail, but a closed, cramped one, imprisoned, mummified within its narrow borders.

November 29, 1940

. . . The concept that "all Jews are responsible for one another" has stopped being merely a slogan or a metaphor. It is realized in us.

The courtyard committees operate on the principle that the affairs of their own courtyard come first. And so they impose a double monthly payment upon their "subjects"; one for the benefit of the Self-Aid, which supports the soup kitchens in the ghetto, the other for courtyard needs. This payment need not be in cash. It may be made in foodstuffs, prepared meals, or used clothing.

When the ghetto was about to be set up and people were concerned about the hoarding, the courtyard committees began taking care of all the residents of the courtyard without exception, including even the middle-class and wealthy ones. It was deemed entirely possible that a day would come when all the private hoards would be eaten up and it would be necessary to set up a common

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soup kitchen for all the residents of the courtyard. So the courtyard committees hastily created a "permanent fund" for the establishment of soup kitchens. At once the necessary (relatively speaking) sums were collected to enable them to buy in advance a certain quantity of foodstuffs, to be stored in a special cellar belonging to the courtyard committee. It will thus remain, ready for whatever trouble may come.

When historians come to write the history of the courtyard committees during the days of the Nazi war against the Jews, let them end their chapter with a blessing of consolation: "May the Lord remember them with favor!"

December 2, 1940

Life in the ghetto is becoming "normal." The chaos lasted no more than a week. When half a million people are locked in a small cage, faced with hunger, privation, epidemics, atrocities, naturally it causes a stir. Even the conquerors were confused. This is a unique political experiment. The intention was to starve and impoverish us in body and in spirit; to segregate us from the outside world; to undermine our very existence. A great project of this sort demands extraordinary exertions and cannot be brought into effect by words alone. But to our sorrow, it must be admitted that the tyrants succeeded. . . .

December 3, 1940

. . . The ghetto state needs civil servants, and it employs thousands of people. The janitors, the "Lords of the Broom," have left us because they were Ayrans born and bred, and Jews have been appointed in their place. Then there are the Jewish policemen with their rubber clubs (they were not given arms). Those who have been beaten say there is no difference between them and the ones carried by their Polish and German colleagues; only they have a special, Jewish flavor. At all events, four thousand Jewish youths who were eliminated from their former jobs were given these new "posts of honor," and thereby an opportunity for living on bribes and food smuggling. Both they and the ghetto dwellers benefit.

The post office employs several hundred people, and the Jewish building agents have returned to their jobs and scared all the tenants. The jokesters have made up a new prayer: "Let us fall into the hands of Gentile agents, only let us not fall into the hands of a Jewish agent!"

The administrative work within the *Judenrat* itself also engages thousands of people. Their salary is small and is never paid on time, but at least they have a foothold.

In short, there is no shortage of jobs, and we will live in spite of the murderers.

December 5, 1940

When Warsaw was conquered, the "Lord of the Broom" was at the height of his power. He literally had power of life and death over his neighbors. At his pleasure he would tell the Nazi robbers, who made the rounds of the gates of the Jewish buildings in search of loot, that rich Jews with a lot of money lived in his courtyard; and at his pleasure he would deceive them by saying that in his yard there are only poor people.

Now that the ghetto has been created, a day of recompense has come for *Pan* Josef as well. He is forced to leave the sinful Jews and move among his pure compatriots, and here his tragedy begins. Where everyone is pure, there is neither honor nor lucre for him, so *Pan* Josef does not want to leave his Jews. Against his will he moves to the Aryan quarter, but every day he risks his life, smuggles himself across the border, and returns to his nest. Here he finds a Jew holding a broom, and tears fill his eyes. I swear that with my own ears I heard a Josef say, "They won't take me away from here alive! If my livelihood is gone, why should I live?"

That is the Aryan side of the coin, but it has a Jewish side that is tragic too. There are thousands of candidates for Josef's glorious job among the unemployed Jews. The courtyard committee, which has the decisive say in the matter, receives dozens of applications from former big shots in which they pour forth their supplications for mercy upon their starving children through their appointment as janitor. Among them are former merchants, jurists, engineers, teachers, and even landlords—and only one in a hundred is awarded the job.

But *Pan* Rubinsztejn is not like *Pan* Josef. The Jews were afraid of *Pan* Josef, and so his income was assured; but *Pan* Rubinsztejn is our own flesh and blood, and so they will support him like a dog.

December 16, 1940

. . . We have become accustomed to the miserable life of the ghetto. There are even some few hours when life begins to vibrate again with such strength and vigor that, for a short moment, we forget that we are no longer human beings, that we are members of an inferior race. At first we were afraid—simple, physical fear of the famine knocking at our door. Hoarding of food for evil times to come became a psychosis, and caused terrible turmoil in our minds and emotions. But by now we have come to realize that it was an exaggerated fear. We are not short of any foodstuffs, and if you have the money you can enjoy all good things. In the show windows of the ghetto stores you can find all manner of delicacies, from honey cakes to the choicest wines. . . .

December 21, 1940

The Aryan policemen, big, powerful, with red noses and faces that testified to their drunkenness and coarseness, who would do anything you wanted for a copper penny, have disappeared. In their stead, thousands of Jewish youths have appeared in the streets of the ghetto wearing policemen's

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caps, their right sleeves wrapped in an amber cloth on which there is an inscription testifying to the fact that the wearer belongs to the public safety service. The residents of the ghetto are beginning to think they are in Tel Aviv. Strong, bonafide policemen from among our brothers, to whom you can speak in Yiddish! First of all, it comes as a godsend to the street vendors. The fear of the Gentile police is gone from their faces. A Jewish policeman, a man of human sensibilities —one of our own brothers—would not turn over their baskets or trample their wares. The other citizens of the ghetto are relieved too, because a Jewish shout is not the same as a Gentile one. The latter is coarse, crude, nasty; the former, while it may be threatening, contains a certain gentility, as if to say: "Don't you understand?"

December 26, 1940

Hanukkah in the ghetto. Never before in Jewish Warsaw were there as many Hanukkah celebrations as in this year of the wall. . . . Polish Jews are stubborn: the enemy makes laws but they don't obey them. That is the secret of our survival. We behaved in this manner even in the days when we were not imprisoned within the ghetto walls, when the cursed Nazis filled our streets and watched our every move. Since the ghetto was created we have had some respite from overt and covert spies, and so Hanukkah parties were held in nearly every courtyard, even in rooms which face the street; the blinds were drawn, and that was sufficient. . . .

Just now I returned from a celebration at the Zionist soup kitchen. On every holiday the guests here arrange themselves at small tables, sip tea, and nibble on some sort of baked goods. But that is not important. That is only on the outside, for the sake of appearances before strange eyes. The important thing is the presidium, which is headed by Kirszenbaum and Kaminar, to the right and left of whom sit all the leaders of Warsaw's Zionists, who speak and debate with words that go straight to your heart.

This year's Hanukkah celebration was very well attended. We almost forgot that we are only allowed to go as far as the corner of Nalewki and Swietojerska streets. Dr. Lajfuner gave a speech full of jokes and we all laughed heartily. There was one truth in his speech which should be stressed: "In all the countries where they want to bury us alive, we pull the gravediggers in with us." . . .

January 25, 1941

. . . Can we survive? That is the question everyone asks. The stereotyped answer is one you would expect from believers who are the sons of believers: Only God knows!

And at a time like this there is no more efficacious remedy than to be a believer.

Logic would indicate that we are going to starve to death. Anyone who spends money without replenishing it ends in ruin, and that is our condition. We need the Gentiles but they do not need us. We buy food from them, and whether it is legal or smuggled we pay for it in full. But the Gentiles are not allowed to set foot in our territory, and for that reason they have no opportunity to buy anything from us. As a result, the money that leaves does not come back. And yet we live.

Just as our ancestors who were imprisoned in the ghetto continued to create cultural values, even though they were hated and despised, so shall we do.

January 26, 1941

Today new tidings reached us. Once again hundreds of families have been uprooted from their homes and are coming to Warsaw on foot. Another expulsion in the midst of a bitter winter. There is a rumor circulating that another 72,000 people have gone into exile, and all of them will be coming to the Warsaw ghetto, which is well-schooled in hospitality. Further, there may be a plan behind all this barbarism, for we hear that the murderers have decided to set up three "concentrations" of Jews: the Warsaw, Lublin, and Radom concentrations. Except for these three concentrations, no Jews will remain throughout the area of the General Government. This will make it easier for the murderers to destroy them, not one by one but wholesale. . . .

But the guardian of Israel neither sleeps nor slumbers, and good news comes from the dunes of Africa. The Jews continue in their belief that the downfall of the Germans is at hand, that their troubles are greater than ours. Their incompetent partner is already on his knees and will not rise again. It is the beginning of the end.

It is obvious to us that we will end in joy and redemption, while they will end in doom and destruction.

January 31, 1941

Today three thousand new exiles from Pryszkow and other Polish cities entered the Warsaw ghetto and it was our obligation to furnish a new shelter for the unfortunates, in addition to the 120 old shelters, which are nothing more than breeding grounds for all sorts of diseases and epidemics.

The exiles were driven out of their beds before dawn, and the Führer's minions did not let them take money, belongings, or food, threatening all the while to shoot them. Before they left on their exile, a search was made of their pockets and of all the hidden places in their clothes and bodies. Without a penny in their pockets or a covering for the women, children, old people, and invalids —sometimes without shoes on their feet or staffs in their hands—they were forced to leave their homes and possessions and the graves of their ancestors, and go—whither? And in terrible, fierce, unbearable cold! . . .

February 15, 1941

Jewish children learn in secret. In back rooms,

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on long benches near a table, little schoolchildren sit and learn what it's like to be Marranos. Before the ghetto was created, when the Nazis were common in our streets, we trembled at the sound of every driven leaf; our hearts turned to water at the sound of any knock on the door. But with the creation of the ghetto, the situation improved somewhat. The Jewish teachers engage in their teaching with confidence that they and their pupils are in relatively little danger. The Jewish police are assumed to be reliable; even if they uncover "forbidden learning" they will not betray us to the heathens. In addition, to a certain extent we do have a semblance of permission. The Self-Aid is authorized to open and support "training points" for Jewish children. We are allowed to feed, direct, and train them; but to educate them is forbidden. But since training is permitted, we allow ourselves education as well. In time of danger the children learn to hide their books. Jewish children are clever—when they set off to acquire forbidden learning they hide their books and notebooks between their trousers and their stomachs, then button their jackets and coats. This is a tried-and-true method, a kind of smuggling that is not readily detected. . . .

February 19, 1941

. . . A crowd of idlers gathers around two Jews fighting and wrestling. Each is trying to kill the other. Nobody knows what happened. But if you look closely at the wrestlers, you understand the reason for the battle. One of them was carrying a loaf of bread; the other sneaked up on him, took it away, and started running. The other man ran after him and caught him.

One claims: "I am as hungry as you are, why rob me? Go to the rich people."

The street rabble gets into the quarrel, but the mob is divided into two camps. A student of the Bible decides it: "Men do not despise a thief, if he steals to satisfy his soul when he is hungry."

Everyone agrees that King Solomon was right.

February 20, 1941

. . . There is a lot of frivolity in the ghetto in order to somewhat lessen its sorrow. In the daytime, when the sun is shining, the ghetto groans. But at night everyone is dancing even though his stomach is empty. Quiet, discreet evening music accompanies the dancing. It is almost a *mitzvah* to dance. The more one dances, the more it is a sign of his belief in the "eternity of Israel." Every dance is a protest against our oppressors.

Will all this end now? I swear that it will not. On the contrary. Stolen water is sweeter.

March 2, 1941

There are no people as expert in politics as the Jews. Every event, whether political, military, or diplomatic, causes a storm in our world. There is no end to the arguments. One thing is compared to another—one fact to another fact—one statement to another statement—and they build up all sorts of hypotheses from all of them, produce logical proofs, and reach definite conclusions. Our terrible situation has made us sensitive to any sort of change. The fate of the war is our fate here in Central and Western Europe. In this conflict between two worlds, we are in the middle. If democracy falls, we fall forever. If Nazism wins, we are better off committing suicide. And so we weigh in a balance every victory and defeat. . . .

A notice posted in the Aryan quarter invites Polish, Ukrainian, and Byelorussian youths to apply for jobs as supervisors of the barracks being erected for the Jews. The questions arise: What barracks do the murderers mean? Are they for the labor camps which will begin working on the regulation of the Vistula when spring comes? Or perhaps we are facing an expulsion from Warsaw? Nothing, no matter how savage, is beyond the murderers. Perhaps it was for just this purpose that they concentrated all the Jews of the Warsaw district in one place?

March 13, 1941

. . . No one pays any attention to funerals, because for sanitary reasons the hearse is required to go at a fast pace, and the driver urges his horses on until you are no longer able to keep up. Lately the dead have been taken for burial not by horses but by a three-wheeled wagon which the black-clad driver pedals at full strength. The wagon looks like a coffin, but no one turns to watch it or pays any attention to the fact that in the coffin which goes by at such a clip lies one of the victims of starvation. Sometimes several corpses are placed in one coffin, one on top of the other, and all are taken for burial at one time. A wholesale business! And there is one madman in the ghetto who runs after every coffin shouting: "Did the departed leave his bread card?"

Under conditions of this sort we celebrated Purim, 5701. The Book of Esther was not read in the darkened synagogues, because all public worship is prohibited; but we were happy about the defeat of the Persian Haman. We celebrated Purim in the Zionist soup kitchen at 13 Zamenhof Street, which is the center of all Hebrew-Zionist social activity. . . . When we come here we forget our troubles and all the terrible events taking place outside. Here you can hear debates and sermons, arguments and quarrels as in the good days. And when your throat is dry you can wet it with a glass of black coffee without sugar. . . .

March 14, 1941

. . . The words of the prophet have been fulfilled by the Jews of Poland: "It is a time of trouble unto Jacob, but out of it shall he be saved." We have been healed by our catastrophe. We have become a social community that realizes its obligations toward its brothers in misfortune. And social servants worthy of the name have been found who fulfill their functions in the highest

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degree. Out of the little experience with which Starowinski approached his task, the powerful Self-Aid organization which employs hundreds of starving intellectuals has grown and flourished, and its protection now extends to all areas of our social life. Our sufferings have been a balm for our souls—we have thrown away the beggar's pack and become self-reliant. . . .

No doubt the Self-Aid will find its own historian who will tell future generations of its scope and magnitude, and of the greatness of its influence and its educational value, using facts and figures. I do not intend to compete with him. I wrote this out of my own impressions as someone who is close to it, on the inside, and thus sees only certain aspects of it rather than the entire picture. . . .

March 20, 1941

. . . Roosevelt is our Messiah. The Nazi press argues with him and contradicts his premises, but in order not to embarrass itself it publishes excerpts from his statements, the excerpts most favorable to it. But we, in spite of their wrath, know of other excerpts which bring balm to our souls. He took words from our own hearts, as though he were in the ghetto and saw how we live, although he didn't mention us by name.

April 3, 1941

Like the Egyptian Passover, the Passover of Germany will be celebrated for generations. . . .

As the holiday drew near, the Self-Aid made the customary Passover appeal for money for the poor. But this project was born in an unlucky hour and its results will be nil. At present—one week before the holiday—the project's treasury is empty.

What, then, will we eat during the eight days of the coming holiday? I am afraid we will turn our holiday into a weekday. For prayer there are no synagogues or houses of study. Their doors are closed and darkness reigns in the dwelling places of Israel. For eating and drinking there is neither matzoh nor wine.

[*The notebooks from April 4, 1941, through May 2, 1942 have not yet been located.*]

May 3, 1942

. . . Since the dreadful night of mass slaughter,* the terror has not ceased. The caretaker of the Jewish cemetery is the most reliable witness in such matters, and he testifies that there is no day when tens of people killed by shooting are not brought to burial. . . .

The walls of the Pawiak† know all the secrets, but we have not yet seen the fulfillment of the words of the prophet: "The stone shall cry out of the wall." No one brought into its gates comes out alive. This is the operational center of the Nazi slaughterers. The vicinity of the Pawiak strikes terror into the hearts of passers-by, and the inhabitants of the neighboring houses are in constant danger. The windows that look out on the Pawiak are shaded even in the daytime.

May 14, 1942

Cruelty is a disease. Man's natural inclinations are good from childhood, and the feeling of compassion is embedded in him from the day he leaves his mother's womb. But I speak of a normal man. When a man is lacking in humane sensibilities, it is a blatant sign of a sick mind. A man who takes pleasure in tormenting one who is weaker than he, stands accused of having a diseased psyche. The victim of cruelty deserves pity; the object of torment merits sympathy. The sadist too is a miserable man, but he does not deserve pity. From this standpoint the Nazi is a sick and miserable person. Before this we had seen cruel individuals, but from the time that Nazism came into being, cruelty became the disease of an entire party, and perhaps of an entire nation. Even the sadists used to be tempered with a sense of shame; their cruelty was perpetrated in secret places, not in public. But since the coming of Nazism public shame has ceased, and the more one practices cruelty in public, the better.

In the last few days the terror, cruelty, and savagery toward the Jews have reached a climax. There is simply no air to breathe. The only consolation is that Nazism is insanity—but this is no consolation to a Jew who is bruised and bleeding. . . .

May 16, 1942

Life in the ghetto is stagnant and frozen. There are walls around us; we have no space, no freedom of action. Whatever we do we do illegally; legally we don't even have permission to exist. Our sources of livelihood are all tenuous and temporary, based on chance. As many as sixty per cent are starving in the full sense of the word. Up to thirty per cent are in a state of terrible deprivation and hunger, even though it is not apparent from without; only ten per cent are exceptions, making their living from the misfortunes of Israel. These are the smugglers, the bakers, the traders in produce, and the functionaries of the *Judenrat* and those who revolve around it. Our lives—if this can be called living—have taken on their inert, monotonous forms and no changes occur in them. The only ones who bring some activity into the sordid life of the ghetto are the killer and his friend death—the killer with his decrees which are renewed from time to time, and death with his scythe. Today one person died; tomorrow another. When their names are mentioned people wake up for a moment and sigh out of fear for what may befall them tomorrow, then life returns to its

*The night of Friday, April 18, 1942, when fifty-two people were shot down in the streets of the ghetto. This began a wave of killing in Warsaw and other Polish towns.

†The Pawiak prison on Pawia and Dzielna streets, in the middle of the ghetto.

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usual course. The same is true with a new decree. When a new decree is made it stuns the soul for a moment. Thousands of families fall victim to its cruelty and barbarism, but in the end we "make friends" with it too. . . .

What do they argue about in the ghetto? About whether the downfall will come quickly, during this summer, or next summer. As usual, there are those who rush the end and those who put it off. But this is not the main point. What concerns us is whether we will live to see that debacle. Alfred Rosenberg has stated explicitly: "The Jews are awaiting the end of the war; but the Jews will not live to see it. They will pass from the earth before it comes!" Vilna, Kovno, Lublin, Slonim, and Novogrudok have proved that the Nazi may be relied upon to keep his word. . . .

May 23, 1942

. . . Last night was a night of watching. The Jewish police made the rounds of Jewish homes and awakened about eight hundred young men from their sleep to take them to the labor camp. Again turmoil and confusion. The police justify themselves: We are compelled by the conquerors' order to supply so many young men for labor, and we must obey orders.

The captured youths were led to the place designated for them, but half of them returned—specifically, the wealthy among them. This was a mystery. Later on, the secret was revealed; they were ordered to supply not eight hundred but four hundred. For greater security and for greater income, eight hundred were arrested, among them four hundred wealthy ones. The wealthy ones ransomed themselves and returned home; the poor ones were taken and are destined for hard labor and lingering death.

This is only an indication of what the *Judenrat* does. The rest will emerge in due time.

May 30, 1942

Outside—annihilation; inside—terror. . . .

The eleven people who were killed [on the preceding night] walked in our midst only yesterday and never thought it was their last day. They were shot like dogs, in the darkness of the night next to some gate, with their corpses left in the dust until daybreak. The worst part of this ugly kind of death is that you don't know the reason for it. They come and greet you with a "good evening" and invite you to follow them. Which means: You are going to the slaughter. . . .

The lack of reason for these murders especially troubles the inhabitants of the ghetto. In order to comfort ourselves we feel compelled to find some sort of system to explain these nighttime murders. Everyone, afraid for his own skin, thinks to himself: If there is a system, every murder must have a cause; if there is a cause, nothing will happen to me since I myself am absolutely guiltless.

But my friend Hirsch,* who is a very clever Jew, thinks differently. The system is a lack of system. The guiding principle is the annihilation of a specific number of Jews every night. They go to the files, indiscriminately draw out a card, and whoever is picked, is picked: he is destined to die.

Hirsch's opinion has earned him many enemies. People do not want to die without cause.

June 3, 1942

As much as the first expulsion† excelled in the cruelty, horror, and tragedy that accompany such total terror as this, the conquerors at least allowed the deportees to remain alive.

Now it is different. The deportees are transported as prisoners in tightly sealed freight cars under the supervision of Nazi oppressors. They are in the care of these angels of destruction until they come to the place of execution, where they are killed. Many of the deportees, among them mothers and their infants, are put to death along the way; the remainder are brought to some secret place, unknown even to the hawk, and there killed in satanic fashion, by the thousands and tens of thousands. The community of Lublin has lost all its sons. About 40,000 Jews of Lublin have disappeared, and no one knows their burial place. Aryan messengers were commissioned to search for them through the entire General Government, but they found not a trace. It is as though the 40,000 had been swallowed up by stormy waters. But there is no doubt that they are no longer alive. . . .

A joke is making the rounds: Rabbi Stephen S. Wise is helping. He has ordered the American Jews to say the memorial prayer for the departed souls of Polish Jewry. His foresight is accurate.

June 7, 1942

The transports do not cease. . . . But we were always a nation bound by hope—and so we shall remain. Jewish faith is marvelous; it can create states of mind that have nothing to do with reality. Like the believing Jewish grandfather who in anticipation of the Messiah always wore his Sabbath clothes, so we too await him, "and, though he tarry, I will wait daily for his coming." The English radio, whose listeners endanger their lives, strengthens our hope. We listen to Reuters with great respect. Every word gives us courage; every small detail that points to any military weakness is carried through the length and breadth of the ghetto as though on eagles' wings, with even children talking about it. When the news doesn't tell us what we want to hear, we twist and turn it until it seems full of hints, clues, and secrets that support our views. We no longer count weeks, only days; and some have even started to count hours. Everyone asks everyone else about the news,

*It would seem that Hirsch is an imaginary personage, invented by Kaplan to present the dark, hopeless, but realistic aspect of the situation.

† The expulsion of the Jewish community of Lublin, the last phase of which took place in March, 1942.

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certain that this time the report will be favorable. And the news from Reuters always contains a certain intonation or expression to satisfy and comfort a spirit thirsting for a speedy and quick redemption. A stubborn people!

Hirsch, my wise friend, is an exception. He is the only one who sits like a mourner among bridegrooms. "Idiots!" he shouts, and his face becomes red with anger. "Your hope is vain; your trust a broken reed. All of you are already condemned to die, only the date of execution has yet to be set. . . . You have eyes and yet you do not see. . . . Over half a million Jews who used to live in Poland have already been murdered; some by hunger, some by disease, some by the Nazi sword. Jews have been deported from hundreds of small communities, and no one knows their whereabouts, simply because they were killed along the way and never reached a new destination. Optimistic fools! Where is the great community of Lublin, and the hundreds of other smaller communities? Where did their deportees settle? The Nazis created ghettos in order to annihilate us but their plan did not succeed. Now they have decided upon the 'final solution,' annihilation through murder. . . ."

June 9, 1942

. . . Habit becomes second nature, even in matters of life and death. We are so used to the idea of being shot to death that this entire horrible matter no longer frightens us. Because no one knows what will happen to him at night, there are those who set their households in order before they lie down "to sleep"; they caution their wives in a quiet and practical way that should it happen —and of course it will not—but should the Nazis come, they must not make an outcry because it would frighten the sleeping children. Devout Jews utter their last prayer and whisper, "In Thy hands I entrust my spirit."

Tremendous intellectual effort is expended to find some motive behind all the slaughter. If there is a motive, there is a possibility of estimating the proximity of individual danger. But none of the theories has a leg to stand on; there are always incidents that do not fit the alleged motive, that are beyond calculation and unbounded by logic.

Now there is an effort to substantiate the theory that the Nazi murder-machine strikes only at fugitives; but this theory is contradicted by the fact that an artist who voluntarily came from Vilna was put to death. Among the victims there are those who illegally fled from the ghetto of Lodz, but as far as a motive is concerned, it is the motive of Haman: to destroy, to murder, to annihilate. These are the only reasons. . . .

Today the news was received that a deportation decree was issued to Biala Podlaska. Of a Jewish population of 8,000 people, 6,000 must leave within three days. The rest work for the German army, and will therefore remain until they complete their work. After that they too will be deported. Where will the deportees go? No one knows. However, perhaps my "no one knows" is no more than self-deception. Where to? To a place from which they will not return. . . .

June 16, 1942

. . . The rumors that reach us from the provincial towns are worse than the tidings of Job. Every day entire communities are uprooted from their native soil. . . .

Seventeen thousand Jews are missing in Cracow. They are lost, and are no more. Here read: They were killed upon their departure into exile. Their trail has disappeared because they are no longer among the living.

About 40,000 people are missing from among the Jews of Lublin, almost all of those who were exiled. Our Aryan messengers could not find their trail, but their relatives would not rest until something of the fate of the exiles became known to them. Thus we learned that they were taken to some forest and killed to the last man. They dug their graves with their own hands while they were still alive—a great, giant, mass grave. They were made to stand at its rim to be shot. Was anyone saved? And if one was saved, would he risk becoming a chronicler of impressions?

The remnant of the community of Lublin was divided among four concentration camps. This is only a waiting room for death, for in a concentration camp no one lasts longer than eight weeks. . . .

The Jews of Hrubieszow were killed to the last man. The fact is genuine, its details unknown to me. The last two thousand people were exiled from Biala Podlaska. Where were they taken? We can rightly assume that they were taken to their death, for no remnant of them is left.

In Mlawa, twenty-two smugglers were hanged before the eyes of the entire Mlawa congregation; and among them were four women. When the Nazis had tortured the captives to their hearts' content, they ordered the Jews of the city to build a stage in the market place. The stage was a scaffold. In front of thousands of people ordered to be present, the Nazis hanged the builders' relatives and the members of their congregation. Here too details are lacking, but the fact itself is beyond dispute. And so it is in other towns and villages: expulsion, destruction, and the sword.

My Hirsch is screaming: "Cowards! A whole community of millions of people stands on the brink of destruction, and you keep silent! You delude yourselves out of hope that the evil will not reach you; you have eyes and see not. Are you any better than the people of Lublin? The people of Cracow? The people of Lodz? If not today, then tomorrow or the next day you will be taken out like lambs to slaughter. Protest! Alarm the world! Don't be afraid! In any case you will end

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by falling before the sword of the Nazis. Chicken-hearted ones! Is there any meaning to your deaths?"

June 25, 1942

Every day Polish Jewry is being brought to slaughter. It is estimated, and there is some basis for the figures, that three-quarters of a million Polish Jews have already passed from this earth. We are imprisoned within double walls: a wall of brick for our bodies, and a wall of silence for our spirits. Whatever happens or is done is cloaked in total silence. . . .

The Nazis kill Jews by various means. Some of them are sent to a labor camp where they survive for a month at the outside. More than that would be beyond human strength. Some are shot; some are burned; some are poisoned with lethal gas; some are electrocuted. Before the Lublin expulsion the critically sick people were put to death first; after them, the old men and women from the home for the aged; and lastly the children from the boarding schools. . . .

June 27, 1942

. . . The terror is increasing. Since that first night of slaughter it has not stopped. Around midnight, night after night, the Nazis come out to stalk their prey. Sleeping people are brought to death like sheep to the kill. Last night fourteen people were shot to death in the streets of the ghetto. In the morning their naked corpses were found near the gates of the houses. Yes, naked; for the Nazis strip their victims. All the possessions of those killed by the regime are forfeit. Two of those killed fell victim right before the window of my house, near the gate of 25 Karmelicka Street.

These lines are being written after midnight, and out of the silence of the night, the rumble of the wheels of the cars hurrying on their way to Pawiak, the house of slaughter, reaches my ears. . . .

July 2, 1942

. . . Would Roosevelt lie? Would Churchill make promises and not keep them? All the treasures of the world are in their hands; they rule immense realms; and at their hands will come the complete overthrow of the killers. Churchill spoke, and Roosevelt orated, and we forgot that a beautiful oration cannot keep Rommel out of the desert.

Suddenly we have awakened. It was but a dream. The news of the past two days has depressed our spirits to a degree unequaled since the day the war broke out. Our prophecies have not been fulfilled. Realities contradict them, and our hopes are shattered like a reed. The murderer has grown stronger. Instead of weakness, he shows incredible strength on every front. Rommel is before Alexandria; the British are fleeing weakly before their pursuers; Sevastopol has been captured; and along almost the entire length of the Russian front (except for the Leningrad sector) an offensive has begun of a sort that we may assume will end in victory. For were it not so, they would not be announcing it so loudly to the whole world.

Where is the mighty British army after three years of preparations? Where is the power of mighty America? Where is the second front? The Suez Canal is in danger, and isn't it the lifeline of the whole British Empire? If England's strength is insufficient to protect Suez, the most treasured possession of the Empire, what hope have we in our aspirations for its ultimate victory?

Besides all this, we fear for Palestine. The one spot in the world in whose shadow we believed we could seek protection is close to being destroyed by the same killer who destroyed the lives of all the Jewish communities in Europe. Two bombs have the power to demolish Tel Aviv as Sodom and Gomorrah were demolished. And if she is conquered, her sons and builders will be exiled and the Arabs will have dominion over her. It will be total destruction for the hope of a people. . . .

As we sat together like mourners, discussing our worries, Hirsch suddenly appeared, and his voice was like thunder: "Worthless ones! Do you know what has happened tonight? A hundred Jews have been killed; and ten Jewish policemen have been added to their number. You're worried about Palestine? Worry about your ghetto! The days of your life are numbered and counted. . . ."

July 10, 1942

. . . My friend Hirsch worried constantly about the disappearance of the 40,000 Lublin exiles whom our Aryan messengers never found. Finally one refugee managed to escape alive and reach a human habitation. We learned certain dreadful details from his lips.

It has been decreed and decided in Nazi ruling circles to bring systematic physical destruction upon the Jews of the General Government. There is even a special military unit for this purpose, which makes the rounds of all the Polish cities according to the needs and the requirements of the moment. But a total slaughter such as this can't be put into practice in one day; one can't kill tens of thousands of laborers and artisans who are adept in various trades needed by the German army. Besides that, it is necessary to give the whole matter an organized and semi-human appearance. Therefore the Nazis have established a gigantic exile center for three hundred thousand people, a concentration camp located between Chelm and Wlodawa near the village of Sobowa.

Jewish exiles from all the conquered countries are brought to this exile camp. All the exiled Jews of Czechoslovakia were brought there, and all the German Jews affected by the expulsion decree; and they continue to bring in whole camps—now the Jews of one village, now those of another. An ingathering of the Exiles on foreign soil! The lost and oppressed Jews of Lublin also found a

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resting place in that camp—and their grave. . . .

The great camp, which stands amid dense forests and swamps, is completely surrounded by barbed wire and is heavily guarded. After the exiles are taken there, the real tragedy begins. The young and healthy ones, those who are strong and under sixty, are taken for work. Throughout the region there are labor camps for various crafts. There the prisoners work at hard labor, and for all their toil they receive only a crust of black bread and the water of oppression. In the end they go to their death, for it is not in their power to survive and endure for longer than six months under such living conditions. This is the segment which is condemned to die, but slowly, after they have given their strength to their mortal enemy and aided his victory.

The fate of the other segment is even more tragic—they are condemned to die at once. Those who are over sixty or are incapable of physical labor because of some bodily weakness, as well as young children and their mothers who "eat and do not produce"—they go to death wholesale in a "civilized" way, by poisoning with lethal gas or by electrocution. . . .

The killing of thousands of people has turned into a business that employs many hands. After the souls expire, they strip the corpses. Their clothing, shirts, and shoes are not wasted, but are collected in piles upon piles and turned over for disinfection, mending, and repairs. Hundreds of Jews are employed in these tasks. The Nazis, who are lovers of truth, admit it, and say that the work of the Jews is quite satisfactory. They are efficient, intelligent, and quick to catch on. This merit has stood the Jewish workers in good stead, for their death has been deferred to an unspecified time, and they will be the last to be shot.

All that has been said refers to the Jews of Poland. And the Jews of the Ukraine? And the Jews of Russia? And the Jews of Lithuania? If they are still whole, they are on the brink of destruction.

July 11, 1942

. . . As long as there is no knowledge, hope still flows in the heart, but from now on everything is clear, and all doubt of our future is removed.

. . . Death is hard; harder still are the moments before death; and even hardest of all is being condemned to a death which is inevitable, but whose time has not been set.

Everyone must wait until his turn comes. That is when life becomes too hard to bear. The desire to live grows stronger at just that point. . . . In every generation they have risen up against us to destroy us. The experiences known to us from our history are not, however, like the current experience. There is no similarity between physical destruction which comes about as a result of a momentary outburst of fanatical mobs incited to murder, and this calculated governmental program for the realization of which an organized murder apparatus has been set up.

Day after day new Jewish exiles are brought to the camps, and day after day new victims are taken out from among them, either for hard labor or to face the sword of the angel of death. The murder *machinery* does not stop for a single day. And this is not, heaven forbid, illegal murderous work. On the contrary, the program has been proclaimed throughout the world; it has in effect received formal sanction. . . .

July 13, 1942

. . . The past ten days have been days of tumult and confusion in the ghetto.

The decree concerning "labor camps," which are merely a preparation for death, has been renewed. Since the day when war with Russia broke out, the camps had been idle and the ghetto had quieted down. Now the edict has been renewed. There is weeping and wailing in every house. The *Judenrat* was ordered to supply 1,500 youths, and the Jewish police began to make the rounds of the candidates' doors during the night. Their coming was accompanied by cries and wails, but the police, in spite of their being Jewish, harden their hearts and do their duty. Since every edict is in essence nothing but a business to its executors, so here too there is a business. Instead of 1,500, 2,000 are taken out of their home; 1,500 are turned over to the Nazis, 500 set free after paying a ransom to the Jewish police. . . .

July 15, 1942

. . . A decree has been prepared to expel seventy thousand Jews from the ghetto, but the German firms who had a vested interest in the ghetto dwellers, and who couldn't get along without them, opposed the expulsion. They served as our advocates and protected us with all their might. This is a tragedy as deep as the abyss—to help your enemy with your own hands, to save him from his misfortune so that he may turn around and kill you.

July 16, 1942

. . . If I were a student in a yeshivah today I would ask my Talmud teacher: What is the law concerning a Gentile who is buried among the dead of Israel? When the resurrection of the dead comes, will he too rise to his feet and live? Or when it is written, "Your dead shall live," does "your dead" mean only the dead of Israel? There are daily instances of Polish youths being taken into the ghetto in broad daylight in a military car, and shot to death in a public place before the eyes of thousands of passers-by. One of these cases occurred in Orla Street the day before yesterday. Who was the victim? He was an Aryan, of that there is no doubt. The reason for his death cannot be ascertained, but we can be sure that he was one of the smugglers. The business of smuggling brings the Aryans and the Jews to-

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gether. It unites them in joy and in sorrow. Why was this man brought to the ghetto to be killed? In order not to irritate the Aryans. An ugly killing such as this would have incited them. His relatives know only that he has been arrested, not that he has been killed, and his body is taken to the Jewish cemetery as soon as he has breathed his last.

As to the question of the "resurrection of the dead," it bears study.

July 19, 1942

. . . Everyone is panic-stricken. Will he too be deported? . . . The emotional climate is feverish. In the morning hours the decree is final, and not to be rescinded. In the afternoon, the *Judenrat* negotiates. At this very moment a conference is going on in which Auserwald, Czerniakow, Heller, and the Gestapo representatives participate. The terrible decree is left in suspense—things can go either way. They argue back and forth, and are constantly in touch with Berlin. While one person is still telling you this, another comes and relates that Czerniakow is offering 10,000,000 zloty to nullify the decree. You are transfixed between fear and hope. It is hard to believe that all this is merely blackmail for the sake of spoils. The Nazis don't have to resort to blackmail to extort money from Jews. . . .

The ghetto is suspended over nothingness.

July 20, 1942

. . . The ghetto is quiet. All the terrible rumors are false. *Judenrat* circles deny them, saying that no proposal for expulsion has been made. All the canards about meetings and bribery are invented. To what end? This is difficult to determine with certainty. There are no grounds whatsoever to suspect one circle or another. When we are privileged to reach better days then these many secrets will be revealed to us, and among them even the secret of the panic which arose in the Warsaw ghetto on Sunday, the fifth of Tammuz, 5702. Who fathered it? From what source did it emanate?

July 22, 1942

What we dreaded most has come. The people had an instinctive feeling that some terrible misfortune was impending, but our official circles denied it completely and presented happy, smiling faces to the populace. "Expulsion from Warsaw? Nonsense! The Jews are sentencing themselves without reason. The Nazis will hear what they say and do just that." They persisted in this deception in order to avoid a panic. But it was useless. . . . Even before the notices were posted in the streets of the ghetto, we knew we were being tried in absentia. The *Judenrat* building on Grzybowska Street was surrounded by police and closed to visitors. The *Judenrat* leaders met with the Gestapo for a final session about the expulsion. We were even able to determine the exact moment when the order was signed. From dawn to late afternoon we spent the most tense hours of our lives. The spark of hope flared up and then died. And at four o'clock the notice was posted. Our fate was sealed! They say that Himmler is visiting in Warsaw and that this is the gift he is leaving for the Jews. His visit also preceded the decree in Lublin, and for that reason they see a precedent. They also say it was his idea to promulgate the decree on the eve of the Ninth of Av, a day of retribution, a day fated for mourning through all generations. . . .

July 23, 1942

. . . The deportees are forbidden to take bundles weighing more than ten kilos. Silver, gold, and jewels may be taken without restriction. This is understood: all of that will be stolen from them, not on paper, but on the road. This tactic is already known to us. The time of deportation [began] at twelve noon on the twenty-second day of July in the year 1942. . . .

July 26, 1942

. . . We have a Jewish tradition that an evil law is foredoomed to defeat. This historical experience has caused us much trouble since the day we fell into the mouth of the Nazi, whose dearest wish is to swallow us. It came to us from habit, this minimizing of all edicts with the common maxim, "It won't succeed." In this lay our undoing, and we made a bitter mistake. . . . An evil decree made by the Nazis does not weaken in effect, it grows stronger. The mitigating paragraphs are increasingly overlooked and the more severe paragraphs intensified. At the beginning, the time of the "negotiations," a directive was issued to the *Judenrat* to deport 6,000 a day; in point of fact they are now deporting close to 10,000. The Jewish police, whose cruelty is no less than that of the Nazis, deliver to the "transfer point" on Stawki Street more than the quota to which the *Judenrat* obligated itself. . . .

The first victim of the deportation decree was the President, Adam Czerniakow, who committed suicide by poison in the *Judenrat* building. He perpetuated his name by his death more than by his life. His end proves conclusively that he worked and strove for the good of his people; that he wanted its welfare and continuity even though not everything done in his name was praiseworthy. The expulsion proclamation posted in the city streets on the afternoon of July 22 was not signed in the usual manner of *Judenrat* notices, "Head of the *Judenrat*, Certified Engineer Adam Czerniakow," but merely "*Judenrat*." This innovation astonished those circles who examine bureaucratic changes in notices. After the president's death, the reason became clear. Czerniakow had refused to sign the expulsion order. He followed the Talmudic law: If someone comes to kill me, using might and power, and turns a deaf ear to all my pleas, he can do to me whatever his heart desires, since he has the power, and strength al-

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ways prevails. But to give my consent, to sign my own death warrant—this no power on earth can force me to do. . . .

He did not have a good life, but he had a beautiful death. May his death atone for his wrongs against his people before becoming president. There are those who earn immortality in a single hour. The president, Adam Czerniakow, earned his immortality in a single instant.

July 27, 1942

Anyone who could see the expulsion from Warsaw with his own eyes would have his heart broken. The ghetto has turned into an inferno. Men have become beasts. Everyone is but a step away from deportation; people are being hunted down in the streets like animals in the forest. It is the Jewish police who are cruelest toward the condemned. Sometimes a blockade is made of a particular house, sometimes of a whole block of houses. In every building earmarked for destruction they begin to make the rounds of the apartments and to demand documents. Whoever has neither documents that entitle him to remain in the ghetto nor money for bribes is told to make a bundle weighing 15 kilos—and on to the transport which stands near the gate. Whenever a house is blockaded a panic arises that is beyond the imagination. Residents who have neither documents nor money hide in nooks and crannies, in the cellars and in the attics. When there is a means of passage between one courtyard and another the fugitives begin jumping over the roofs and fences at the risk of their lives; in time of panic, when the danger is imminent, people are not fussy about methods. But all these methods only delay the inevitable, and in the end the police take men, women, and children. The destitute and impoverished are the first to be deported. In an instant the truck becomes crowded. They are all alike: poverty makes them equal. Their cries and wails tear the heart out. . . .

July 30, 1942

The seventh day of the expulsion. Living funerals pass before the windows of my apartment —cattle trucks or coal wagons full of candidates for expulsion and exile, carrying small bundles under their arms. . . . Most of the deportees seem to be resigned to their fate. Only an occasional sound, the tear-drenched echo of a protest, is heard from some unfortunate woman seized while she was engaged in the activities of everyday life. Misfortune descended upon her unforeseen. She knew that there was an expulsion, but she was almost positive that it would never come to her. . . .

All day long the ghetto has been deathly silent. During the working hours in the factories the number of passers-by decreased to a minimum. Those who have not yet managed to be accepted in some factory are afraid to stick their noses out for fear of being caught. They hide until the wrath shall pass. Perhaps salvation will come! Perhaps there will be a change for the better! But for the time being, the oppressor does not stay his hand. . . .

I have just been informed that 57,000 people have already been deported. The teacher and writer Aron Luboszycki, a refugee from Lodz, was among them.

July 31, 1942

The hunting goes on full force. The living funerals never cease. The Jewish police are fulfilling their humane duty in the best possible manner, and the Nazis are so pleased with their work that some of them are being sent to Radom and Kielce, where expulsions have now been ordered as well. Those cities are both smaller than Warsaw, and local elements are not particularly desirable for this sort of operation, so the strangers from Warsaw come where no one knows them to carry out the Nazis' wishes.

How great the panic of the factories has become! Everyone fights to be enrolled in them, and everyone gives thousands of zloty for this privilege. For a genuine laborer it is enough if he brings a sewing machine with him, but a business or professional man contributes ready cash in place of a machine. None of the newly erected factories has any validity or future unless they are incorporated into the network of factories of some German firm; and this privilege too must be bought with cash from the Germans, who demand immense sums in return for the right to work for the German army. But no one has scruples about the size of the sum. A man will give everything he has in exchange for his life. The whole matter is clouded in doubt and no one knows what the day will bring; but the people of the ghetto, who see death face to face, are seeking security not for a day, but for an hour. . . .

August 1, 1942

. . . A command is suddenly given to evacuate an entire block of apartment houses within a single hour. This starts an uproar, a turmoil that Dante could not have envisioned. It is the Nazis' intention that every decree come as a complete surprise. Hundreds of families hurt by this decree become frantic. . . . Where will you go? What can you save? What first? What last? They begin to pack bundles in haste and fear, with trembling hands and feet which refuse to do their bidding, and to take their belongings outside, for they no longer have a home. . . .

At seven in the evening the S.S. arrived [at Nowolipie Street] and ordered the Jewish police to blockade an entire block. They made an announcement in each courtyard: "Prepare bundles weighing 15 kilos and go down into the courtyard. No one is exempt!" Terrible fear. . . .

August 2, 1942

Jewish Warsaw is in its death throes. A whole community is going to its death! . . .

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After Nowolipie, henceforward to be known as Schultz Street, came the turn of Leszno Street from the corner of Zelazna to Solna. . . . A blockade was made on Leszno Street, and within two hours about 2,000 people were brought to the transfer point. All of them went forth empty-handed, naked and half-dressed. Woe to that family which must be routed out by the Nazis or the "alert" Ukrainians and Lithuanians. . . .

Some of my friends . . . who know the secret of my diary urge me . . . to stop writing. "Why? For what purpose? Will you live to see it published? Will these words of yours reach the ears of future generations? How? . . ."

And yet in spite of it all I refuse to listen to them. I feel that continuing this diary to the very end of my physical and spiritual strength is a historical mission which must not be abandoned. My mind is still clear, my need to record unstilled. . . .

Today the population of the "little ghetto" drank the cup of hemlock. At four the murderers set upon their task, and at seven a crowd of 5,000 people was led out through Smocza to the transfer point. All their possessions were left in the hands of the enemy. . . .

Today I heard from Dr. Lajfuner, who in turn heard it from rumor, that the houses from 12 to 21 Nowolipki Street will be confiscated and turned over to the workers of a brush factory. This news will affect us both, for he is a resident at Number 14 and I at Number 20. If the rumor proves true I shall have no place to lay my head. And his fate is like mine. We shall both sleep out of doors—until we are caught and deported. Meanwhile we are without food—not even enough for a single meal.

We have no information about the fate of those who have been expelled. . . .

August 4, 1942

During the morning hours

. . . We await calamity at any moment. The houses are being confiscated for the factory workers, to whom the idlers must give up their apartments. And I, and all those like me, are idlers, for we haven't a place in a factory. Therefore it behooves one to be ready for the coming catastrophe. . . .

Yesterday, the third of August, they slaughtered Zamenhof and Pawia streets. They did not confiscate houses, but blockaded the entire block for expulsion. The S.S. killers stood guard while the Jewish police worked inside the courtyards. . . . All of them, all, without exception, were taken to the gates of death. The fabricated papers of the Self-Aid Society were as useless as though they did not exist. . . .

In the evening hours

I have not yet been caught; I have not yet been evicted from my apartment; my building has not yet been confiscated. But only a step separates me from all these misfortunes. All day my wife and I take turns standing watch, looking through the kitchen window which overlooks the courtyard, to see if the blockade has begun. People run from place to place like madmen. . . .

There is the silence of death in the streets of the ghetto all through the day. The fear of death is in the eyes of the few people who pass by on the sidewalk opposite our window. Everyone presses himself against the wall and draws into himself so that they will not detect his existence or his presence.

Today my block was scheduled for a blockade with Nazi participation. Seventy Jewish policemen had already entered the courtyard. I thought, "The end has come." But a miracle happened, and the blockade was postponed. The destroyers passed on to the Nalewki-Zamenhof block.

When the danger was already past I hurried to escape. Panic can drive a man out of his mind and magnify the danger even when it no longer exists. But already there is a fear that my block will be blockaded tomorrow. I am therefore trying to lay plans to escape with the dawn. But where will I flee? No block is secure.

Thousands of people in the Nalewki-Zamenhof block were driven from their homes and taken to the transfer point. More than thirty people were slaughtered. In the afternoon, the furies subsided a bit. The number of passers-by increased, for the danger of blockade was over. By four in the afternoon, the quota was filled: 13,000 people had been seized and sent off, among them 5,000 who came to the transfer of their own free will. They had had their fill of the ghetto life, which is a life of hunger and fear of death. They escaped from the trap. Would that I could allow myself to do as they did!

If my life ends—what will become of my diary?

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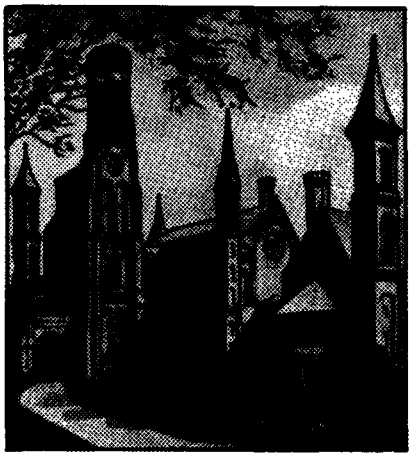

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DONALD S. ZAGORIA

CHINA'S STRATEGY

A Critique

OF THE 72 years that Mao Tse-tung has lived on this earth, 22 of them, almost half his adult life, were spent in leading a protracted—and at times seemingly hopeless—armed struggle against a much superior foe. In 1927, after a brief period of collaboration with the Communists, Chiang Kai-shek turned on and decimated their cadres in the major urban centers. Mao picked up the pieces and from 1927 to 1933 waged guerrilla warfare against the Kuomintang from a number of rural bases in the mountains of south China. The Chinese Red Army, a relatively small and poorly-trained band, held out against five successive efforts by Chiang Kai-shek (with an army that by 1933 totalled one million men) to encircle it. By 1934, Mao's position was so precarious that he was forced to break out of it; it was then that he began the legendary Long March to the North. During the 12 months from October 1934 to October 1935, Mao's army covered a distance of about 7500 miles over rugged, often mountainous terrain, while simultaneously defending itself against the Nationalists. By the time it arrived in Yenan, it had been reduced to a fraction of its former strength, but that it had survived at all must, by any standards, be considered one of the most impressive feats of military history.

Within two years after arriving in Yenan, Mao took his army into battle against the most modernized, powerful military machine in Asia—that of the invading Japanese. By skillfully manipulating nationalist sentiment, mobilizing the peasants, and promoting guerrilla warfare throughout China, Mao played a major role in defeating Japan. At the same time he exploited the war to strengthen his position *vis-à-vis* Chiang. While nominally allied with Chiang's Kuomintang against the Japanese, Mao never let up in his political struggle against them; and he even fought three major military engagements with them (in 1939, 1941, and 1943). This was a classical example of the "unity with and struggle against the Nationalists" line which Mao has persistently recommended to other Communist parties ever since.

As a result of such tactics, Mao had by the end of World War II greatly altered the balance of power within China and had built his ragged army into a fighting force of a million men augmented by a militia of more than two million. It was this army that by a combination of guerrilla and conventional tactics went on to defeat the Nationalists in the civil war which followed. No other group of revolutionaries has ever overcome greater handicaps, survived greater defeats, waged a longer struggle, or showed such resourcefulness and fanatical determination in the course of winning power.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the impact of this achievement on the outlook of Mao and his comrades who survived the Long March—the few hundred men who now rule Communist China.* First, it convinced them that all "reactionary" adversaries, no matter how powerful they may seem, have feet of clay: any revolutionary group, provided it is armed with the correct Marxist-Leninist-Maoist principles and strategy, can eventually beat a stronger enemy. This is the meaning of Mao's famous and often misunderstood concept of the "paper tiger." In applying this phrase to the Americans, as he once applied it to the Kuomintang and the Japanese, Mao means not that the enemy is weak but that, in the long run, it can be worn down and overcome.

Second, his own revolutionary experience conditioned Mao's view of the world revolution, which he and his comrades believe will succeed only if it imitates on a global scale their domestic strategy of surrounding the cities from the countryside. In this view, the underdeveloped countries of the world correspond to the villages of China and the more advanced countries to the cities. Just as Mao found the weak spot in Chiang kai-shek's armor in the Chinese villages, where Nationalist control was ineffective, so he now sees the weak spot of American "imperialism" in Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

Third, the Chinese Communists' protracted armed struggle has left their revolutionary strategy,

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* For a highly original and stimulating scholarly account of the impact of this experience on Mao's current revolutionary strategy, see "Mao Tse-tung's Revolutionary Strategy and Peking's International Behavior" by Tang Tsou and Morton H. Halperin in the March, 1965 issue of the *American Political Science Review*.

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party organization, and style of thinking with a decidedly military bias. Mao and many of his colleagues are not only revolutionaries; they are also military leaders. They tend to look upon war as the highest form of revolution and to attach lesser importance to non-violent forms of revolution. It was Mao who long ago urged every Communist to understand that "political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."

Finally, their own revolutionary success has convinced the Chinese Communist leaders that the strategy which brought them to power is applicable to other underdeveloped countries where the peasantry forms the great bulk of the population. Indeed, even before they finally defeated the Kuomintang in 1949, the Chinese Communists were highly self-conscious about their revolutionary strategy. And within months after they assumed power, they began, much to Stalin's dismay, to assert explicitly the validity of their own model for all "colonial" countries and to codify their experience so as to make it more readily available to other Communist parties struggling for power.

During the mid-50's, when the Chinese were trying to seduce the Afro-Asian world by the "spirit of Bandung," and were hesitant about provoking the Russians, they de-emphasized their own revolutionary model. But since 1958, when the Chinese began to perceive a new revolutionary upsurge in Asia, Africa, and Latin America and became increasingly willing to challenge Soviet leadership of the Communist world, they have been systematically proposing to other Communist parties a revolutionary strategy based on their own experience.

The recent article by Mao's defense minister, Marshal Lin Piao—written to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the Chinese triumph over Japan and entitled "Long Live the Victory of the People's War"—can be viewed as a high point in this campaign. This 25,000-word statement represents the fullest, most authoritative, and most systematic effort yet made by the Long Marchers to sum up Chinese Communist revolutionary experience; and it is clearly intended as a guide for Communist parties throughout the Third World. What does it say? Why was it issued at this particular time? What are its implications for American foreign policy?

LIN BEGINS BY declaring that the Chinese victory over Japan occupies an important place in military history because it was a case of a weak semi-colonial country winning against a strong imperialist power; moreover a "seemingly weak army"—that of the Communists—became the main force in the resistance movement. These two developments were made possible, says Lin, only by the Chinese Communist party's fidelity to the "people's-war" strategy formulated by Mao. Since the American imperialists are repeating on a worldwide scale the past actions of the Japanese imperialists in Asia, it has become an "urgent necessity" for the "people" (i.e., the Communists) in many countries to master this strategy.

Each of the first six sections of Lin's article is devoted to a different aspect of the strategy as illustrated by Chinese Communist experience in the fight against Japan and in the struggle with the Kuomintang. Part I makes three essential points. First, Japanese aggression gave the Chinese Communists the chance to form a national united front (in the interests of which they soft-pedalled demands for radical social reform and class warfare). Second, protracted war was beneficial to China and harmful to Japan because Japanese imperialism could not sustain such a war. Third, protracted war afforded the Communists the opportunity to mobilize, organize, and arm the peasants.

Part II is a short course on united-front tactics. It is necessary, Lin states, to build the broadest possible united front. But such a front cannot be led by the nationalists; the Communists must lead it right from the outset. To ensure Communist leadership, the party must insist on maintaining its ideological, organizational, and political independence within the front, and must also insist on retaining control of its armed forces and of its bases in the rural hinterland. In short, no fusions or mergers with non-Communist parties —as are currently being recommended by Moscow —are permissible.

Lin goes on in Part III to elaborate on the importance of establishing bases in rural areas during a protracted war ("To rely on the peasants, build rural base areas and use the countryside to encircle and finally capture the cities—such was the way to victory in the Chinese revolution"). In Parts IV and V, he dwells on the importance of building a "people's army" under the absolute leadership of the party, and reiterates some of the well-known principles of Mao's theory of guerrilla warfare. And in Part VI, finally, he counsels self-reliance to all would-be revolutionaries. Revolution in any country should be carried out primarily by the masses in that country: "there is no other way." The local guerrillas must not depend on foreign assistance; they must be self-sufficient in food, clothing, and arms.

The remainder of Lin's article—Parts VII, VIII, and IX—carries the analysis directly into the present. North America and Western Europe, says Lin, may be called the "cities of the world," while Asia, Africa, and Latin America constitute the "rural areas of the world." In a sense, then, "the contemporary world revolution also presents a picture of the encirclement of cities by the rural areas." What is needed, therefore, is a worldwide united front against American imperialism. The main battlefield of this struggle is Asia, Africa, and Latin America, where the United States is most vulnerable.

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It is in those areas, moreover, that a number of people's wars have already taken place (here Lin specifically mentions Korea, Vietnam, Laos, Cuba, Indonesia, and Algeria). The classes leading these people's wars may vary, he continues, "and so may the breadth and depth of mass mobilization and the extent of victory." But the important point is that these wars have "very much weakened and pinned down the forces of imperialism," and the more successful the development of a particular people's war in a given region, the larger the number of American forces that can be "pinned down and depleted there." When the Americans are hard pressed in one place, they have no alternative but to loosen their grip elsewhere. In short, American imperialism can be defeated "piece by piece" with some "striking at its head and others at its feet." However superior American weapons and technical equipment may be, "in the final analysis, the outcome of a war will be decided by the sustained fighting of the ground forces, by the fighting at close quarters on battlefields, by the political consciousness of the men, by their courage and spirit of sacrifice." It is at this point that Lin introduces Vietnam as the "most convincing current example" of how to defeat American imperialism in a people's war.

Lin concludes his article with an attack on the "Khrushchev revisionists" and their successors who have all "set themselves against people's war" and are "scheming to undermine it." The Khrushchev revisionists, says Lin, exaggerate the danger of a nuclear conflict growing out of people's wars. There have been many such people's wars throughout the twenty years since World War II, he declares, but "has any single one of them developed into a world war?" In any case, although war brings destruction and suffering, "the sacrifice of a small number of people in revolutionary wars" will bring security to entire nations and even the whole of mankind.

THE REVOLUTIONARY recipe offered up by Lin is not new in the sense of reflecting any major departures in Chinese thinking. The idea of "surrounding" North America and Western Europe—the "cities" of the world—by fomenting Communist and nationalist revolution in the former colonial areas—the "countryside"—has been implicit in Chinese strategic writing since 1958 and was explicitly stated on behalf of Peking by the Indonesian Communists more than a year ago. Nor, as we have already seen, is there anything very new in the revolutionary strategy itself. The only significant difference between past Chinese statements and Lin's is the unusual stress Lin places on armed conflict. In the past it was usually made clear that while armed struggle is the main and highest form of revolution, peaceful political struggle could become the main form in a certain period and under certain circumstances. The absence of any such qualification in Lin's article, and his heavy emphasis on the virtues of armed conflicts—no matter how successful or who leads them—seem to reflect Peking's growing interest not merely in promoting revolution but in tying the United States down in a series of debilitating protracted wars against local guerrillas throughout Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

This is not to suggest that Peking has in the past or will in the future indiscriminately foster armed revolution and civil war. Their main objective is to weaken their principal national enemy, the United States, and they will foment armed struggles wherever by so doing they can achieve that objective as a contribution to the ultimate aim of forcing a total withdrawal of the Americans from Asia and the rest of the underdeveloped world. Thus they will continue to concentrate, as they have in the past, on fostering armed struggles primarily in countries tied to the American alliance system—that is, on getting several "South Vietnams" going at once. In addition, they will try to fan the flames of any local war that might prove embarrassing to the Americans or implicate them (this was clearly their intention during the abortive Indo-Pakistani war). There is a double advantage here. First, if successful armed struggles can be launched in these countries, there is a good chance that the Americans will come in and get bogged down in an unpopular war against a colored people. Second, an incentive is provided for pro-American governments to accommodate themselves to Peking. For Peking is in effect blackmailing these governments by telling them to get rid of the Americans or else prepare for a protracted war led by local Communists.

This strategy, Peking believes, is already bearing fruit. The Americans are deeply bogged down in South Vietnam and therefore cannot afford to become involved so deeply elsewhere. To keep the Americans in this dilemma, the Chinese are, with some success, using all their influence in North Vietnam to prevent a negotiated settlement, while selectively fanning the flames of war elsewhere, most recently in the Indo-Pakistani conflict. Moreover, a strategy of overextending and exhausting a great power is ideally suited to the limited material resources of an inferior one like China: it requires no large investment either of Chinese manpower or material. And indeed, Lin Piao pointedly asserts that local revolutionaries cannot and should not expect much outside help, that they must win largely on their own resources.

WHY WAS Lin's article released at this particular time? It is now clear that a decision was taken about a year ago by Hanoi and the Liberation Front to step up the battle in the South from a guerrilla to a conventional war. This effort has failed, and the question for Hanoi now is whether

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to go back to guerrilla tactics and fight a protracted struggle or to negotiate and try to take over South Vietnam by political means. Lin's argument is designed to support the former alternative. He is in effect telling Hanoi and the Front that, no matter how great the difficulties may seem now that massive American air and fire power have been introduced, they will triumph in the end. "Difficulties are not invincible monsters," says Lin: our liberated areas faced great difficulties from "savage attacks" by the Japanese and Kuomintang; we survived encirclement and the economic blockade; and we did this all by relying on our own resources.

The extraordinary importance Lin attaches to the virtues of self-reliance suggests an effort both to rationalize the lack of any substantial Chinese support to the Vietnamese Communists and to bolster those in Hanoi who argue that the Americans can be defeated even without much outside aid. In a particularly pointed passage, Lin says that reliance even on Socialist countries still committed to revolution—that is, China as opposed to Russia—is no substitute for self-reliance.

More generally, the Chinese are also seeking to reassure Communist revolutionaries not only in Vietnam but throughout the emerging areas that they can defeat the United States and its allies by protracted violence even though the price will be high and the path tortuous. Peking has persistently claimed, and Lin reiterates, that Vietnam is a crucial testing ground for the strategy of people's war.

Lastly, the fact that China's top military leader rather than a political figure was chosen to deliver a statement of such importance indicates that the statement has implications for the dialogue which has been going on for some time within the Chinese military between the "modernizers" and the "guerrillas." There have been a number of recent attacks on "modernizers" who want more professional, up-to-date armed forces equipped with the latest weapons as a deterrent against American attack. Lin's article could in part be the party's response to these critics, for it in effect says that China itself must in any case be prepared to fight a protracted guerrilla war in the event of an American attack on the mainland.

BUT IF THE Chinese strategy seems to be bearing fruit at the moment, in tying the United States down in Vietnam, is it in the long run realistic? My own belief is that it is not. Without denying the considerable Chinese capacity for mischief-making in the underdeveloped countries, I would say that their global strategic thinking is crude and growing more and more dogmatic.

The truth is that Mao's strategy has serious weaknesses on both of the two levels at which it operates. On the first level—where it is designed to turn Afro-Asian nationalism against the United States and optimally to foment war between the new nations and the U.S.—the strategy assumes that the American role in the underdeveloped areas can plausibly be equated with Japanese expansionism in Asia before and during World War II. Now it is obvious that both the interests and policies of the developing countries are sometimes in conflict with those of the United States. Moreover, in a world where tensions between rich and poor nations are likely to grow, nationalist leaders will always be tempted to use the richest country on earth as a scapegoat. But American policy in the emerging areas is not static and is not dictated by the rapacious needs of an "imperialist" system, as the Chinese believe. Nor, by and large, do the nationalists in the Third World view the United States as their main enemy, and neither are they anxious to see a complete American military, economic, and political withdrawal. The best recent indication of this is that the Chinese have not been successful in getting the majority of the Afro-Asian powers to condemn American "imperialism"—as distinguished from ritualistic condemnations of "imperialism" and colonialism in general—as the main enemy. In an implicit confession of failure, Peking's Foreign Minister asserted not long ago that if the second Afro-Asian conference, due to be held in Algiers early this month, does not condemn American imperialism by name, it will not succeed; if the conference cannot succeed, he went on to say, it should be postponed "until conditions are ripe" —that is, until the anti-American tide grows. The Chinese, embittered by their own grievances against the Americans, and seeing the United States as the major obstacle to the achievement of their ambition to dominate the Third World, mistakenly think that they can easily transfer their anti-American animus to others. But although it is certain that tensions between the United States and various emerging countries will persist and perhaps increase, it is unrealistic to assume, as the Chinese do, that these tensions must eventually lead to an anti-American alliance of the colored nations.

On its second level—where it is a design for local Communists to capture the nationalist movement during an armed struggle against the Americans or an American-supported government—the Maoist strategy has up to now worked only in China itself and in Vietnam. Two crucial factors were common to both these cases. First, there was an armed struggle with an outside enemy—the Japanese in China and the Japanese and then the French in Vietnam—which gave the Communists an opportunity to make a nationalist appeal against an imperialist or colonial power. Second, the nationalist opposition to the Communists both in China and Vietnam was divided, unimaginative, and without effective organization at the rice-roots level. Current Vietcong successes in South Vietnam are inextricably related to the fact that Ho Chi-minh, like Mao, was able to capture a

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weak nationalist movement during World War II.

Communist successes in China and Vietnam should not, however, obscure the more fundamental point that the Communists have been unable to sieze control of a nationalist movement anywhere else in Africa or Latin America since the start of World War II. (Castro was not a Communist when he took power; he converted to Communism afterward in order to obtain Soviet protection against American attack.) This is not a mere historical accident. It suggests that the Chinese and Vietnamese successes are not easy to duplicate even in the favorable circumstances of an anti-colonial armed struggle. Witness the fact that in none of the recent or current instances of such a struggle—Algeria and Angola, for example—have local Communists played an important role. All this means that Communist prospects of creating another "South Vietnam" are not as good as either Mao or the American adherents of the "domino theory" believe them to be.

In those Afro-Asian countries which have already achieved independence—and these, of course, constitute the vast majority—Maoist strategy runs into a number of even greater difficulties. First, the Chinese cannot woo nationalist leaders in order to turn them against the United States while simultaneously trying to subvert them: Chou En-lai cannot wear a diplomatic topper and a guerrilla beret at the same time. (Peking has already alienated a number of African leaders by supporting efforts to topple them.) Second, many of the Afro-Asian states have established one-party regimes which make it all but impossible for the local Communists to build up independent power bases. Third, even the local Communists in these areas are becoming increasingly aware that the Maoist revolutionary model cannot be mechanically adapted to their own situations.

In India, for example, the Communists are irrevocably split into pro-Soviet and pro-Chinese parties and the latter has been critically, if not mortally, wounded by the Chinese-Indian border conflict—which has robbed it of the chance to pick up the banner of Indian nationalism. In Indonesia, the local Communists have as of this writing been dealt a severe blow after participating in a premature coup directed against the army. In Thailand and Cambodia, the local Communist are extremely weak. In Burma, although the local Communists have been waging an armed struggle against the government for more than a decade, they are not now a serious threat to Ne Win's military government, and without substantial help from China (which they have not been getting), they are unlikely to become such a threat. In what remains of Malaysia, Communist influence is confined largely to the overseas Chinese, who are very unpopular with the Malays. A Communist-led insurrection there would thus most likely lead to a communal war between the Malays and that portion of the Chinese under Communist influence. This strategy failed in 1948 and there is no reason why it should meet with success now. What is more, in none of these Asian countries, with the exception of Indonesia, do the local Communists have a strong base among the peasantry, an indispensable prerequisite for launching a Maoist-style guerrilla war.

As for Africa and Latin America, one decisive fact stands out—great physical limitations on the Chinese ability to intervene directly or by proxy on behalf of local guerrillas. For all the Chinese talk about self-reliance, the truth is that their own aid to the North Vietnamese was decisive in Ho Chi-minh's victory over the French in 1954 and that external Communist aid is a necessity for any guerrilla force which wants to move from guerrilla to conventional war.

But not only do most of the Communist parties in the former colonial areas lack the capability to launch protracted wars against the Americans or American allies; many of them may not have the will. Indeed, they must now be wondering about the desirability of a Chinese strategy for fighting the United States with Vietnamese and other Asian and African lives.

In addition to all this, Peking's attempts to export protracted war are inhibited by the fact that Moscow is putting its still considerable influence in the world Communist movement largely on the side of evolutionary rather than violent change. The vehemence with which Lin denounces Soviet "arguments against people's war" and efforts to "undermine it," suggests that the Soviet influence is having a considerable impact on local Communist parties. It is noteworthy in this connection that in the past year, the North Koreans, North Vietnamese, and Cubans have all veered away from Peking toward a neutral position in the Sino-Soviet conflict.

All of which points up a general weakness in the Chinese approach—its almost obsessive preoccupation with violence and war as the key to social change. This may reflect the mood of desperation of an aging leadership in Peking, but it is doubtful that it accurately reflects the mood in most African and Asian countries, even among the radicals. There are large sections of the Asian Communist movement, for example, that are simply not psychologically prepared to fight in the swamps for twenty or thirty years. Moreover, some of these parties, notably the PKI in Indonesia, have made impressive gains by following a peaceful path. The results from South Vietnam are not yet in, but whatever the outcome, Peking will never be able to argue that Communist successes were purchased cheaply.

So far as the Soviet Union is concerned, its recent efforts to bring a quick halt to the Indo-Pakistani war were in sharp contrast to Chinese attempts to throw gasoline on the fire. Clearly, Moscow is increasingly committing itself to stabil-

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ity in the underdeveloped areas. Not that it has given up hope of tilting the unaligned countries toward the East or eventually even of installing pro-Soviet Communists in power. But the Russians are more and more counseling non-violent revolutionary paths to Afro-Asian nationalists and Communists alike. In Vietnam, the Russians, unlike the Chinese, have been eager for a negotiated settlement from the beginning. They have given enough aid to Hanoi to maintain their credentials as Communists but have done little more. Indeed, Soviet restraint in Vietnam has been remarkable and has not been exercised without considerable cost to Moscow's worldwide prestige. Even its moderate Communist allies in Eastern Europe, who are not at all in sympathy with Chinese tactics, have been shocked by Soviet impotence in the face of an American attack against a "socialist" country. This Soviet humiliation in Vietnam could eventually produce strong pressures in Moscow, particularly among the military, to "stand up" to the Americans.

On the other side, the Soviets have their hands full at home in modernizing the economy and increasing what for the past few years has been an extremely slow rate of growth. To do this, and to raise their standard of living, is not compatible with an arms race or support of Communist-led protracted wars against the Americans. Nor is there any reason for Moscow to mortgage its foreign policy to Communist guerrillas in Africa and Asia.

WHAT THEN ARE the implications of Mao's theory of people's war for American foreign policy? The Chinese are undoubtedly right in believing that armed violence in the form of civil, revolutionary, or local wars will occur in the future as it has in the past twenty years. But the experience of the past twenty years also suggests that such conflicts are not necessarily incompatible with American interests even when the Chinese themselves label them "people's wars." The Algerian war is a case in point. More important, recent experience also indicates that it will be very difficult for local Communists to take over the leadership of such armed struggles, which means that there is no reason for Washington to rush in with American military power out of fear of a possible Communist takeover whenever violence erupts in the underdeveloped countries (the Dominican Republic is a good example).

On the other hand, in countering the Chinese strategy, the United States would do well to help educate nationalist leaders and nationalist armies in the underdeveloped countries to subvert people's-war tactics by taking the appropriate military and socio-political preemptive measures early enough. To accomplish this, and in the long run to promote the stability and independence of these newly emergent countries, the United States cannot withdraw from these areas. Its continued presence is vital. At the same time, however, while reiterating its intention to remain in Asia, to protect allies and friends from attack, and to take serious steps to bridge the widening gap between rich and poor nations, the United States ought to begin laying the basis for a realistic relationship with Communist China (recognition, a seat in the UN, limitation of the trade embargo to strategic materials only) once the present leaders pass from the scene. Such a policy would in all likelihood be denounced by Mao and his comrades as an imperialist trick. But it would at least have the virtue of putting the onus for the impasse in American-Chinese relations on Peking's present leadership. More important, it would make available an alternative to Mao's anti-American policy for those who will come to power in China after his death.

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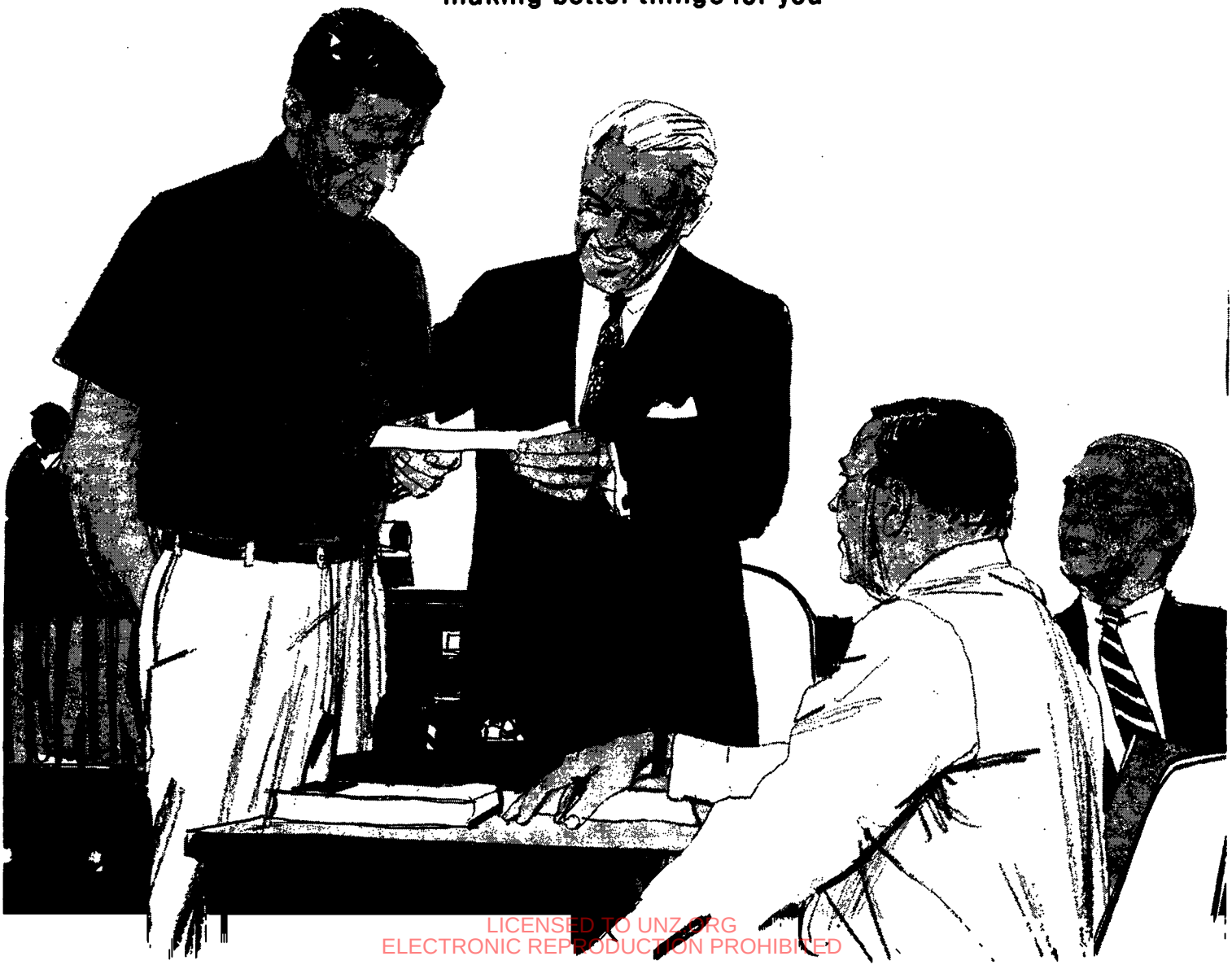

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LESLIE H. FARBER

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND MORALITY

Making Do with Contract Bridge and Simian Sociality

. . . I am dissatisfied with one point: your contradicting my sexual theory and my ethics. I grant you the latter; ethics is far from my interest and you are a pastor. I don't cudgel my brains much about good and evil, but I have not found much "good" in the average human being. Most of them are in my experience riff-raff, whether they proclaim this or that ethical doctrine or none at all . . . .

. . . I can only envy your opportunity of bringing about sublimation into religion. But the beauty of religion assuredly has no place in psychoanalysis . . . . Quite by the way, how comes it that none of the godly ever devised psychoanalysis and that one had to wait for a godless Jew?

—Sigmund Freud to Oskar Pfister, October 9, 1918

As to your question why none of the godly discovered psychoanalysis, but only a godless Jew. Well, because piety is not the same as the genius for discovering, and because the godly were . . . not worthy to bring such an achievement to fruition. Moreover, in the first place you are not a Jew, which my boundless admiration for Amos, Isaiah, the author of Job and the Prophets makes me greatly regret, and in the second place you are not so godless, since he who lives for truth lives in God and he who fights for the freeing of love "dwelleth in God" (First Epistle of John 4:16).

—Oskar Pfister to Sigmund Freud, October 29, 1918

NOTING THE moralizing about the average human being which follows hard on his disclaimer of interest in ethics and good and evil, we can understand why Freud failed to convince Pfister. And if we recall his growing concern with moral issues in his later writings, we can guess that eventually he was unable to convince even himself that he was not a moralist. Some misunderstanding was created by his disparagement of traditional morality but he hoped, I believe, that psychoanalysis would in time replace those older beliefs with a more appropriate morality for mankind. This point is made by Philip Rieff in *Freud: The Mind of the Moralist:*

> He is not only the first completely irreligious moralist, he is a moralist without even a moralizing message. . . . It is exhilarating and yet terrifying to read Freud as a moralist, to see how compelling can be the judgment of a man who never preaches, leads us nowhere, assures us of nothing except that, having learned from him, the burden of misery we must find strength to carry will be somewhat lighter.

At this date, then, there cannot be many within the psychoanalytic movement who would dispute the fact that psychoanalysis is, among other things, a moral science whose involvement with problems of good and evil is both inescapable and essential, regardless of its scientific vocabulary for naming these problems.

It was Franz Rosenzweig, I think, who wrote that when pressed to its limits every psychological question becomes a theological one, and every theological question a psychological one. The same might be said of the relation between psychoanalysis and morality—even a secular morality with no acknowledged or discernible connection to religion. Thus, the "purer" (in the sense of scientific) a psychology becomes, the more it risks triviality in its own terms. And an unpsychological morality will be heard as mere exhortation without any relevance to the life we live.

The moral imagination and the psychological imagination, in other words, are dependent on each other for their inspiration, vitality, and truth. In fact, at their best they can only arbitrarily be separated. Though each seems to have its own privileges and limitations, in the most profound statements about man's nature the two are so intertwined that they can be read correctly in either category. Let me briefly illustrate this notion by a remark of Kierkegaard, one of my favorite 19th-century psychologists: envy is unhappy self-assertion, admiration is happy self-surrender. Psychologically, the remark illuminates a disagreeable experience which few human beings, past or present, have been spared. By placing self-assertion at the core of envy, he indicates that envy is divisive of person and relation, so that there must be a failure of wholeness, as well as a failure in dialogue. In self-assertion one simply cannot attend

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to the conversational matter at hand. Also, while envy usually expresses itself in disparagement of others, it can also adopt the guise of congratulation, hollow though it be. But in either case—disparagement or congratulation—self-assertion is at the center. In admiration, on the other hand, wholeness and relation may be fulfilled: when the tyranny of self is surrendered, another person can be heard and honored. From a moral standpoint, the remark is equally illuminating. Envy is a sin in that it damages man's potentiality for wholeness—for becoming the person he could be—and, by depriving him of relation, renders him a possibly malevolent member of the community of man. It has often been said that pride is the parent sin, from which all other sins could be derived. And here it can be noted how pride, in the form of self-assertion, collaborates in the sin of envy.

The approach implied here to the relation between psychology and morality is not shared by the authors of two recent books on this subject, Thomas S. Szasz* and Perry London.† Both their volumes are distinctly modern in character. Modern in the sense that they originate in science: the social sciences in the first instance, and the behavioral sciences in the second. And modern in the sense that they neither make—nor wish to make—any connection with the moralities of the past, as these have developed in our long philosophical and religious tradition in the West.

THOUGH A psychoanalyst, Dr. Szasz does not join Freud in seeing morality as the world's wavering means of adjudicating the endless warfare between instinct and society; Freud thought "what the world calls its code of morals demands more sacrifices than it is worth." Dr. Szasz instead turns to analytic treatment itself to discover "an articulated ethic," without which "psychoanalysis is meaningless." For him, psychoanalytic treatment provides a "model . . . for understanding ethics, politics, and social relations . . .": "Herein lies the moral and political and . . . the scientific significance of the psychoanalytic situation; it is a model of the human encounter regulated by the ethics of individualism and personal autonomy." In fact, "the aim of psychoanalytic treatment is comparable to the aim of *liberal political reform*" (italics mine). This should put to rest the suspicion of his psychiatric adversaries that he has become a member of the John Birch Society—a suspicion founded largely on an article by him in the *National Review* charging human mental-health movement with threatening human freedom through the application of such new powers as the Durham Decision.** Where Freud believed illness to result, as Philip Rieff writes, from "the tension between instinctual candor and cultural hypocrisy," and the beginning of health to result from the acknowledgement of this tension, Dr. Szasz believes "all [psychiatric symptoms] entail an essential restriction of . . . freedom to engage in conduct available to others similarly situated in his society. . . ." And treatment, or "autonomous psychotherapy," would require the restoration of freedom. The issue of freedom is not closely defined, but what Dr. Szasz seems to have in mind is "autonomy" or the "freedom to develop one's self—to increase one's knowledge, improve one's skills, and achieve responsibility for one's conduct." It could be argued that all this has not prevented some remarkable villains in the past from opting for evil (the Marquis de Sade, for example); nevertheless, Dr. Szasz hopefully insists that autonomy is "the only positive freedom whose realization does not injure others."

To some extent autonomous psychotherapy appears to be a kind of training in democratic citizenship, achieved through the willingness of both parties to honor the explicit clauses in their therapeutic contract. To develop his view of the nature of this contract, Dr. Szasz turns on the one hand to political analogy:

> . . . we may take the United States Constitution as our model of the analytic contract. It, too, is an agreement between two parties who are morally equal, but in fact (socially) unequal—the governors and the governed. . . . Principally, . . . the Constitution . . . specifies certain things that those in power must do and must avoid doing. . . . In the discharge of governmental duties, they eschew arbitrary authority and discretionary action in favor of specific restraints. . . .
>
> . . . the analytic contract sets out to do the same thing. . . . The therapist renounces arbitrary power and the discretionary judgments by which it is usually justified in favor of specific restraints. Of course, this attitude can be maintained only toward the patient who assumes responsibility for his conduct and its social consequences.

On the other hand, there is the theory of games, which enjoys some fashion these days in the social sciences, and encourages the author to compare psychoanalysis to contract bridge:

> Bridge and psychoanalysis are two-phase games. In each, the players have a proximal and a distal goal, the former being a means to the latter. In each, the character of the first period of the game—bidding in bridge and the trial period in psychotherapy—will depend on whether bridge is auction or contract and whether psychotherapy is psychodynamic or autonomous. . . . If an

* *The Ethics of Psychoanalysis: The Theory and Method of Autonomous Psychotherapy*, by Thomas S. Szasz, Basic Books, 226 pp., $5.50.

† *The Modes and Morals of Psychotherapy*, by Perry London. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 278 pp., $5.50.

** In Durham v. United States (1954), the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia maintained that an accused person should not be held "criminally responsible if his unlawful act was the product of mental disease or mental defect."—ED.

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> agreement can be reached, there will be a contract and hence commitment to a pure common-interest game. . . . Overbidding is severely penalized . . .; underbidding is also costly. . . . If the contract has been correctly negotiated, that is, if the bidding was proper, a competent player can usually fulfill it.

Long before "game theory," contests of every sort supplied metaphors for the disclosure of virtue and vice in human affairs. And I have no doubt that even present game theory may be an effective device, at times, for describing many tiring and tiresome human tangles, whose moves and lines seem to have been composed or programmed by a computing machine. Unfortunately, I think Dr. Szasz has fallen captive to his analogy—in much the same way as he has charged psychiatry with being victimized by its medical rhetoric.

Of the specific clauses of his contractual or autonomous psychotherapy, some are conventional psychoanalytic rules, having to do with such matters as length and frequency of appointments, confidentiality, gifts, etc. But, on the subject of fees: "Since the only thing the analyst really needs (or ought to need) is money . . . he can expect the patient to satisfy *only* his need for money." Him I never met; nor can I imagine an analyst whose only need from his patient is money. What about the more homely needs analysts have, besides money: their need to talk and listen and understand, their need to be useful, their need not to be bored, or boring—or, more comprehensively, their need to confirm the patient as the person he is and could be and their need to be confirmed by him in their own particularity, which would certainly include their calling as psychoanalysts? I do not say these needs are necessarily honorable—or dishonorable—but in some measure they are always there. Apparently in the service of freedom, Dr. Szasz employs a two-way analytic couch, equipped with a backrest and "equally comfortable for sitting and lying." But the actual option this couch offers is more equivocal than its construction would indicate:

> I invite the patient to assume whichever position he prefers. If the patient asks which position I prefer, I tell him that it makes little difference to me, but, that, if it does not matter to him, I prefer his lying down. I believe that, if the therapist only recommends but does not *insist* on either position, the therapeutic situation remains sufficiently free.

On the issue of termination of treatment, Dr. Szasz introduces a further inequality into a therapeutic situation already fraught with inequality when he insists, "The analyst has no right to terminate the analysis. This is not his job; it is the patient's." By depriving the analyst of the moral right to end an analysis which no longer seems helpful, he has gone further than conventional analytic technique and good government would allow, although it may be different in contract bridge. From my own professional and personal standpoint, the loss of this right would seriously tax my autonomy.

We come now to three disparate human predicaments which wholly over-shadow such technical details. As prelude to his thoughts on abortion, Dr. Szasz writes:

> While standing firm in his determination to maintain analytic autonomy, the therapist should be as helpful as he can to liberate the patient and enable him to pursue his ends by *any* method he chooses.

Leaving aside the more important moral question whether any patient *should* be encouraged to pursue his ends by "*any* method he chooses," I still have trouble imagining the therapist who could willfully maintain such aloofness, without at some point succumbing to a moral response, in whatever psychological language it might be couched.

> Although the analyst would not perform an abortion on a patient who desires one, he must be as free in discussing the "reality situation" concerning abortions, both in his own country and abroad, as he is about the "reality situation" of, say, the patient's job.

Free to discuss the skills and fees of disreputable physicians, chiropractors, hospital aides, and drug-store clerks; free to compare this motley crew with their more respectable counterparts in Sweden, Japan, and Puerto Rico. But, since he says "*any* method" will do, not free to consider the moral dimensions of abortion—this particular abortion, this particular interruption of parenthood? Of course I realize abortion is a political and social problem (population explosion, population attrition), a medical and economic and psychological problem. But even if one advocates legalized abortion, each prospective abortion imposes its own moral dilemmas—dilemmas which demand an exercise of the moral imagination in or out of psychoanalysis. But if we follow Dr. Szasz's view of how to protect autonomy, such considerations would be out of bounds so far as the "reality situation" is concerned.

And the threat to autonomy takes other forms. Thrives there a psychoanalytic practice, no matter how carefully regulated, which does not at some point contain the threat of madness requiring the patient's confinement to a hospital for the sake of himself, his family, his friends? In other writings Dr. Szasz has justly criticized the tyrannies a "medicalized" psychiatry can impose within a mental hospital. Nevertheless the threat of madness and hospitalization is a fact he recognizes. But on this disturbing issue he is again predictably faithful to his contract.

> If the patient believes that he requires confinement in a hospital, for his own protection or for

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> that of others, he has to seek it, like everything else nonanalytic, from someone other than the analyst. . . . This stand is necessary; it protects the integrity of the analytic situation.

I have little experience with the man who, believing he should be confined, can conduct all those disturbing, if not confusing, negotiations with medical and civil officials that hospitalization requires. By and large the madmen I have known have savagely insisted on their sanity. And should I raise with such a one the question of hospital, he is more likely to recommend me as the proper candidate. Moreover, the madness with which I am familiar is characterized by a serious incapacity in dealing with the most ordinary worldly details —let alone the intricate arrangements required for hospitalization, which might defeat the most hardened bureaucrat. Dr. Szasz may be able to protect "the integrity of the analytic situation," but I do not know how he stills his imaginings of his deranged contractee floundering toward the nearest asylum.

Finally, the most agonizing predicament of all: suicide. As we might anticipate, not even this question is allowed to disturb the analytic contract.

> The analyst's stand on the threat of suicide is the same; he cannot allow it to become a ground for modifying the contract. For the analyst to act on the danger of the patient's suicide . . . is to relinquish the analytic mandate and to "act out." Indeed, only if the patient is deeply convinced that the analyst respects his autonomy, including his right to take his own life, can he engage effectively in the analytic exploration . . . of his ideas about suicide.

Obviously every person has the "right" to take his own life. As Gabriel Marcel has written, " . . . the fact that suicide is always possible is the essential starting point of any genuine metaphysical thought." But I wonder if Dr. Szasz does not forfeit such a starting point when he *"respects"* this "right." I see nothing in his contractual theory which requires him to support the right to suicide —an act which Marcel in another passage describes as "the expression of another much more profound and more hidden possibility, the possibility of a spiritual denial of self, or, what comes to the same thing, of an impious and demonic affirmation of self which amounts to a radical rejection of being." And strangely, recalling my own turmoil at those times when there was a real possibility of the suicide of one of my patients, I can remember soliciting—and finding—the same contractual niceties the author recommends, but I never knew them to withstand—particularly in the middle of the night—the onrush of doubts and guilt from an older morality.

Abortion, madness, suicide: three ordinary yet terrifying crises which, in all fairness to Dr. Szasz, would defeat any technical scheme whose prescriptions were merely psychological, for these are moral as well as psychological crises. In their own ways all these predicaments have the potentiality of injury—injury to the patient, injury to others—at the same time that they offer the possibility, though not the certainty, of renewal, if the conflicts which they pose can be contended with. And psychology and morality need each other here, for the course is never clear: what seems a simple moral answer may, because the questions are complex ones, in truth constitute a dangerously immoral proposition; what seems a true psychoanalytic solution may turn out to be an unwitting exploitation of psychological determinism in the service of evil. It is this tormenting ambiguity that confounds both patient and therapist as, in fits and starts, they pursue the search for their proper direction. In an address to psychoanalysts about such painful issues as these, Martin Buber once said:

> . . . guilt occurs when someone injures an order of the human world he knows and recognizes as those of his own existence and of all common existence. . . . The doctor who confronts such a guilt in the living memory of his patient must enter into that situation; *he must lay his hand in the wound of the order and learn: this concerns you.* But then it may strike him that the orientation of the psychologist and the treatment of the therapist have changed unawares and that, if he wishes to persist as a healer, he must take upon himself a burden he had not expected to bear. [italics mine]

I am finally brought to the conclusion that the contractual suggestions proposed by Dr. Szasz are morally evasive and perhaps harmful. Though at first glance I thought—or rather, hoped—his use of contract bridge as a model for psychoanalysis was only a fashionable, even whimsical, analogy which need not be taken too seriously, I am afraid I was wrong; his therapeutic prescriptions should be filled—if at all—only at the bridge table.

UNLIKE Dr. Szasz, who remains a psychoanalyst in theory and practice, Dr. Perry London is a behavioral psychologist who believes that the scientific function of every psychotherapy is the manipulation of behavior. For him, however, the task is not a moral investigation into the manipulation of behavior itself, but rather an explication of the goals of such manipulation, since these goals involve the "moral concerns" of the psychotherapist. As a behaviorist he is of course not interested in the reciprocal tensions between the moral and psychological imaginations, to which I have alluded. Nor, for that matter, could he approve Dr. Szasz's view of the psychotherapeutic encounter as a contractual arrangement whose object is to move from inequality to equality, autonomy, self-reliance, and freedom. Not only would he regard these large goals as far too ambitious, their acceptance would merely corroborate his conviction that psychoanalysis has lost its

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standing in the scientific community and must now be considered wholly a moral enterprise. Since symptom removal is no longer a serious concern of psychoanalysis, he complains, it has become increasingly difficult to check therapeutic results, and the few scientific studies that have been made he has found statistically unimpressive. Moreover, it is his opinion that the official psychoanalytic community—here he cites his own experience—has been suspiciously unwilling to open its records to inspection. What then is the morality purveyed by psychoanalytic psychotherapists?

> By precept, it is the virtue of insight, or consciousness, or self-knowledge. By example, it is the necessity for each man to assume his own initiatives in the quest for insight and to be alone responsible for its achievement. By implication, it is the right of individuals to live as they choose.

This statement seems a fair approximation of Dr. Szasz's position. But Dr. London goes considerably further—much too far, I would think—when he asserts that psychoanalysis

> is a means of reinforcing the moral doctrine of selfhood. . . . And the moral goal this tactic finally serves—autonomy, freedom to experience the self, to enhance it, to gratify it, to unbind it, to give it rein to palpate itself and, so doing, to be fulfilled. . . . It offers the ultimate justification of the individual . . . and can be seen as an attempt to deny the biological sociality of humankind.

And the most successful outcome of such therapy would be the person "best described as a *well-adjusted psychopath*" (italics mine). Seemingly, Dr. London believes self-knowledge must preclude any moral assessment of the demonic predilections of selfhood.

BOTH FOR scientific and moral reasons, Dr. London is far more sympathetic to behavioral treatment, which he terms "Action" therapy to distinguish it from "Insight" psychotherapy. The inspirations for the "Action" approach are laboratory in origin, and have largely to do with learning theory, as it has been acquired in research on conditioning: the "classical conditioning of Pavlov, the instrumental conditioning of Thorndike, . . . the operant conditioning of Skinner." As yet this therapy has little status in the general intellectual community, and one of the virtues of Dr. London's *The Modes and Morals of Psychotherapy* is that he describes the techniques of a few of its practitioners. However, readers of *Encounter* have probably been more exposed, through the writings of H. Eysenck, to details of this therapy than the average psychoanalyst or psychiatrist in America. Explains Dr. London: "If the object of the Insight therapist is to free the patient, the object of the Action therapist . . . is to cure him."

The advocates of this approach, then, are determined to "manipulate behaviors" as quickly and effectively as possible "to eliminate symptoms." Needless to say, they are indifferent to history, language, character, etiology, and—of course—insight. (As Dr. London puts it: "Talking has some value in Action therapy, but it does not achieve value from its meaning so much as from its ability to function as a stimulus.") For example, Joseph Wolpe, one of the leaders of Action therapy, borrows the term "reciprocal inhibition" from physiology to describe his technique of "counter-conditioning." All symptoms, he thinks, are the product of anxiety, so for every symptom an "anxiety-inhibiting response" must be invented to counter it. Thus, an anxious patient may be given a painful electric shock with the instruction that when the shock becomes too painful he is to say the word "calm," at which point the shock will be terminated. Eventually, after many repetitions, he can abandon the machine, having learned to counter the anxieties of ordinary life on his own by uttering the word "calm." Here the similarity to animal experiments is unmistakable. Similarly, in the training program to alleviate sexual problems the patient is taught how "to identify and avoid" situations in which sex may be "anxiety-arousing" and how to seek out women who are "clearly capable of arousing him in a desirable way" and then "how to let himself go as freely as the circumstances allow." It seems doubtful to me that many patients could have problems more sickly than this training program itself. Besides, in this sexological age, I would not have thought that still another such program was needed.

Another Action therapist, the psychologist Thomas G. Stampfl, employs what he calls "Implosive Therapy" to counter anxiety. To teach his victims the absurdity of fear, Dr. Stampfl

> uses every possible means to frighten [them], taking care only to avoid hurting them physically. . . . [If] he can successfully assault the major sources of anxiety, the curative effects will spread automatically to the minor ones. . . . If one learns to be unafraid of torches, he needs no special lessons to overcome a fear of matches.

The therapists who apply B. F. Skinner's "operant conditioning" techniques recognize the limitations of a manipulation confined to the therapeutic office. Their object is to manipulate

> the environment so that, whenever . . . desired behaviors occur, they are positively reinforced, whereas whenever behaviors occur that might interfere with the desired ones, they are negatively reinforced or punished.

Since these methods are not very effective in a "free environment," Dr. London suggests that the best setting for such conditioning might very well be a hospital ward in which "complete control" is possible. Or perhaps, as B. F. Skinner himself

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suggests in his "utopian" novel, *Walden Two,* the total control possible in a hospital ward could in the future be extended to all of society, so that "the entire structure of society is regulated and experimentally manipulated by operant means for the welfare of all its inhabitants."

THOUGH Dr. London has some criticism of the "intellectual elegance" of the formulations of the Action therapists, he nevertheless applauds their claim to "empirically testable results" which, he believes, gives them a "scientific status" the "Insight systems cannot so readily claim." But despite the title of his book, he seems to lose his academic appetite altogether when it comes to describing the morality of Action therapy. (Dostoevsky's Underground Man could help here, but I wonder whether even he would have the stomach for these developments.) Borrowing from conditioning theory, I would attribute the moral obtuseness of Action therapists to the occupational fact that they have been too long closeted with laboratory animals and at the same time too bewitched by the ingenuity of their experiments with these animals. Let me say quickly I have no humanitarian objection to animal research; it has its place and utility in science. And I would agree that, unlike morality, behavior—objective, visible, measurable behavior—is bodily conduct we share with animals. But the moral imagination to consider such matters as good and evil, including of course the behavior associated with these human realities, is not a capacity we share with animals. To treat an animal as though he possessed this capacity is merely silly, but to treat a human being as though he were only his behavior is, I am afraid, wicked.

A specific and critical instance of such mischief is the confounding of human anxiety with the frightened behavior of laboratory animals subjected to experimental stress. While there may be some physical resemblance between these two conditions, the differences are so great that it is, to put it mildly, reckless to call them both anxiety. Human anxiety, among other things, always portends a moral issue whose claims may be disowned or distorted or acknowledged. Only by blinking this human fact are behavioral therapists able to deal with anxiety in animal or man as a disagreeable physical affair requiring immediate relief. To shock or scare or intimidate or coax a human being out of anxiety as though it were merely bad behavior is to rob him of the moral potentiality to contend with his painful lot.

These behavioral theories, if pushed, would seem ultimately to divide humanity into scientists and experimental animals—into the manipulators and the manipulated. And such a division, in the light of recent political history, has now become a familiar form of evil. But behavioral science is probably more consistent and fair-minded than politics: should the behavior of the manipulators falter, they must stand ready, I imagine, to be manipulated by their fellow manipulators. So easily does this approach lend itself to the genre of science fiction that I wonder whether, in addition to Pavlov and other famous conditioners, science fiction is not also an important source for its theory and method. Be that as it may, Dr. London goes on to argue that psychotherapy must, without equivocation, at long last accept its mission as a "secular priesthood." And the creed of this mission, he says, will be found "not in a theology revealed from heaven" but "in the laboratory." It is useless to turn to tradition, because these days Christians are divorced "from *the naiveté of faith, hope and charity, and Jews from the functional simplicity of fulfilling their commandments*" (italics mine).

Still, this is a young movement, so it is a bit early to expound a "scientifically based morality" in any depth. Nevertheless, he finds a valuable principle in animal psychology, called "simian sociality," which proves to Dr. London that "social relations are a biological property of simian species, including man." And from "simian sociality" he concludes that the new scientific morality must contain "some kind of dynamic balance between what C. Wright Mills called 'individual troubles' and 'social issues.'" Also, there is experimental work pointing to "a curiosity drive" in man—something that "impels him to aspire to the creation of new things." At this stage no doctrine of evil has come from the laboratory, so for the time being, I imagine, immorality will stem from the failure of sociality and curiosity. Dr. London is aware that this is a rather meager beginning for the new scientific morality, but he is encouraged by other developments in the behavioral sciences which "hold promise for discovering valid rules of human conduct." In particular, he has faith that cybernetics will afford "scientific breakthroughs" leading to other moral principles—a faith which, I suspect, must be an embarrassment to the engineers actually involved with electronic computers.

My own faith makes me believe that the moral and psychological options available to Dr. Szasz and Dr. London are greater than they claim. In other words, I trust that in the actual give and take of their therapeutic existence they will make do, like the rest of us, with such unscientific virtues as honesty, humility, compassion, and moreover that they will deal with evil as best they can, even as they wait for the last word from game theory and the laboratory.

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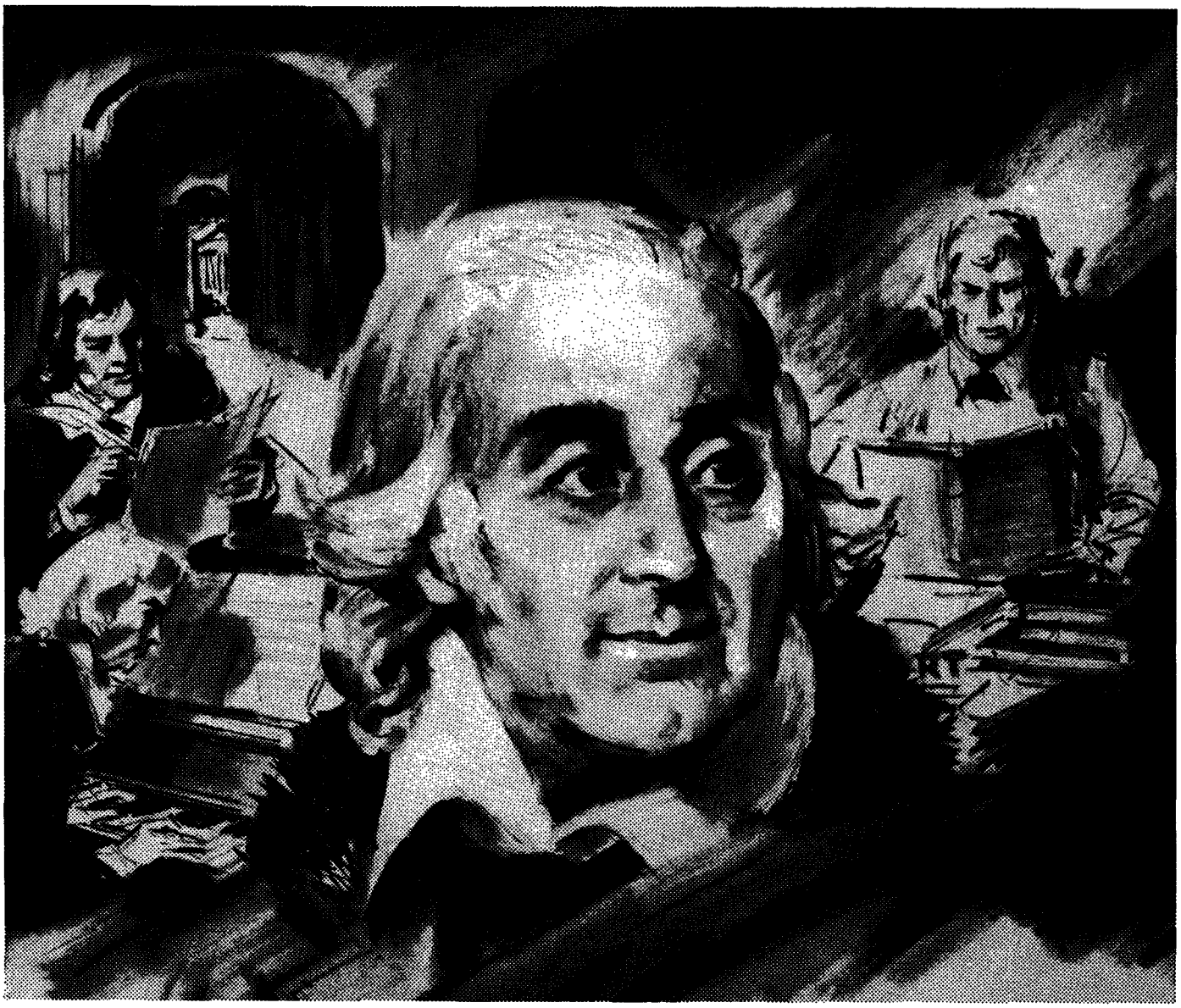

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Mozart's Librettist

Born Emmanuele Conegliano, in 1746, in Ceneda, Italy, one of a large Jewish family, Lorenzo Da Ponte spent a carefree youth in Venice. There, during his halcyon years in Vienna as a court poet, at the home of Baron Raimund Vetzlar, he met Mozart. From this meeting there ensued one of the most fruitful collaborations in musical history. Da Ponte wrote the librettos for *Le Mariage de Figaro, Cosi fan Tutte* and the opera that is considered by many the greatest of all opera, *Don Giovanni.* Caught in a political intrigue, he was expelled from Vienna by order of the Emperor in 1792. He landed in London, where he was appointed poet to the Drury Lane Theater. He failed and emigrated to the U.S.

In New York Da Ponte met Clement Moore, future author of *"The Night Before Christmas."* Moore was taken with the charm and erudition of the tall, handsome Italian, and introduced Da Ponte into New York society. Through these connections he was appointed professor of Italian at Columbia University. Students were scarce but, undaunted, Da Ponte set up a theater in his own home and introduced New York to Italian literature. Also, as an impresario, he brought Italian opera to America. In 1823, Da Ponte wrote his *Memoirs,* a frank and charming autobiography.

Teacher, court poet, bookseller, impresario and Mozart's librettist, Lorenzo Da Ponte emerges as a picaresque personality like his friends, Casanova, and Boswell and Cagliostro. A man of talent, Da Ponte's librettos for Mozart as well as his introduction of Italian studies into America form a fitting monument to an incredibly variegated life.

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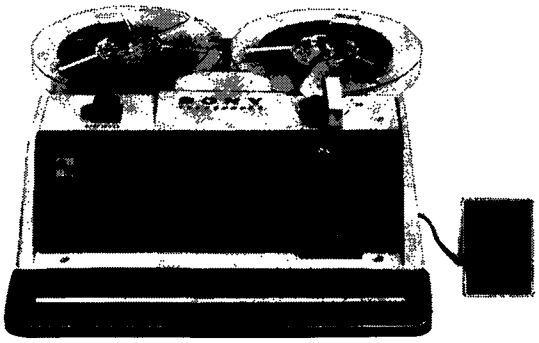

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MOVIES & MESSAGES

Midge Decter

THERE ARE MOMENTS in *Ship of Fools*—Stanley Kramer's most recent film—during which a certain type of inveterate moviegoer is likely to feel that he has rediscovered his simple childhood love for the movies. He is likely to remember at these moments just what it is he began going to the movies *for,* and to be reminded, on the other side, of how few movies these days even come near to providing it. One such moment is a scene in which a failed baseball player (Lee Marvin) explains to a dwarf (Michael Dunn) why he never made it into the major leagues; another involves an exchange of flirtatious raillery between a doctor (Oskar Werner) and his drug-addicted patient (Simone Signoret). They are not necessarily the "best" things in *Ship of Fools* from the point of view of film artistry (if anyone after the 1965 New York Film Festival still has the heart to adopt such a point of view); nor are they dramatically the "purest." Yet they do achieve, whether they are intended to do so or not, a special and—one ought not to be embarrassed about using the word in this connection—magical power intrinsic and peculiar to the movies; without this power, movies (as Manny Farber once put it and as the New York Film Festival once again amply confirmed) aren't movies anymore.

For many of us, movies have always provided what novels apparently did to young ladies in the 18th century: the opportunity for a momentary feeling, acknowledged to be illusory (but all the better for that), that life is something both larger and at a greater distance from us than it normally appears. Sitting in the dark before that great screen, what the inveterate moviegoer seeks most of all is an enactment of his classic fantasies that will not only release them in him but give them verve and dignity as well. Movie stars are, of course, an essential part of this process; indeed, they are its life-current. For the very definition of the term "movie star" is a creature gifted with some extra dimension of personality—some more communicable quality of vitality, of beauty, of glamor, of *thereness*—than is available to the rest of us. Good acting is not enough or even necessary: we must be able to recognize the figure himself who pulses in his own particular way behind each of his impersonations.

Stanley Kramer, though he is mostly a maker of solemnly hortatory movies, understands this; for all his faults as a director—and they are not so many, but very serious—he is a man with an abiding respect for the glamorous possibility. He has especially proven himself adept at the creation of what might be called the pathetic idyll, knowing how to use movie stars for the purposes of an exquisite sentimentality and, what is more important, knowing how and when to let them use themselves. The love affair between the ship's doctor and the Spanish Condessa in *Ship of Fools,* for example, is a work of easy luxuriance: the lovers, both beautiful and deeply flawed, move with authentic grace—authentic because it is theirs by right of such commanding stars as Oskar Werner and Simone Signoret—to their separate dooms.

Unfortunately, however, it is almost a law of Stanley Kramer's work that what he gives with the left hand he must take away with the right. More than those of any other director I can think of (with the possible, though incomparable, exception of Ingmar Bergman), Kramer's films are animated by the wish to have things both ways. Since he usually sets his movies into the frame of some enormous political or social problem, he asks us to respond not only to what we see on the screen but also to his assertions about the significance of what we are seeing. And since his ambition for significance and his urge to make movies come out of two diametrically opposed impulses—the one a taste for thunderous abstractions, the other a gift for capturing living motion—we are left with the possibility of having two separate responses, either of which Kramer can then claim for his own. Several years ago in *On the Beach,* for instance, he made a movie which declared itself a desperate plea for peace but all of whose images expressed a great desire to have Armageddon (and a sweet Armageddon it was) over and done with. In this kind of disjunction between experience and idea we can detect what I suppose is the very principle of middlebrow seriousness: the idea that in order to be truly serious one must cut oneself away from the vividly seen and heard and felt so that one can impose upon it some form of elevating and honorific abstraction.

For the purposes of such seriousness as this, Kramer has found the perfect collaborator in Abby Mann, who wrote the screenplay for both *Judgment at Nuremberg* and *Ship of Fools.* Just as Kramer understands the uses of movie stars, Mann understands how to construct dialogue that can be immediately entertaining—and instantly convertible into high banality. Thus, if there are moments in *Ship of Fools* that call forth one's renewed loyalty to the medium, there are also moments—many, many of them—which are so burdened with a grating, arbitrary overlay of effects and "ideas" that they simply set one's teeth and nerves on edge.

LIKE Katherine Anne Porter's novel (on which it is based), the movie confines itself to a group of people thrown together on an ocean voyage from Mexico to Germany in the early 30's. Among them are a dozen or so Germans, including a Jew and a dwarf, four Americans, a troupe of Spanish dancers, a Spanish Condessa being sent home for political imprisonment, and below in steerage—serving as a kind of background prop—a mob of field laborers also being deported to Spain. The journey is more or less eventful: apart from a whole series of social confrontations, there is a

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riot in steerage, there are several assorted acts of individual violence, and two men die. But these confrontations and events, though they are all the movie ever presents, are not to be taken as constituting either its story or its point. As in the novel, everything that happens on the ship is meant to have reference forward in time or outward in space, to Nazism, to the impending moral collapse of Europe, to the coming Age of Anxiety. But whereas Katherine Anne Porter was trying to say something about evil itself—the evil of Nazism, and more generally, the evil of modern man—Kramer and Mann are concerned with showing how ordinary decent people get *implicated* in evil. I do not mean this contrast to be taken invidiously in itself, for the trouble with Miss Porter's book as a study of evil is that whatever evil may be, it is surely of far too great a magnitude to be illuminated in any important way by such merely repulsive and freakish people as she forces her characters to be. The novel is fussy, genteel, fastidious, and (as these qualities would suggest) steeped in ladylike loathing; to make her Germans a harbinger of Nazism, she found it quite sufficient, aestheticizing lady writer that she is, to expose them as squalid, ugly people. For all that, however, the very intensity of her loathing did succeed in infusing the book with a genuine sense of foreboding which is entirely absent from the film.

The characters in the movie are neither ugly nor repulsive—not even the one outspoken Nazi among them (José Ferrer), who is an absurd and sometimes even a touching clown. They are simply —as the dwarf in a direct address to the audience informs us before we meet them—fools. Kramer and Mann are very little interested in the problem of evil as such; what interests them is the problem of responsibility. And what they wish to say about that problem is something that can be made to sound impressive on paper but has very little force of atmosphere in the film and indeed makes very little comment either on these particular characters or on what they do. The ship's passengers are fools, the script announces, because they will take no risks for fear of being thought foolish. Each in his own private way refuses to strike out to do what he knows he ought to do, and collectively they refuse even to imagine what is then in preparation for the world. Yet so weakly does this idea get communicated by what transpires on the screen that when, near the end of the movie, the doctor makes a passionate speech beginning, "Oh, the things that I have seen on this ship! . . ." one is bewildered as to what he could possibly mean.

For what he has actually seen, what we have actually seen, is a group of searching, suffering, vital movie stars who are sailing into a nightmare about which they know nothing. They are fools only because they have not yet learned what we in the audience have already lived to see: that Nazism is real, that the Nazis are in power, that they will remain in power until millions upon millions are slaughtered and a considerable part of Europe reduced to rubble. In one scene Herr Rieber, the Nazi, expatiates upon his party's plans to get rid of the unfit, the Jews, and all others of inferior blood. The ship's captain—a "decent" German—remarks that he is comforted by Rieber because it is impossible to take such talk seriously. Who can blame him? Even in hindsight, one must battle against a feeling of disbelief. It is, then, from a disagreeable advantage of knowledge that we view the hunger for love of the aging American divorcee (Vivian Leigh), or the Condesa's hunger for drugs, or the doctor's hunger for a bit more of life. And in this ironic relation to them, we do not of course find them foolish. They are that most sentimentally affecting of all creations: the beautiful and the doomed.

THE MATTER does not quite rest there, though, because Abby Mann has saved one great sting for the tail. The last line of the movie, like the first, is a direct address from the dwarf to the audience which says, in effect, that the film is about *us;* these fools are really ourselves. The risks they did not take then are the risks we now refuse to take. We are thus not entitled to the experience of dramatic irony on which the movie is built. We thought we knew something that they did not know, but in fact just as they were fools in the face of evil and served with their acquiescence in the enlargement of that evil, so we too must now be serving in the enlargement of . . . what? For Abby Mann it would be American foreign policy. We know this, because it is an identification he has made before, in *Judgment at Nuremberg.* This time, however, he leaves a blank: fill it in as you will.

Daring? Provocative? Not in the least. Fashionable, rather, and cheap. How we relish being told of our failures, provided these failures are large enough. How we love being told that we are responsible for everything, and particularly for the criminal behavior of others. Abby Mann is not alone these days in trying to create a world of discourse in which all bad things can be equated and all people can be found to have a measure of responsibility for them. That Nazism should so often be used as one term in the equation merely serves to remind us how far we still are—even twenty years after the war—from a willingness to look at it, or to grapple with it: to learn from it any lessons but the facile ones offered so smugly by films like *Ship of Fools* and *Judgment at Nuremberg.*

MIDGE DECTER, *who reviewed* "On the Beach" *and* "Dr. Strangelove" *for* COMMENTARY, *will be writing regularly about films in these columns during the coming year.*

* * *

REFORMERS IN THE GHETTO

Ronald Sanders

THE WORLD of real experience comes hard to American writers. It is rare for them to achieve the kind of spontaneous personal identification with an external social order that was characteristic of the 19th-century European novelists. The American is usually driven by a much greater self-consciousness, whether he deals with the world from inside the academy—making detached formulations about the

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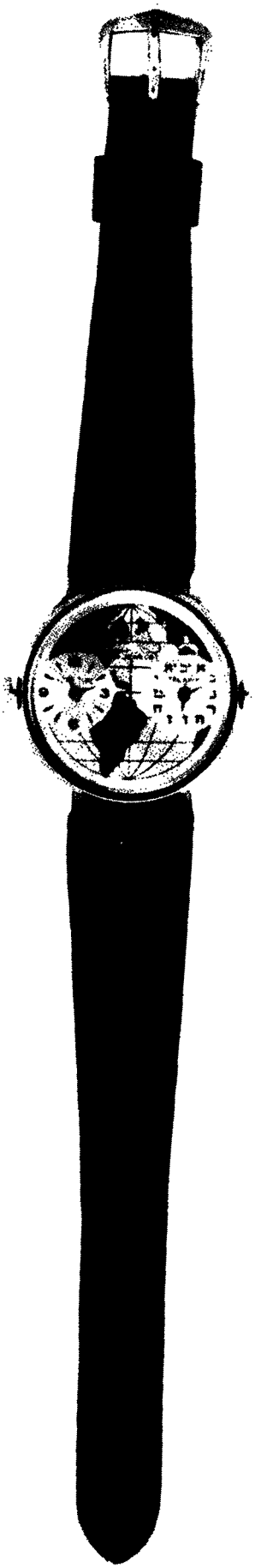
social order he sees (which seems to be the dominant method today) —or charges forth to immerse himself in the alien, the exotic, the dangerous. The latter approach has produced the type of writer-adventurer—like Melville, Jack London, and Hemingway—that epitomizes American literature to the rest of the world. It is a hazardous approach, however, forcing the artist to walk a perpetual borderline between his impulse to write, and a conflicting impulse that is invariably anti-genteel, and often anti-intellectual as well, or even opposed to the pursuit of literature altogether. This borderline seems to be more easily negotiated by those who go off to stark and distant worlds to do battle with nature or invading armies than by those who seek to plunge directly into American social experience. Those writers who choose the second course tend to be transformed from writers into reformers—for this seems to be what the pull of the practical world does to sensitive young Americans with literary gifts. Jean-Paul Sartre, for example, as the offspring of an ancient and firmly established cultural tradition, can rail against the seeming inability of literature to change the social order, and go right on writing; for an American, however, such a moral crisis would more than likely mean taking leave of literature altogether.

It was during the Progressive era that a large number of American intellectuals chose—for the first time since the Enlightenment civilization of the Founding Fathers had come to an end—to involve their lives in the world of political and social problems. In the same way and at the very same time as it was happening in Europe, especially in France, a distinct and independent political class was coming into being in America in the late 1800's, made up of men and women whose lives, in an earlier generation, might have been confined exclusively to the universities and the literary coteries; some of them repudiated completely the literary or academic careers that were otherwise in store for them. When the young Jane Addams, for example, while watching a bull-



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fight one afternoon in Spain, became suddenly overwhelmed by the detached, idle life that seemed to be awaiting her, she cut her European travels short, and sailed back to America; upon arrival she went straight to the immigrant slums of Chicago, where she founded that most characteristically American of reformist institutions—the settlement house. In his later years, Robert Frost often complained about the pull of what he called "sociology" upon potential young American writers—but he might just as well have been talking about his own generation; for even to those young Progressives who could not bring themselves to renounce literary careers, the notion of "sociological writing" was very compelling. What the whaling boat had been for Melville, the political backrooms and the slum ghettos were for the social poets of America at the turn of the century.

Out of this distillation of literary and "sociological" aspirations came the great weekly and monthly magazines of the Progressive era, as well as modern popular journalism, both in its worst and its best manifestations. All of these were alike in being products of the democratic impulse, but while the weeklies and monthlies confined themselves to educating an elite in the problems of democracy, the daily press turned, for the most part, to educating—and selling papers to—the masses themselves. Only rarely did a daily newspaper attempt the kind of literary journalism that prevailed in the magazines and to some extent in the European daily press.

One of the few American dailies that did make such an attempt was the New York *Commercial Advertiser* during the years 1897 to about 1901, when Lincoln Steffens was its city editor. For Steffens, New York was a romance, to be explored with the assiduousness of a scholar examining a hitherto unknown manuscript, and written about with the imaginative fire of a poet. The feature article was more important to him than the news-story, and his ideal writer was a kind of engaged bohemian, ready to linger on in a slum tenement even after the police had made their call, prone to intense conversations with drunks on park benches, not averse even to getting involved in saloon brawls—all for the sake of a story. In quest of the men he wanted, Steffens turned away the professional newspapermen who came to him for jobs, preferring to seek out instead aspiring novelists and essayists from the graduating classes of Harvard, Yale, and Columbia.

AMONG THE best of the writers that Steffens found in this way were the brothers Norman and Hutchins Hapgood, both of whom were graduates of Harvard, beneficiaries, like Steffens himself, of a few carefree post-graduate years in Europe—in Germany, to be exact—and renegades from the genteel academic posts that had been offered them. Though born and brought up in a small town near Chicago, they were of solid New England stock, descended from an ancestor who had settled in Massachusetts in the 17th century—but their passions favored anything that was opposed to their background. As reporters they roamed joyously among immigrants speaking foreign tongues, down-and-out Greenwich Village wanderers, the poor and the defeated of the city. Norman even covered the Yiddish theater for a time—in his capacity as the paper's occasional drama critic—calling upon his knowledge of German to help him follow the plays he went to see in the Yiddish theaters of the Lower East Side.

Another member of Steffens's circle at this time was Abraham Cahan, who was about forty when he came to work for the *Commercial Advertiser*, and already a veteran of about twenty years of experience as a Yiddish journalist and publicist on the Lower East Side; Cahan was also a novelist whose realistic accounts—in English—of life among the Jewish immigrants had won him the praise of critics like William Dean Howells. Cahan's stint at the *Commercial Advertiser* would turn out to be the final stage of his apprenticeship in "American" newspaper techniques which he would go on to apply—beginning in 1903—as editor-in-chief of the *Jewish Daily Forward*. Born and educated in Russia, he was admired by the Hapgood brothers as the prototype of the European intellectual they

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"AN AMAZING MAN, RUBINSTEIN"
The American Record Guide

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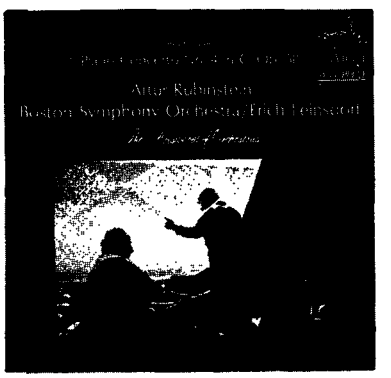

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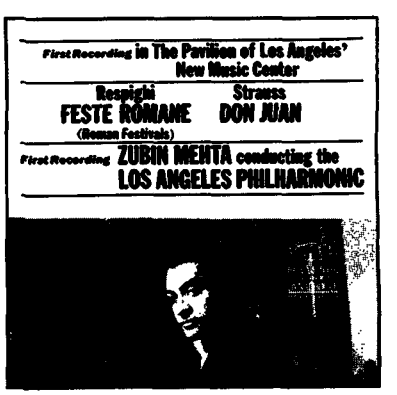

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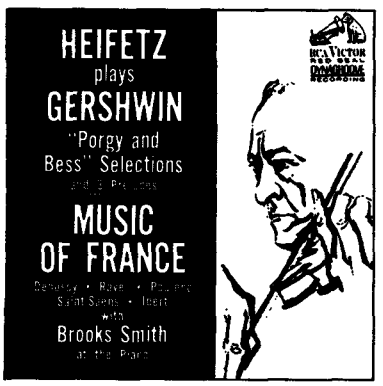

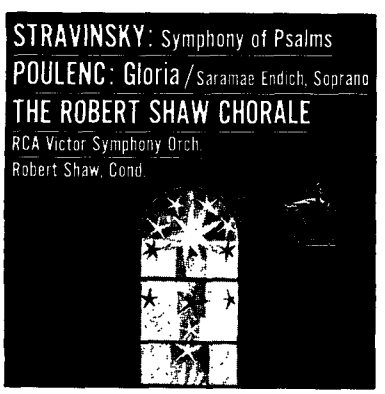
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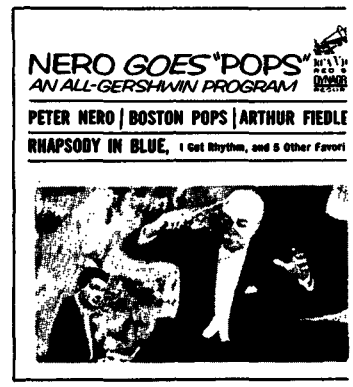
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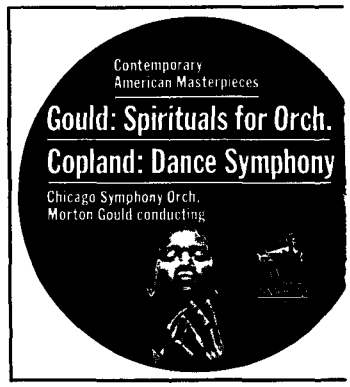

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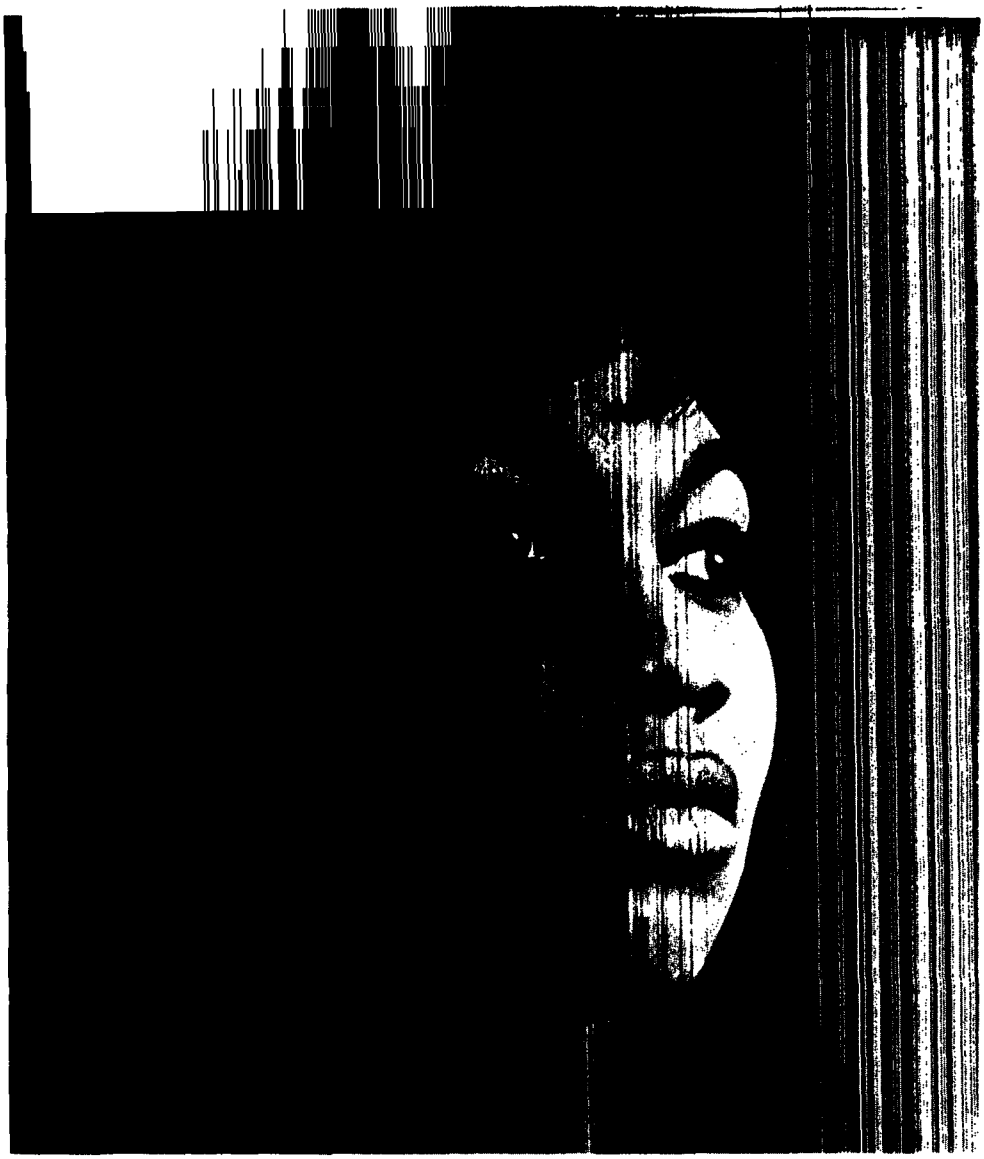
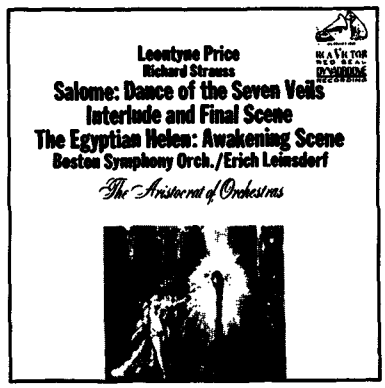
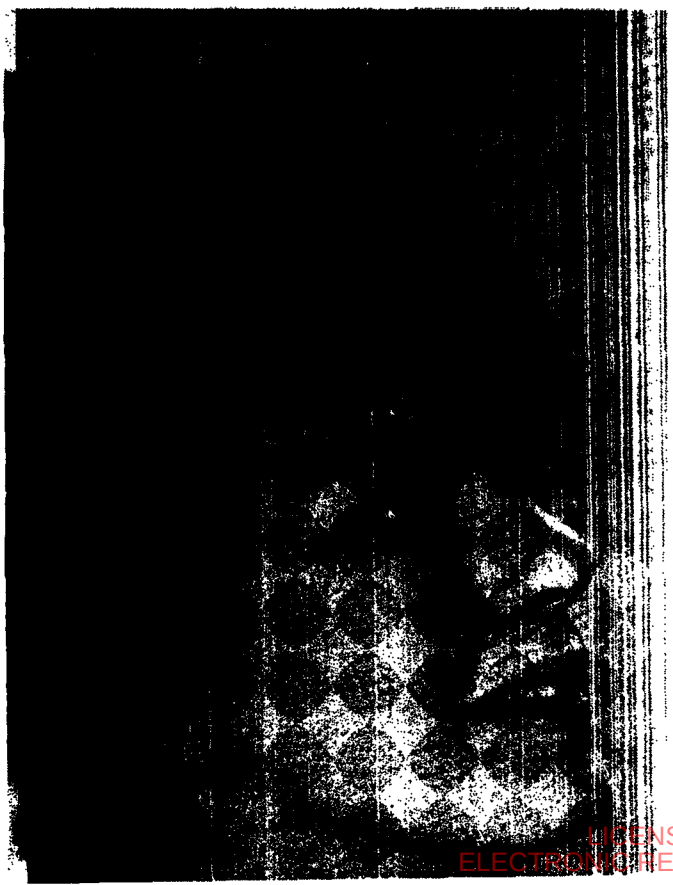


"SALOME—I'LL NEVER SING IT ON THE STAGE"
Leontyne Price

"Never" is a long word, particularly when uttered by a prima donna. In the meantime, you can hear this marvelous final scene as I think Strauss wanted it heard. He wanted Salome sung, not shrieked. Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony also play Salome's Dance and the seldom-heard Monologue from The Egyptian Helen. It is a feeble opera, but this Monologue appears "to have been written in one breathless sentence, a single act of inspiration."
(William Mann's "Richard Strauss; A Critical Study of the Operas.")





I LOVE LUISA

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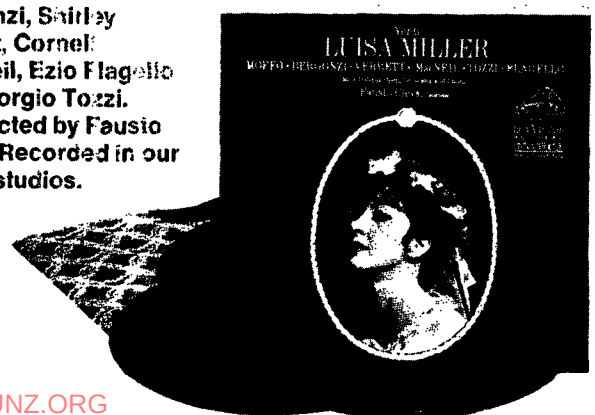

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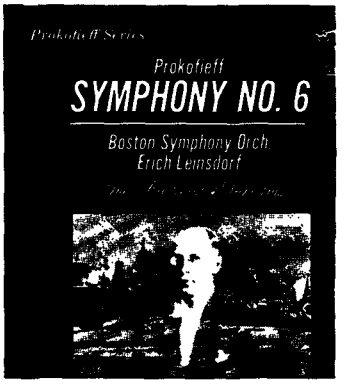

DEBUT OF PETER SERKIN

Artur [illegible] he is "astonished" by Peter Serkin. Eugene Ormandy writes: "I have never seen an all-encompassing musical curiosity such a Peter's." The son of Rudolf Serkin (a great artist who unfortunately does not record for us), Peter makes his debut in an exciting performance of Bach's Goldberg Variations.

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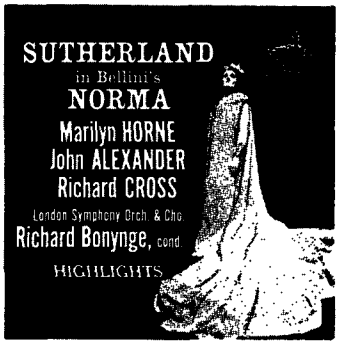
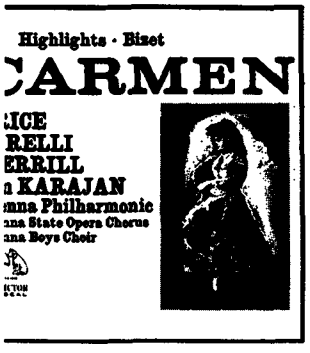
FOR THOSE WHO LIKE A LITTLE OPERA A LOT
(OR A LOT OF OPERAS A LITTLE)
NEW HIGHLIGHTS ALBUMS

Verdi/"RIGOLETTO"/Moffo, Kraus, Merrill — Solti

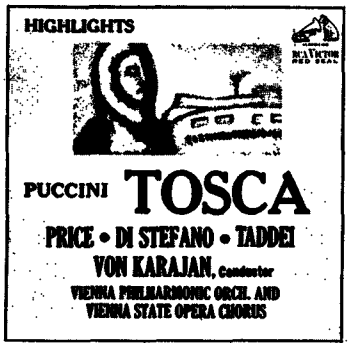


Bellini/"NORMA"/ Sutherland, Horne, Alexander — Bonynge

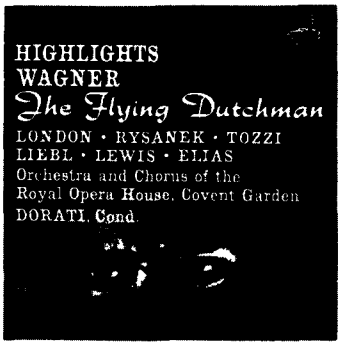
Verdi/"LA FORZA DEL DESTINO"/Price, Verrett, Tucker, Merrill — Schippers



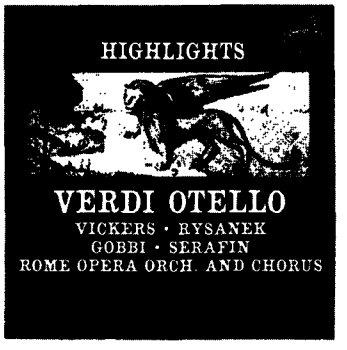
t/"CARMEN"/Price, elli, Merrill — Karajan



Puccini/"TOSCA"/Price, Di Stefano, Taddei — Karajan



Wagner/"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"/Rysanek, Liebl, London — Dorati

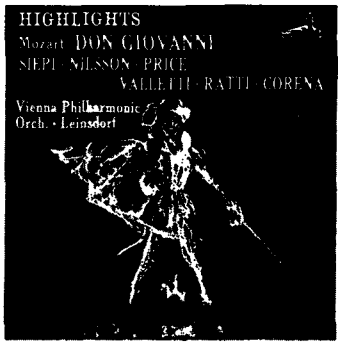


Verdi/"OTELLO"/Rysanek, Vickers, Gobbi — Serafin

cini/"MADAMA TERFLY"/Price, Tucker, s — Leinsdorf

Wagner/"DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG"/Watson, Thomas, Wiener — Keilberth

Mozart/"THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO"/Della Casa, Peters, Elias, London, Corena — Leinsdorf



Mozart/"DON GIOVANNI"/ Price, Nilsson, Valletti, Corena, Siepi — Leinsdorf

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MUCH, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

If you enjoyed the recording of Shakespeare's Othello with Olivier, you will enjoy this production of Much Ado About Nothing by the same company. Zeffirelli directed it, Maggie Smith—a charmer if ever there was one—plays Beatrice; Robert Stephens, Benedick; and Albert Finney, Don Pedro. Shakespeare's verbal wit sounds like music.

You have just read descriptions of a select few recordings. They are representative of all the many super albums which bear RCA Victor's Red Seal. The fame of this label is chiefly due to "the world's greatest artists

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would so much have wanted to be. Cahan acted as a guide to the brothers, taking them with him to the cafés of Canal Street, and introducing them to the Jewish artists, writers, and intellectuals who gathered there, talking and arguing far into the night. For Hutchins, in particular, the experience amounted to a revelation: right there in America, only a few blocks from where he lived and worked, was a world just like the Europe he admired and yearned for, where the life of the spirit was a completely integrated part of everyday existence. And for Cahan, the experience was no less revealing, for he felt he had discovered in Hutchins Hapgood that rare American—by all outward appearances simply a "Yankee"—whom he could nevertheless regard as possessing in full the spiritual qualities of the Russian intellectual.

THEIR association—a successful meeting of two worlds—inspired Hapgood to produce his extraordinary series of sketches of life on the Lower East Side, *The Spirit of the Ghetto.** If not a literary work of the first rank, the book remains an admirable and still highly readable specimen of the literature of intelligent and humane observation. What is perhaps most remarkable about it—considering that it was written by a total outsider—is the degree of sympathy and even personal identification the author achieves with the problems of Jewish immigrant life in New York. Hapgood's attitude is a far cry from the superciliousness of another reformer, Jacob Riis, whose study of the same group of people was published a little over a decade earlier. To Riis, a crusader against the slum tenement, the inhabitants of the rat-infested hovels of the Lower East Side seemed hardly better than their environment, and his book—*How the Other Half Lives*—reads like a compendium of all the

*Originally published in 1902, it has recently been re-issued in a new edition: *The Spirit of the Ghetto,* by Hutchins Hapgood, with drawings by Jacob Epstein, and a new preface and notes by Harry Golden, Funk & Wagnalls, 300 pp., $5.00.

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Land-Rover 109 Station Wagon with Heat Shield Ro

"At 60 miles an hour the loudest noise in this new Land-Rover comes from the roar of the engine"

What makes Land-Rover the most conspicuous car in the world? "There is really no secret," says an eminent Land-Rover enthusiast.

1. "Except for rattles, I am against silence in a car," writes John Steinbeck, a Land-Rover enthusiast, "and I don't know a driver who doesn't want to hear his engine."

2. If this is so, then you may like the Land-Rover very much indeed.

3. Our 4-wheel drive (8 speeds forward, 2 in reverse) masterpiece is not mousey. Its throaty authority is assuring in times of stress; which nowadays is usually.

4. Nor is this claim true only at 60 miles an hour. A Land-Rover is more conspicuous even when it is standing still. With the ignition off.

5. The Land-Rover stands nearl seven feet tall. All its features ten to heroic proportion.

6. Therefore, when driving, you wi simply loom over traffic which pr viously had scared the devil out you.

7. This is not only safe and enjo

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HAWAII

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able, but you will exult to observe how other drivers, awe-inspired by the Land-Rover's casual might, yield in deference.

8. (Small wonder that women are enormously fond of driving Land-Rovers. The easy command of such massive, maneuverable masculinity is heady stuff.)

9. You may have read of tests where "imported cars" fared badly in collisions? It's a pity we weren't in there to help out the side. The Land-Rover is built to resist the charge of a bull rhinoceros; or a bull Lincoln for that matter.

10. The Land-Rover's sturdiness of construction (the under-frame resembles a reinforced section of railway track) makes it ideal for trackless wastes, car pools of small children, wretched ordeals, etcetera.

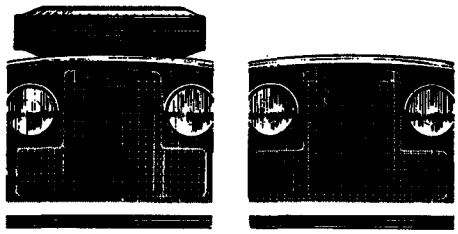
11. There are perhaps 14 Land-Rover hardy perennials ranging from safari cars and campers to police vans and getaway cars. Our most popular passenger models are the 7-seater Model 88 and the 10-seater Model 109 Station Wagons.

11-A. An attractive feature of the '66 Land-Rover is that it is precisely as attractive as the '65.

12. Both of these have capacious rear doors for unloading bulk or people. The unathletic may use the fold-down step.

13. The after compartment has facing seats. This arrangement, although somewhat reminiscent of riding in a caddy-wagon, is extremely sociable. Late at night, it is hilarious.

14. The Land-Rover is available with a spare tire either mounted on the rear door or on top of the hood. The tires are identical in every respect save that it costs $7.40 more to have one on the hood.



LAND-ROVER WITH & WITHOUT TIRE ON HOOD

15. People who feel diffident about driving a Land-Rover with the spare tire on the hood can buy the conventional Land-Rover and save $7.40.

PRICE: The Model 109 Station Wagon illustrated in this advertisement costs $4,034 on the Atlantic Coast, $4,220 on the Pacific Coast; at places in between, it costs in between. The Model 88 Station Wagon (shorter by 1 door) costs about $600 less.

If you would like to listen to the Land-Rover, or to the embarrassingly quiet Mark II Rover Sedan, or to the Rover 2000 Sports Sedan (which has "a little panty mutter when idling that rises to a whispering roar in the lower gears," according to Mr. Steinbeck), please ask any dealer here listed.

(LR) signifies a Land-Rover dealer; (R), a Rover dealer; (R & L R), both.

Thank you.

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ts Cars, Inc. (R;

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od Motors (LR)

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ee (LR)

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Cook Sales & Service (LR)

DEALERS ALSO ACROSS CANADA

(R)

(LR)

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clichés of the day concerning non-Nordic minorities. The Jews are nervous and acquisitive, the Orientals are sinister, the Italians are unsanitary. All of them get their due along with the pious hope that, when the day comes on which the slums are to be cleaned up, their inhabitants, too, will agree to wash and become respectable Americans: honorary Anglo-Saxons like the Danish-born Riis himself.

Yet for all his intolerance, Riis was far more of a real reformer than Hapgood, for there was nothing romantic to him about slum life, and the sooner the slum-dwellers learned American manners and methods of self-improvement the better. For Hapgood, on the other hand, it was precisely the speed and relentlessness with which the younger generation in the Jewish quarter were becoming "Americans" that was to be mourned. He describes, for example, the stages of the typical "education" of a Jewish boy on the Lower East Side, whereby he gradually grows away from his father's values; with a fine sense of the tragic, Hapgood recognizes the benefits of this process, the importance of acquiring an American sense of freedom, for instance, at the same time that he notes sadly the boy's growing impatience with his "greenhorn" parents, the moment when he learns to "prefer Sherlock Holmes to Abraham as his hero." Lincoln Steffens, whose romantic feelings about the Jews on the Lower East Side were quite similar to Hapgood's, made the point even more severely: "Two, three thousand years," he wrote in his *Autobiography*, "of continuous devotion, courage, and suffering for a cause, lost in a generation."

IN THIS matter both Hapgood and Steffens were beginning to show signs of the radical instincts that would come to dominate them in later years, and lead them to a mood of despair about the value of mere reformism. Or, from another point of view—this is certainly the case with Hapgood, at least—the instincts being manifested were not so much political as aesthetic. There is a curious passage, illustrative of this point, in Hapgood's opening remarks about the artists and intellectuals of the Jewish quarter who constitute the subject of most of *The Spirit of the Ghetto:*

> This [the class of artists and intellectuals] is the most picturesque and interesting, although not the most permanently significant, of all. The members of this class are interesting for what they are rather than for what they have been or for what they may become. . . . When they die, they will leave nothing behind them. . . . Most of them are socialists, and . . . socialism is not a permanently nutritive element in the life of the ghetto.

For a man who was himself a writer and an intellectual, and who was to become something of a socialist only a few years later, these are rather skeptical remarks. But, as with so many aesthetes, Hapgood's socialism was less a protest against capitalist society than a reaction against philistinism. Years later, at the end of his life, he wrote that what had drawn him above all else to the Jews on the Lower East Side was "the warmth which they were able to make aesthetic." There is, for example, an entire section in Hapgood's book on the Yiddish poet, Morris Rosenfeld; the various aspects of Rosenfeld's life—his days in a garment sweatshop, his nights spent writing poetry—are seen as an integrated whole, but there is scarcely any discussion at all of the social problems which made up the content of Rosenfeld's writing and passions. The longest chapter in the book is the one devoted to the Yiddish theater and to an admiring discussion of the fury that could be aroused in its audience by the controversy between the romantic and realistic schools of drama. Again, it was Hapgood's concern with the aesthetic that led to the brilliant tour-de-force of his discovery of the young Jacob Epstein, to whom he devotes a chapter, and whom he selected to do for the book a set of illustrations which turned out to be magnificent. The same concern led him to write a chapter about Abraham Cahan as a novelist, rather than as a publicist; but though the essay was a correct estimate of where Cahan's greatest talents lay, it was to prove a mistaken view of the dominant trend of Cahan's life. For Cahan, unlike Hapgood, was a real reformer who had no patience with private, unrealizable utopias, including those he found within his own imagination.

IN THE days when Hapgood was still a dreamy student, scarcely concerned with social and political problems, Cahan was already a vehement revolutionary who had been involved as a youth in Russia in the student radical movements that culminated in the assassination of Czar Alexander II. For several years after his arrival in the United States, Cahan continued to call himself alternately an anarchist and a revolutionary Marxist, but once he was confronted directly with the political machinery of liberal democracy, his practical instincts, hitherto buried, came to the fore. By the time he took over the editorship of the *Jewish Daily Forward* in 1903, Cahan was merely a moderate social democrat—a right-wing position by the standards of the Lower East Side Jewish intelligentsia in those days. Eventually he abandoned all traces of socialism but the label, and in 1936 the *Forward* supported Franklin D. Roosevelt for reelection. It was during this period that Cahan was revolutionizing Yiddish journalism, transforming the *Forward* from a relatively dry socialist tract into a popular, and even sensationalist, daily newspaper, which combined the techniques of European journalism and those of Pulitzer and Hearst. At its peak in the 1920's, the *Forward* was selling nearly a quarter-of-a-million copies a day—no fewer than any of the major New York newspapers—and Cahan in turn had become a kind of father-figure to thousands of Yiddish-speaking immigrants, teaching them how to be good "Americans" in a vast range of matters, from the practice of political democracy to the proper use of the handkerchief.

But there seems always to have been something else hidden behind the firm and even authoritarian mask of Cahan's later years, something which Hapgood had recognized in the young novelist of *Commercial Advertiser* days. Cahan's novels and stories of that time did not by any means con-

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stitute an approval of America, but dealt rather with the tragedy of the breakdown of values that accompanied emigration to the New World. Cahan's doubts about Americanization were really the same as Hapgood's, and it is significant that when Hapgood first met him, Cahan stood at the brink of two possible careers—one as an American novelist, the other as a Yiddish journalist. Perhaps the career he renounced was the one that gave too much scope to his inner doubts. In any case, after taking over the *Forward* in 1903, Cahan stopped writing novels, with one exception: some ten years later, during an illness that took him away from his editorial duties, he produced *The Rise of David Levinsky,* undoubtedly the greatest portrayal of the spiritual tragedy of immigration that we have in American literature. The old passions died hard.

AT THE same time as Cahan was loosening his ties to socialism, Hapgood was moving closer and closer to it. In 1907, he published his study, *The Spirit of Labor,* in which the workingman plays much the same role as the Jew had played in the author's world-view a few years before. "I went to their [the workers'] saloons," he writes, "I visited them in their homes. I was astonished by their practical knowledge of mankind, I was fascinated by their temperament and robustness and joy in life, I was touched by their altruism and feeling of human solidarity." For all his ardor, however, Hapgood's passion for the proletariat must have been a more difficult one to maintain than his earlier passion for the Jews, involving as it did a repudiation of the world of art which was so precious to him.

"The men with temperament among them," he continues to write of the workers, "were intensely alive, so alive that 'art' seemed to them a mere trivial excrescence due to the superfluous well-being of the capitalist class." Hapgood must have felt good getting that off his chest, but he was never able to live by the implications of what he was saying. He went on writing books, including even an occasional novel or play, and—having inherited enough money to take care of his own and his family's needs—whiled away many years in Europe, hoping to find there perhaps the commanding vision that would give wholeness and energy to his life and work. That he ever did so is doubtful, for Hapgood seems to have remained all his life the sort of amiable bohemian he had been in his youthful days in Greenwich Village, always ready to lend an ear to the woes of the guy on the next bar-stool. He never came near to the kind of worldly success enjoyed by Cahan, or by his brother, Norman, who went on to become editor of *Collier's Weekly,* and who served in the administrations of Woodrow Wilson and Alfred Smith.

Yet he did leave behind him an interesting and perhaps important idea; at the end of his life, he summed up the theme of all his writings in this way: "How individuals and groups who represent what might be called the underdog, when they are endowed with energy and life, exert pressures towards modification of our cast-iron habits and lay rich deposits of cultural enhancement, if we are able to take advantage of them."

Is this just a Victorian notion, or can we make such discoveries even in the ghettos of today? It is impressive to realize that now, among the present graduates of Harvard and Columbia, there are no doubt to be found the grandsons of Lower East Side Jews who were admired by Hapgood or taught by Cahan; it would be remarkably appropriate if the future Hapgoods of our own generation's ghettos were to emerge from among them.

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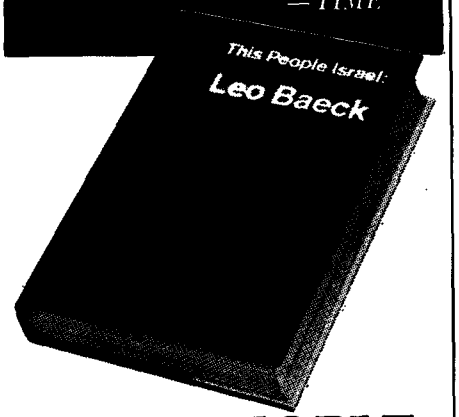

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be the highest after all, that they are up to her first ones. She wrote best in the short story and has left a handful of them at least that are likely to last as long as literacy. When she died at thirty-nine last year, it was with her work done, I think, and work of an imaginative order and brilliance rare in the world at most times, perhaps always in American writing. Her friend, Robert Fitzgerald, has added to the book an introduction that gives at once an intelligent assessment of her work and a view of the harrowing human cost that always has to be paid for writing with the grainy toughness and originality of Flannery O'Connor's. She died of lupus, the blood disease that had also killed her father. Her doctors diagnosed it in 1950 when she was twenty-five and were able to stop it for a time, first with ACTH and then with something even newer than that. But she was forced to go and live on her mother's farm in Milledgeville, Georgia, and in her last years, it was hospitals, ACTH, crutches, gradual wasting, the hospital, a coma, and on August 3, 1964, death. In what appears to have been her one concession to the literary personality, she raised peacocks. But more than any other writer of her generation, she went her own way, and she sent out of Georgia in those years two collections of stories, *A Good Man Is Hard to Find* in 1955, and now *Everything That Rises Must Converge*, that contain some of the surest and most original comic writing ever done by an American.

Her novels are another matter. They suffer, I think, from an excessive violence of conception. They are the children of a rape or, better, of a five-months birth, on their way to being something perhaps very fine, but not there yet. *Wise Blood*, which she brought out in 1952, seems more the work of somebody who has a Master's degree in creative writing from the University of Iowa in pocket—as she had—than a book that has seen its way to saying something. Though the early train scenes have some wildly comic writing, the book as a whole seems as much a product of the determination to write a full-length novel as of anything more august. Ford Madox Ford used to say that nobody should be permitted to write a novel before forty. He was right, of course, and somebody should see to the whole matter, perhaps the Congress. Mistakes about it cost dearly. (Norman Mailer comes to mind, who is now ready to write *The Naked and the Dead*.)

Flannery O'Connor's other novel, *The Violent Bear It Away*, has passages of great and strange beauty—the scenes toward the end, for example, leading up to young Tarwater's walk back to the city—but it makes a mistake that the stories never make: the vehicle plainly does not fit the tenor. The whole novel is based on the idea that young Tarwater has inherited a compulsion to baptize from his mad preacher uncle. At the level of metaphor, the idea is entirely sound: large numbers of people do wish to convert us to their beliefs, i.e., to *baptize* us. But concretely and physically, where metaphor should have its base, it ceases entirely to work, for nobody inherits, I think, and very few acquire, the compulsion to push other persons under water. And it is on a physical drowning, a literal baptizing, that all of *The Violent Bear It Away* centers. I honor the Flannery O'Connor novels. They are mistakes of a promise that nobody else could have managed, and they have passages of great brilliance. But her strength was at the epiphany (a term of Joyce's now unfortunately become jargon), the leading of the reader up to a dazzling revelation in a moment of time or away from that moment on the waves of its resonance. "Good Country People" is an example of the one and "Revelation" of the other. For the longer stretches of time and the wider range required of the novel, she did not have the gift.

Aside from her years at the University of Iowa and a short time in New York and Connecticut, Flannery O'Connor lived her whole life in Georgia, though it is well to remember that the lupus had a lot to do with keeping her there toward the end of her life. She once expressed a desire to go out to California to press her researches into vulgarity, but on the whole she was a rooted Southerner. Louis D.

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Rubin saw her once at a meeting of writers where she was asked "how she felt, as a Southerner, to be writing in the shadow of William Faulkner." And he has recorded her wonderfully laconic reply: "Well, nobody likes to get caught on the tracks when the Dixie Flyer comes through." Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying* was apparently one of a few books she pressed on friends. And her debt to Faulkner is plain, mainly I should say in her refusal to deal with life in abstractions and in her power with regional detail—clay roads, stands of pine, barns, and so forth—and the gritty concreteness of language that are the badge in narrative and in style of that refusal. Her "major" at the Woman's College of Georgia had been the social sciences, and yet in her books to speak the bright language of those studies is infallibly the sign of the fool and generally of the knave as well. In this way, Flannery O'Connor was, I suppose, a Southern writer. The South gave her her terrain and the people she wrote about first and last. And William Faulkner gave her a start at a way of treating them. But her way of seeing them was her own and would have been the same, I think, if she had lived in North Dakota or Nova Zembla. Her writing is so different from that of the other Faulknerians—so different from that of Capote, for example, or the even more girlish Williams—that one is taken even less far than usual by labels like "Southern" or "Faulknerian" when talking about her books.

She owed almost as much, I should say, to Ring Lardner and Nathanael West as to Faulkner. To Ring Lardner, the satirist's trick of catching cliché as it falls and freezes the banality of a life or mind. ("If I can help a person, all I want is to do it. I'm above and beyond simple pettiness," one of her social workers says.) What we hear is the oiliness of that. We hear our attitude. The satirist hears and freezes on the page what is said. Much of Ring Lardner's writing is journeyman stuff, but in four or five stories he proved what nobody would have ventured to imagine: that the methods of classical English satire, the methods of Swift, worked for American life too. He proved that if you let those ballplayers and song-writers and movie-stars talk in their own accents for very long they would explode themselves more shatteringly than anybody could hope to do from the outside. Starting from there—and it tells us something of her independence that she should have started with somebody as much out of fashion as Ring Lardner—Flannery O'Connor went on to make merry with the pretensions of social workers and intellectuals and anxious mothers and wives of Dixie hog-farmers. With an ear as fine as Lardner's own for dialect and for the way of a man with a cliché, Flannery O'Connor had what is even rarer, a conscious and austere control of the art of the story. She avoids the wandering and the sprawl that are the inherent dangers of Lardner's method—however racily the ball-player talks, he often becomes tedious in his brainlessness and illiteracy—by always telling her stories in her own person and thus staying on top of her matter.

Nathanael West's *Miss Lonelyhearts* was another of the books, Robert Fitzgerald tells us, that Flannery O'Connor used to press on her friends. And her debt here, though not plain, is again extensive. To extreme and painful situations she brought, as West did, a great deal of mocking ironic poise. If she has no girls without noses, she has them with artificial legs and with acne-blued faces. She has one-armed men and men covered with tattoos, and she is fond of thrusting this grotesque part of humanity into confrontations with characters more comfortably housed in the flesh. Her purpose in all this, and West's, is not, I think, that of the Fat Boy in Dickens: "I wants to make your flesh creep." Rather, these violent confrontations and the violent action that grows out of them show her willingness to take a chance on the assertion that behind the grotesquerie and violence a God presides. West, using the same surreal methods, questioned that assertion. Miss O'Connor's success in making hers stick in a literary way varies a good deal, from stories like "A Temple of the Holy Ghost," which strikes

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me as rather pat and wan, up through such later brilliant successes as "The Enduring Chill" and "Revelation." The latter is, oddly, her most Westian story. It takes place in a doctor's waiting room and involves a righteous hog-farmer's wife and a fat Wellesley girl with a messy case of acne and an anxious mother. The farmer's wife rattles on, for all the world like Robert Burns's Holy Willie, about God's special favors to her: "If it's one thing I am . . . it's grateful. When I think who all I could have been besides myself, and what all I got, a little of everything, and a good disposition besides, I just feel like shouting, 'Thank you, Jesus, for making everything the way it is.' " The Wellesley girl listens to many minutes of this and then breaks down all over the room, exploding into manic pain and hatred and screaming, "Go back to hell where you came from, you old wart hog." For her pains, she gets a shot in the arm and a trip to the mental ward. This much is out of Nathanael West, but the resolution of the story is Flannery O'Connor's own. The hog-farmer's wife is brought to ask for the first time if 180 pounds of flesh as comfortably appointed as hers can really be headed for hell. The story ends with her being carried out on the waves of that question. Nathanael West has greater range and greater knowledge of the world, but he does not, I think, cut this deep. Flannery O'Connor had from him the daring to face big questions and part of the technical dash to get them stated in fiction, but her way of resolving them was her own.

SHE WAS—that rare thing among Catholic writers in this century—a Catholic born. The Catholicism never gets stated in her stories, but it is always assumed, and it always glimmers in the distance as a kind of unwritten and implied *Paradiso* for the dark comic goings-on in the stories themselves. As an American Catholic, Flannery O'Connor was, of course, a Jansenist. (In America, an occasional Italian escapes this, but not enough to count; the Irish never, at least in my experience—though the late President Kennedy seems to have carried very dashingly whatever Jansenist scars he might have had.) At the end of her life, she liked to read the books of Teilhard de Chardin, one of which provided the title for *Everything That Rises Must Converge*. But her mind and imagination were formed long before this and by teachers less bland. The intellectual source of Catholic Jansenism, so far as it has one, is Pascal, the greatest mind the Catholic Church produced in its last encounter with the world. In order to attack the scientific rationalisms of his century, he had to point to the abyss of spirit they had blithely opened, and in order to attack the pride that he thought animated them, he had to carry further than most Catholic thinkers had done the idea of human depravity. Man's intellect was an abyss of pride and the affections of his heart corrupt. He was saved from his puniness in a universe vaster than he dared to imagine only by the wonderful mercy of God, on whom Pascal is driven to make his desperate wager of faith. This Jansenism has taken many forms in the world and got around in it a good deal. The most famous variant of it is the Irish one, and the most plausible explanation of how it spread and took hold there is that of Sean O'Faolain, who sees it as having been brought over by exiled priests of the *ancien régime* at the time of the Revolution and installed in Irish seminaries such as Maynooth, with the connivance of the British masters of Ireland and in return for assurances of the political conservatism of the clergy. There, supposedly in response to something in the Irish character itself, depravity becomes identified with sex and sin almost co-extensive with sexual sin. And in this form Jansenism reached America with the immigrants. I have gone a long way from Flannery O'Connor and Milledgeville, Georgia in all this, and yet I think that Jansenism, more than anything else, explains both her very considerable power at the short story and her limitations. The pride of intellect, the corruption of the heart, the horror of sex—all these appear again and again in her books, and against them, the desperate assertion of faith.

Out of these themes grows the

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paradigm story, for Flannery O'Connor, like most authors, had a paradigm story which she wrote again and again, in her case a kind of morality play in which Pride of Intellect (usually Irreligion) has a shattering encounter with the Corrupt Human Heart (the Criminal, the Insane, sometimes the Sexually Demonic) and either sees the light or dies, sometimes both. "The Lame Shall Enter First," which is perhaps a better paradigm than story anyway, will illustrate. We meet a social worker named Sheppard—*shepherd,* I suppose, though the author once wrote to a professor of English who had asked about the symbol-value of one of her characters' names, "As for Mrs. May, I must have named her that because I knew some English teacher would write and ask me why." Sheppard, who disbelieves in God and the devil, has undertaken to rehabilitate the thieving club-footed Rufus Johnson by taking the boy into his own household, buying a new shoe for the bad foot, and providing access to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.* Johnson, who at fourteen boasts of his possession by Satan, is the corrupt human heart that Flannery O'Connor saw as beyond the reach of any therapy but the grace of God. He steals, peeps into windows, lies, smashes up houses, dances in Sheppard's dead wife's girdle, and —just at the point where Sheppard admits the failure of therapy— drives his would-be benefactor's son to suicide and goes off insisting to the police that Sheppard had made sexual advances to him.

THAT IS the paradigm, and though not all the stories are written to it, not even all the best ones, a good many are and the point, I think, is that God gets asserted out of the abyss of the human heart. "The Lame Shall Enter First" is itself a reworking of *The Violent Bear It Away,* where the paradigm may also be seen. Variations of it appear in "Revelation" and "The Enduring Chill," where Irreligion appears as mere Conventional Religiousness—low-on-the-hog Protestantism in the one and high-tea Catholicism in the other. The Corrupt Heart can become a pathological killer—the

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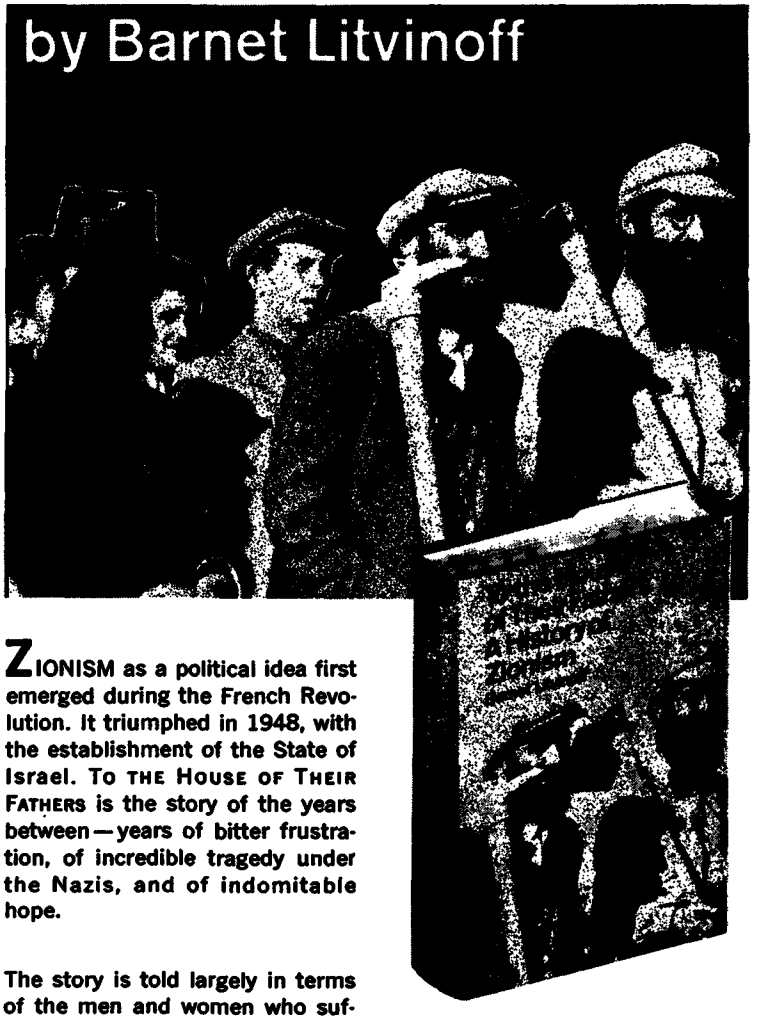

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Misfit in "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," or a shifty Bible salesman in "Good Country People" or a whore in "The Comforts of Home." In a somewhat lower key, the red-neck grandfather in "The Artificial Nigger" is appalled to discover himself capable of telling a lie denying kinship with his own grandson.

Though I have dwelt at some length on the horror of sex as an element in American Jansenism and in Flannery O'Connor's books, I do not wish to overstate this, because it seems to me that her record in the whole matter is better than that of almost any Catholic writer of the century. "Good Country People" is a story a man would give his right arm to have written. Manley Pointer, an itinerant Bible salesman, leads Hulga Hopewell, a thirty-two-year-old Ph.D. in philosophy—she tells him she is only thirty, a great stroke—into a barn, where, after not quite seducing her, he steals her wooden leg. Sex here is both terrible and wildly funny. Yet "Good Country People" alone among the Flannery O'Connor stories explodes out of the kind of encounter between a man and a woman that Chekhov thought of as the most basic of human and fictional situations. For the rest, she has so many stories about households with feuding mothers and daughters or mothers and sons that her work, read in the aggregate, begins to take on the repressed, house-bound quality that life has in that Irish Jansenism I have talked about, the exact thing that Joyce planted a bomb under in *Portrait of the Artist* and sent a burying party to deal with in "The Dead." Outside of "Good Country People," even in it for that matter, sex generally has something of the demonic about it for Flannery O'Connor—the homosexual attack on young Tarwater in *The Violent Bear It Away*, for example, or the club-footed boy leering in at windows in "The Lame Shall Enter First."

IN TALKING OF her obsession with human corruption, I have not wanted to suggest that Flannery O'Connor spent all her evenings or even any of them with the volumes of Pascal. She often insisted, though, that she was Catholic of the old school and made no bones about her disdain of those who would make of religion a set of symbols with perhaps a certain literary use in the world. Her mind and imagination were formed in the Catholicism preached from American pulpits, taught in parochial schools, and whispered in confessionals. Her story, "The Enduring Chill," has a wry, affectionate portrait of a Father Finn which hits off beautifully the type that American Jansenism has so often produced. He is the type that American seminaries appear for many years to have bred and, on the whole, it was not a bad choice. Father Finn is half-blind and half-deaf, and has a grease-spot on his vest. He has no intellectual attainments, but he is kindly and morally serious. Men like him kept the faith and dispensed the sacraments, the offices in which they chiefly shine, through the wreck of faith in the 19th century when even so great a collector of lost causes as Matthew Arnold abandoned that of religion as impossibly lost.

When they have tried to raise this Jansenism to intellectual expression, however, they have generally fared less well. The books of the American Jesuit critic Fr. Harold Gardiner are an example. Writers are all right with Fr. Gardiner, or mostly so, if they observe the Sixth and the Ninth Commandments.* This is sometimes called Fr. Gardiner's Range. Writers observe these two Commandments when they represent copulation as taking place on weekdays, outside of Lent, in months with an R in them, with one's wife in a received Western position, without looking. I may have left something out, but it is many years since I have been able to get through any of Fr. Gardiner's books. The scheme seems overly simple, and I admit there is an element of caricature in it, but what has always astonished me about Catholic writing in this century is that, despite the subtle minds it has produced (Mauriac, for example) and the formidably accomplished writers (Waugh, for example), it has always taken essentially Fr. Gardiner's view of sex (with Ford Madox Ford the one considerable exception). More than anything else, this horror of sex has robbed Catholic writing of the range, the sanity, and the shrewd and generous humanity that it had when Geoffrey Chaucer rang for the last time the great Catholic bell and rang it in plague-time too.

*According to Jewish and Protestant teaching, these would be the Seventh and Tenth Commandments—ED.

SOME YEARS AGO, and before he went on to higher things, Conor Cruise O'Brien wrote an acute book of literary criticism, *Maria Cross*, in which he dealt with recurring "imaginative patterns" in eight Catholic writers—Mauriac, Bernanos, Greene, Waugh, and others, all of them worlds removed from Flannery O'Connor. Her writing in general owes almost nothing to theirs, though Manley Pointer has something perhaps of Waugh's Basil Seal about him. So it is the more remarkable to find behind Miss O'Connor's writing the exact pattern that O'Brien has found behind that of her European fellow Catholics and near contemporaries: a pattern of intense and incommunicable pain arising from sex and transformed by religion into art. It is, of course, a Jansenist art, and it arises this way: "Man remains nailed to his mother. When he seeks to break loose, to find 'paradise' in loving another woman, he becomes aware of his crucifixion. Crucifixion—in which the cross [the woman] suffers equally with the sacrifice [the man]—is punished for being the cross, is the only form of love." All the writers that O'Brien was talking about were men, but when the necessary changes have been made, his idea will work for Flannery O'Connor's books too. O'Brien says further of these writers: "Through their acceptance of the holy mysteries, of the cross, they turn what might have been—what is, perhaps, in many—a private and incommunicable suffering, into public utterance and communion with others. . . . The individual's private suffering partakes of, is the same as, the general sufferings of humanity. The sense of history reaches the writer not intellectually, through the acceptance of a program—as with a Stalin prizeman—but from below, through all the deepest feelings

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which animate his work." As surely as it is behind the comic writing of Waugh, this pattern is also behind the comic writing of Flannery O'Connor. The pain and the acceptance of pain are behind the art, which is where they surely belong, not in it. This it is that enables Waugh to take the long view, to write with immense comic assurance of the most painful kinds of human experience—death itself, for example, or cannibalism for that matter. In the same way, Flannery O'Connor fits into a comic view of the world such things as manic killers, deformed bodies, intense hatreds, and violent deaths. With all of this, her comic art, like Waugh's, is able to live as merry as cup and can. The one thing that both of them find too terrible in the world to contemplate is ordinary sexual experience, love as anything other than a crucifixion—though it must be granted that both writers are admirably open when put against a Mauriac or a Graham Greene.

Lawrence Durrell has written somewhere that D. H. Lawrence had one important idea, the idea of a good lay, but had made the mistake of trying to build the Taj Mahal around it. James Joyce had more than one idea but nonetheless built *Ulysses* around the same one, the *yesses* at the end. To spiritualize sex, as Lawrence does, or to give it an importance it does not have, as Joyce does, is no less a mistake than the Jansenist insistence that it is not there at all, or if it is, that it is too painful to contemplate. Henry Miller is closer to sanity in the whole matter, I think, and I mean specifically the low comedy sex episodes in a few of his books, not the lowing that arises when he begins to think world thoughts. We have here the spectacle of three writers variously gifted but all in full flight from historical Christianity—Joyce from Irish Jansenism, Lawrence from English Dissenting Protestantism, and Miller from German-American Lutheranism. What they are all fleeing is the Jansenist or Calvinist—and they come to much the same thing—nightmare of sex. It is more than a remarkable fact that they found it necessary to do so. To do their work, they needed to connect with ordinary life over a range of experience that the Christianity they knew did not permit. They have surely made their own mistakes, but Catholic writing has much to learn from them. Pascal himself has a sentence that fits the case: "Greatness is not displayed by standing at one extremity but rather by touching both ends at once and filling all the space between." A Chaucer managed it, for a time at least, but of course there are not many of those. On the other hand, there is no reason to close off the possibility. *Ab esse ad posse* is an argument that keeps its force. Catholic writing has often had in this century great austerity and control, as it has again in the stories of Flannery O'Connor. It can never make peace with the world, but I think at last it is going to have to make its peace with Henry Miller. The cost of not doing so is the loss of range and humanity and the retreat to an ever more waspish perfection in ever smaller literary forms. That is the direction in which Flannery O'Connor's writing sometimes fails. "The Comforts of Home," for example, does "Good Country People" over in reverse gear, which is more ingenious than efficient. And *Everything That Rises Must Converge,* which has excellent and varied stories, has none as raucously funny as "The Artificial Nigger" or "The Life You Save May Be Your Own" in her earlier collection. She would not go wider than her ground, and nobody could have gone deeper there.

She had done her work, I think, when she died and done it very well. It is all native stone of her own quarry. She found the human heart a pretty dark place, as most writers have done who have cared to look very long. But she was not a hater, and she never trafficked in despair. She did much of her writing with death more or less in the next room but went on until she had sent into the world the tough and brilliant comic stories of which all readers now become, in an old formula, the heirs and assigns forever. "Nothing is here for tears . . . nothing but well and fair."

WARREN COFFEY *teaches English at the University of San Francisco.*

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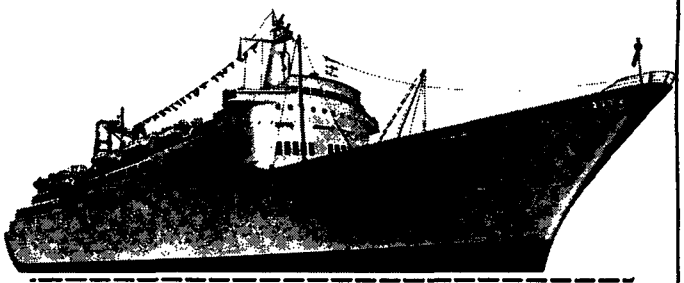

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REVISING THE UNTHINKABLE

ON ESCALATION. By HERMAN KAHN. *Praeger. 308 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by GEORGE KATEB

IT WOULD be nice to hate Herman Kahn with an easy conscience. But even *On Thermonuclear War* (1960), his first and willfully *épatant* book, contained some reflections that weakened the urge to write him off as a sadist or a surrealist. His next book, *Thinking about the Unthinkable* (1962), was blander in tone, easier to read and, though faithful in all particulars to the message of the first book, allowed his humane side to appear more readily. With the publication of *On Escalation,* it becomes even harder to abuse Kahn: this new book not only brings his humane side into prominence, it also represents a substantial change in the very essence of his thought. It should be welcomed by all who are oppressed by the state of foreign affairs in the thermonuclear age—welcomed, however, with a fair amount of judicious reluctance. There is no need now to love Kahn; that would probably only embarrass him anyway. Rather, fairness dictates even more than ever that he cease being the object of hysteria.

The really terrible thing about Kahn's first two books was the expressed readiness to contemplate the use of thermonuclear weapons in responding to Soviet provocation. Kahn was perfectly aware of the way in which the existence of these weapons had profoundly changed the nature of politics and warfare. No one could charge him with a failure to observe the radical discontinuity with the past: war had ceased to be, *in any simple sense,* an instrumentality of politics. Kahn insisted, however, that war could still be seen as a desperate but rational means to the great traditional ends of political aspiration, provided many new facts were taken into account, many new arrangements contrived, old patterns of thought replaced by startling new ones. Times had changed, but had not changed enough to abolish general war as an element in the calculations of power, as a genuine choice in the thermonuclear age. Men on the Left (Bertrand Russell, C. Wright Mills, Erich Fromm) held that advocating the strategic use of thermonuclear weapons was in fact insane, and that the retention of these weapons for the "minimal" purpose of deterring a direct thermonuclear attack on the United States or its allies was not far from insanity. More moderate men accepted—and still accept—the idea of deterrence, while shrinking from any further thermonuclear employment. Kahn, on the other hand, was prepared to adopt a quite literal-minded approach to the subject: weapons are made to be used, and it was about time that somebody took the trouble to educate the public about the details, no matter how disgusting those details turned out to be.

Disgusting they indeed were. And after every conceivable trick of generosity was performed in his favor—and a good many were performed by unexpected people like H. Stuart Hughes—one plain fact could not be obscured. Kahn maintained that the United States should initiate the use of thermonuclear weapons when faced by serious Soviet provocation. That is, if the United States thought that its interests or honorable commitments were gravely threatened by some Soviet move involving subversion or conventional warfare or both, this country could reasonably resort to thermonuclear weapons to redress the balance. With this basic assumption made, Kahn went on to engage in that speculation—at first fascinating, but after a while boring as only the macabre can be—for which he became famous. He subtilized the doctrine of massive retaliation. We were treated to thoughts about the modes and degrees of thermonuclear response, the differences between the death of one-third of a population and the death of one-half, and the potentialities for stoicism liberated by the semi-Hobbesian state of life after the Soviet thermonuclear rejoinder to our thermonuclear response. All of this was decked out in tables and charts, and mixed together with observations (many of them brilliant) on almost everything political or military, past, present, and future. And at the bottom (or center) of the whole argument was a plea for that most wondrous of bureaucratic daydreams, that most lavish of political swindles, civil defense. Now and then, Kahn's common sense proved irrepressible. He could write: "I believe that, in the long run, a purely military approach to the security problem can lead to disaster for civilization, and by long run I mean decades, not centuries." And: "If one seriously pictures the world over the next fifty years, and perhaps just the next ten years with arms control and without arms control, he is almost compelled to conclude we will and should be actively and earnestly seeking *arms-control* agreements." But common sense was obliterated by the self-contained and self-delighting exercise in realism, sustained over nearly seven-hundred pages.

ON ESCALATION is not exactly a recantation, but it comes quite close to being one. Some of Kahn's old habits stick to him; there are, for example, a dozen tired pages on the desirability of civil defense. The main tendency of his thought, however, has changed, even though Kahn does not make a formal acknowledgement of that change. In fact, the book is organized in such a way as to lead the unsuspecting reader to believe that it is primarily an elaboration of a concept that Kahn had already used in *On Thermonuclear War,* and that it therefore could fit comfortably into the larger intellectual structure erected in the earlier work. To believe that, however, would prevent one from taking the measure of what Kahn has done. Most important, he has given up the view

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that the United States should retaliate to Soviet (or Chinese) nonnuclear provocation by using nuclear weapons (of any size or description). It must be added that Kahn does list four situations in which we might be justified in having recourse to nuclear weapons: a Soviet invasion of Europe; a Soviet or Chinese attack on Japan, or on India; and "a particularly flagrant act of aggression by China or the Soviet Union that clearly 'violated current conventions.'" Even in these cases, however, Kahn thinks that it might be better to absorb major defeats than to launch a nuclear attack.

Why, then, has Kahn altered his position? He is not systematic in his reasoning, and the most remarkable statements or conclusions often appear rather casually. The heart of the matter seems to be that even one use of nuclear weapons, by any power, for any purpose, will enormously stimulate the desire of non-nuclear nations to possess nuclear weapons, and thus eventually lead to an uncontrollable proliferation. It is Kahn's opinion that American interests, at least, are best served if the possession of nuclear weapons is as restricted as possible. The seventh chapter of *Thinking about the Unthinkable* contains Kahn's most careful assessment of the perils of proliferation, which range from "greater opportunities for blackmail, revenge . . ." to "greater danger of inadvertent war" to "diffusion of nuclear weapons to irresponsible private organizations." From the very start Kahn has been obsessed by the problem of proliferation; he has gone so far as to state that he did not think that thirty or forty years could pass without a terrible tragedy caused by proliferation, unless the international political system had been radically modified. For all that, barring some miracle, or some burst of extraordinary wisdom, nothing can prevent proliferation.

If it is thus impossible to stop others from acquiring their own nuclear weapons—and some seem determined to get them even without the stimulus provided by their use by one of the great powers—the next best thing is for a tradition of non-use to be firmly established in the world. Kahn does not suggest that this tradition, by itself, will save the world. On the contrary, when all his scattered expressions of pessimism are brought together, one is left with a horrifying fatalism, a sense that before the world can be made better, it must undergo a devastating thermonuclear experience. Despite that, the tradition of non-use is one source of some feeble hope. He strongly recommends that the United States pledge itself not to be the first to use nuclear weapons, and to keep them only to deter their use by others. Quite in passing, Kahn lets drop the comment that, generally speaking, " . . . the initiation is as likely to come from us." What Kahn is doing, remarkably enough, is asking the United States to be more forbearing than he thinks it will incline to be. (One would like to know Kahn's reaction to the recent revelations made by President Eisenhower. Twice his administration threatened to use nuclear weapons against a *non-nuclear* power: first in 1953, to compel China to negotiate an end to the Korean war; and again, in 1958, to compel China to leave Quemoy and Matsu uninvaded.)

Kahn is now convinced that, should a nuclear war break out, " . . . it is almost certain that the risk of further escalation or eruption would dominate or over-shadow the issues around which the conflict originally revolved"; and that furthermore, "In an age of increasing weapons invulnerability, the outcome of even a general war is likely to be inconclusive whether it is fought in a carefully controlled fashion with relatively little unintended collateral damage to civilians, or whether it is fought indiscriminately." The upshot is that Kahn has accepted the imperatives of common sense: nuclear warfare simply cannot be rationally considered as an instrument of foreign policy.

THE PITY is that only a small part of *On Escalation* is devoted to defending common sense. The bulk of the book consists in the effort to produce a schematic theory of escalation, of the possible sequences of action in a time of grave crisis. Not all crisis is dealt with, but only crisis in which the main antagonists could play a complex game requiring both conventional and nuclear armaments of the most diverse and sophisticated kind. That must mean having the United States pitted against the Soviet Union, with the rest of the world cast in the roles of bystanders, innocent victims, unwilling allies and co-sufferers, irritants, troublemakers, and residuary legatees.

There are forty-four rungs to the ladder of escalation, going from "ostensible crisis" to "spasm or insensate war"; there are six thresholds or points at which the struggle suffers a qualitative change, the most important of which is the decision to use nuclear weapons. Kahn's intent is to suggest the stages by which the United States (or Russia) could intensify its involvement in a crisis, constantly taking risks, while avoiding excess and impulsiveness, and trusting that, sooner or later, the other side will back down or give up. Kahn has something enlightening to say about each of the rungs; his *obiter dicta* are numerous and valuable; his

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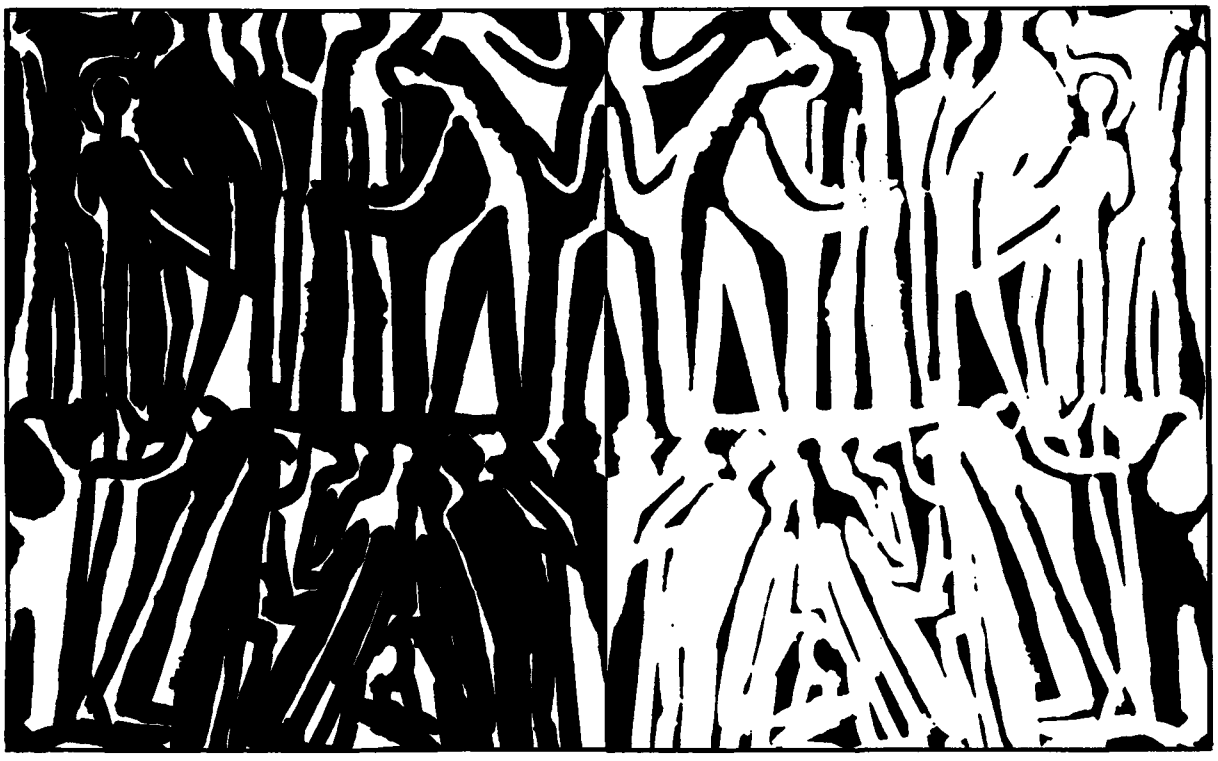

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sense of the multifariousness of political motivation is remarkable; his intermittent disenchantment with his own theory is disarming. Yet for all its virtues, the main body of the book is still a waste of intellectual effort.

It would be philistine to deny a man the exuberance of his imagination; but it is surely strange to see Kahn's talents squandered on such a *politically* implausible condition as a really major confrontation of the United States and the Soviet Union. Apart from the question of Eastern Europe, there are no conflicts of interest between the United States and the Soviet Union. And that question, significant as it is, is not one to be decided by force, or the threats of force, but by the workings of time. Kahn himself says that judged by the standard of whether nuclear war has actually been deemed "thinkable" by American and Soviet leaders, no crisis since the end of World War II has been "intense." In a footnote, Kahn persuasively argues that even the Cuban missile crisis did not include the possibility of a calculated nuclear strike by the United States on Russia.

The present tendencies, projected into the foreseeable future, would appear to continue to lessen the chances of a direct Soviet-American confrontation of the proportions required for Kahn's analysis to be at all useful. The troubles of the world may sometimes call for violent remedies; but they are not open to solution by escalation into nuclear warfare. All but the few lower rungs of Kahn's ladder stand for nuclear policies that are not technically available to most countries, and that are not moral or prudent for Russia or America. Certainly, the mere existence of nuclear weapons is a constant threat to the peace between the United States and the Soviet Union: accident or unauthorized action could bring about a crisis that perhaps only the refined techniques of selective punishment elegantly described by Kahn would settle. If that is so, Kahn should write a book on arms control, in which accident and unauthorized action would be the central preoccupation. It would be hard to think of anyone who could do a better job.

DISCERNMENTS

THE KING OF THE CATS. By F. W. DUPEE. *Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 224 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by V. S. PRITCHETT

MR. DUPEE first became known to me through his lucid book on Henry James in the American Men of Letters series. One had seen so many critics chew this subject into a fine powder that it was refreshing to find the master recognizable and whole again. Mr. Dupee was not one of those critics who create pretentious "Problems." He seemed also outside the mainstream of American criticism: how did he get on without announcing a critical Constitution, without which a writer may be accused in Calvinist quarters of being "light and chaffy"? I understand that Mr. Dupee has been well-known in New York for his extra-literary commitments; *The King of the Cats,* self-denyingly, contains nothing on the subject, but there is an answer to the general question in this miscellany of literary essays. It occurs in some extracts from a memorial essay on André Gide, which appeared in the *Columbia Review* in 1951.

Gide's enormous success in America had been due to some extent to one of those fashions in revelation which hit every decade; but it was also a response to a need for conversation in a culture rigidly based on monologue. Mr. Dupee puts the matter more exactly. Gide, he says, helped to rehabilitate the word "amateur" which has been made disreputable by the "modern pride in 'pure' creation and unremitting professionalism."

Gide, Mr. Dupee goes on to say correctly, was not one of the greatest artists of his time. He was not a Proust, a Rilke, an Eliot or a Yeats—"but it remained for him to make explicit and to make exciting the minimum faith, the practical faith in self by which they all necessarily lived and wrote, and without which they would have been helpless. Hence his own tireless habit of self-cultivation." That is a faith worth sticking to in the hope that some small deposit of it will be saved and picked up again when our present barbarities de-

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cline, for it is fertilizing. It is indispensable to civilization—when that occurs again. In any case, Mr. Dupee's criticism aspires to this ideal and must be a godsend to one or two students at Columbia. Around him criticism may be dogmatic, dynamic, and heavy with manufactured knowledge, but not for him the labor pains of high-principled elephants who "major" without shame. He is not out for the maximum. (It was not the object of the great creative imaginations of literature, or even the lesser ones, to add to the store of advantageous knowledge.) Mr. Dupee relies, I would gather, with deceptive lightness on that saying of Edmund Wilson's that the critic "knows what he knows." A theory may help, if it helps one to a finer sense of the pleasure of the imagination. But Mr. Dupee makes what he modestly calls "remarks": modesty meaning not raising his voice. These move forward to his real object: discernment. Discerning, we may exchange discernments and create an ambience in which literature can live.

To DISCERN, a critic must write courteously and clearly. His criticism must not be machined by those abstractions and generalizations that are a substitute for sensibility to the subject. I take Mr. Dupee's reputation as a sign that accomplishment and ease may be coming back into a kind of writing that for a generation has got its sentences caught in a grinder. Scowls about the "biographical fallacy," for example, do not disturb him: he *likes* to draw a portrait; what he *likes* he does; and soon sees what has point. The energy Yeats puts into creating the conditions of his life has a bearing on his poetry and on his "poise born of conviction." Of Gertrude Stein it is important to understand the nature of her "prodigious and largely good-humored will to power." She had "no quarrel with culture, with history, with the self," as Eliot, Pound, Joyce, and Yeats had. The full portrait here really feeds the criticism; it is a discovery of the person and a definition of the talent the person embalmed. And discovery of this kind demands from the critic an open, tolerant

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and decisive mind. The pleasure, for the reader, is in the rising expectation of Mr. Dupee's clinching "remark."

Turn to Richard Burton of *Arabian Nights* fame: it is important to understand the egomania of Burton; it drove him to trying to be a Victorian on Regency terms. The garrulous bad writing—and his failure as an explorer looking for the source of the Nile—are due to an obsession with taking notes in the manner of a Victorian catalogue-maker. Again, the story of the Duke of Windsor turns out to be not a Romance but, like life, a sort of mistake, an incompetence, decent but naive. Or again, the question of what is life and what is art makes Mr. Dupee say of *Lolita* that it is partly a grotesque comedy, "partly an unsubdued wilderness where the wolf howls—a real wolf howling for a real Red Riding Hood." That "remark" explains why *Lolita* is one of the best accounts of travel in the United States that has ever been written by a foreigner. About Proust—a brilliant study—it would be "a singularly unwary reader" who concluded from Proust that society is a fraud. The characters achieve what they intended: they live completely in their imaginative self-projections.

THERE ARE essays on Dylan Thomas—*Under Milkwood* is "a liquefied Welsh version of Joyce's Dublin Nighttown"—on Thomas Mann, Malamud, Powers, Charles Chaplin, a reviewer's mixture. The Chaplin piece was by far the most thoughtful thing done on Charlie's autobiography when it appeared and, in hard covers, it still stands up.

The essay on Dickens's *Letters* is original. Many critics found the letters un-Dickensian. It remained for Mr. Dupee to ask why the manner and moral tone of the letters did differ from the manner and moral tone of the novels. Boz writes the novels; Dickens watches and enjoys to the uttermost what Boz has made him: a figure of power, the friend of the world and the tycoon who likes to run everything—"in his householding capacity he combines the scruples of an ambitious hostess with the vigilance of a concierge." His letters pulsate with ambition, yet they show him amiably sharing his celebrity with his correspondents of all classes. He is an eager man of action writing from the thick of events. He is "able to avoid the nemesis of egomania by splitting his ego up," Boz being identified with the taboos and melodramatic judgments of the Victorian reader, the letter-writer drawing quite different conclusions from daily experience. In his letters he is capable of finding self-respect in a genteel prostitute; he even finds a duke charming. Life was a relief, after the demands of art; he tore up all the letters he received and, one suspects, gave his own letters no more importance than he gave to his passing breath. Mr. Dupee notes that the great man did not engage in long correspondence with great artists. He preferred less exigent company.

In short, Mr. Dupee's criticism is of the kind that creates an ambience. It is not the classroom, it is not the library; it is that indefinable place where life and the writer have had their meetings. It is a place where only fineness of mind, and the quiet authority that goes with it, can count.

THE PASTOR AND THE JEWS

THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS. By POUL BORCHSENIUS. *Simon and Schuster. Five volumes: 220, 242, 217, 236, 216 pp. $12.95 boxed.*

Reviewed by LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ

POUL BORCHSENIUS, a Lutheran pastor in Randers, Danish Jutland, was called the "shooting priest" during World War II by the German occupants of his country because he blew up railroad lines connecting Germany and Norway. Thanks to him, all the twenty or so Jews of Randers, mostly doctors and civil servants, were safely transported to Sweden in 1943. At the end of 1943, when the Germans came too close to Borchsenius's trail, the Danish underground sent him and his family to safety in Sweden, where he lived with refugee Danish Jews until the end of the war. Later he visited Israel: his Protestant associations with the Holy Land were overlaid with fresh images of Israelis reconquering the

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desert. His disparate experiences with Jews before, during, and after the war must have intrigued him, and he plunged into a reading of Jewish history.

The product of his researches, a miniature five-volume history, was published in Denmark between 1954 and 1960 and subsequently translated and published in England. That edition, its English idiom and spelling intact, has now been reproduced here for the American market. The five books are a capsulized universal history, whose first volume, *The Son of a Star,* is an account of the Jewish wars of 66-70 C.E., the destruction of the Second Temple, and the fall of Jerusalem. The story then moves to the Golden Age in Spain in *The Three Rings.* The third book, *Behind the Wall,* describes the pre-Emancipation period in Central and Eastern Europe. The fourth, *The Chains Are Broken,* tells the story of the Jewish Emancipation and, for good measure, gives a kaleidoscopic account of European anti-Semitism from Wilhelm Marr to Alexander III, Jewish emigration to America, and the rise of the Zionist movement. The final volume, *And It Was Morning,* begins with a brief treatment of Nazi Germany and Soviet anti-Semitism, but is mostly devoted to a rhapsodic treatment of modern Israel.

BORCHSENIUS is the latest addition to a long line of distinguished and not-so-distinguished Christian historians of Jews, going back to Jacques Basnage (1653-1725). Some, motivated theologically or teleologically, approached Jewish history as friends, Higher Critics, or outright foes (the Balaam among them, who came to curse but stayed to bless, was the Russian jurist Sergei Aleksandrovich Bershadsky). Others, eminent scholars, mastered Talmudic and rabbinic sources; among them were George Foot Moore, R. Travers Herford, James Parkes, and W. D. Davies. Still others were more dilettantish, like the Englishman Henry Hart Milman, a Dean of St. Paul's, whose sympathetic *History of the Jews* (1830) expressed his own liberal and rationalist theological views.

Borchsenius is in the Milman tradition. His is no academic history. He has neither scholarly pretensions nor appurtenances (not even an index). The most familiar chapters of Jewish history are retold so simply that at times the books read like a juvenile text. I feel it may be rather churlish to mention that there are errors aplenty—for how could he assimilate all that material? (He refers to a specific Passover: " . . . all the bells were ringing for service. . . .") The historical narrative is interspersed with anecdotes, legends, and folklore, the intriguing myth often supplanting the duller reality. Borchsenius frequently intrudes himself into the historical account and transforms an exotic past into a tourist's commonplace:

> Sitting on the hard, uncomfortable chair of a pavement cafe, sipping a diminutive cup of scalding-hot Turkish coffee, I have watched the same scenes that were enacted when Sabbatai Zevi grew up in these streets 300 years ago, and it was easy to evoke the past and see the events as they occurred.

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takes, and mistranslations (Maimonides's *Moreh Nebukhim* becomes a "Guide to the Deluded"), Borchsenius's history interests because it is such a personal record, a sort of alter ego of his wartime self. He does not shrink from confronting the superstition and cruelty of Christian anti-Semitism, nor is he content as a Lutheran to make the Catholic Church the scapegoat for Protestant anti-Semitism. He faces Luther's anti-Semitism candidly: " . . . to a member of the Church which bears his name it is deeply humiliating to reflect on its leader's fall on so vital an issue." Elsewhere: "From Luther to Stöcker, the Court chaplain in Berlin, runs a direct line of Jewish hatred." Nor is he self-gratulatory about his countrymen, though well he might be. He reminds his readers (Danes, to begin with), "lest there should be any self-satisfaction," that Jews returning to Holland and Denmark after the liberation "met with opposition and ill-feeling from those who had taken over their businesses."

Borchsenius is most personal and appealing in his attempt to understand the Jews, to discover unity in their perplexing diversity, to decipher a central meaning in conflicting currents of Jewish thought through the ages. Being liberal and rationalist in his own religion, he is uncomfortable with Jewish piety, for it nearly always appears to him excessive and embarrassing, Oriental and absurd. The great Jews whom he most admires are Maimonides and Moses Mendelssohn, notable for their rationalism and their mastery of high culture. His favorite period is the Spanish-Moorish, when Jews were poets and philosophers, transmitters of the culture of other civilizations. These preferences doubtless reflect his own temperament; I suspect they may have been reinforced by Graetz.

Most of all, Borchsenius admires "the new Jew," the fighter, the man of soil and action, the Israeli: "The old air of the ghetto and the habitual Jewish outlook are gone; the uncertain, obsequious, and fearful have given way to pride and confidence." Many Jews feel that way too nowadays, as uncomfortable with the values of traditional Jewish society as Borchsenius. (Not only modern Jews about traditional Jews: Negroes, too, see nothing positive in Uncle Tom, though he was conceived as a heroic figure.) Which leaves Borchsenius in a dilemma. The Spanish Jews, whom he admires, converted and have almost vanished; Mendelssohn's family and friends abandoned Judaism in an epidemic of apostasy. In whom, then, resides the mystery of the Jews, the eternal and wandering people? In Spanish Jewry, or in Polish Jewry "locked within the ghetto"? How can he reconcile the flesh-and-blood assimilated Danish Jews of his acquaintance with the idea of the Jews in history, the people God chose and who survive forever because He chose them?

This enigma of the "eternal Jew" fascinates and mystifies Borchsenius and after each attempt at probing it, he retreats in bafflement: "What is a Jew? The problem is so complicated that no one can give an answer which can be put in a nutshell." Or: "There is some secret hidden in this people which goes through fire and death, and always rises again like a phoenix from the ashes." Or: "How is it that this people, of all others, is able to stand firm; what kind of constant will to live sustains it?"

His rationalism notwithstanding, Borchsenius discovers that the only solution to the riddle is the riddle itself. Finally, he turns the interrogative sentence into a declarative one and explains triumphantly: "The Jews alone remained Jews; that is their unique history."

DARKEST AFRICA

POLITICAL AWAKENING IN THE CONGO: THE POLITICS OF FRAGMENTATION. By RENÉ LEMARCHAND. *University of California Press. 358 pp. $7.95.*

Reviewed by COLIN LEGUM

REMARKABLY LITTLE has been learned—least of all by the Belgian business community and their Western friends—about the nature of the political forces engaged in the Congo. There is an upsurge of confidence among politicians and diplomats in Leopoldville now that

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the rebellion looks as if it has crumbled and Mr. Tshombe is again riding high—no longer as the champion of Katanga separatism, but this time as the champion of Congo unification!

The Belgians are back in large numbers; the good restaurants are back in business; young Belgians and their girl friends zoom around in their latest model sports cars; it's almost impossible to get a seat at short notice on a Sabena Boeing flight to Brussels. Things, it seems, are almost back to normal—at least to the normality of the days before the mutiny of the Force Publique which turned the Congo's independence in June 1960 into swift disaster.

How many more disasters will there be before the Congo emerges into something resembling a stable society? While Patrice Lumumba was still alive, it was convenient to single him out as the principal agent of his country's misfortunes; latterly, the blame has been transferred to the militant Pan-African leaders and to the Communists—especially the Chinese. Such glib views are matched by equally misleading explanations offered by the more radical African leaders and by the Communists. According to them the fault lies with the neo-colonialists and their "stooge," Mr. Tshombe.

Such misconceptions have helped to produce external intervention in the Congo which has seriously impeded the growth of a genuinely nationalist leadership without which there is not the slightest chance of the Congo's emerging as a truly independent and stable country.

Five years after independence, an area in Africa the size of Europe stretched from Athens to Copenhagen is still fragmented into a host of separate ethnic units, with no effective government, administration, security force, or national leadership. Power is diffuse and resultantly ineffectual; corruption is rampant; unemployment is frightening; and the countryside is being steadily impoverished. In this situation the crumbling of one rebellion is simply the prelude to others.

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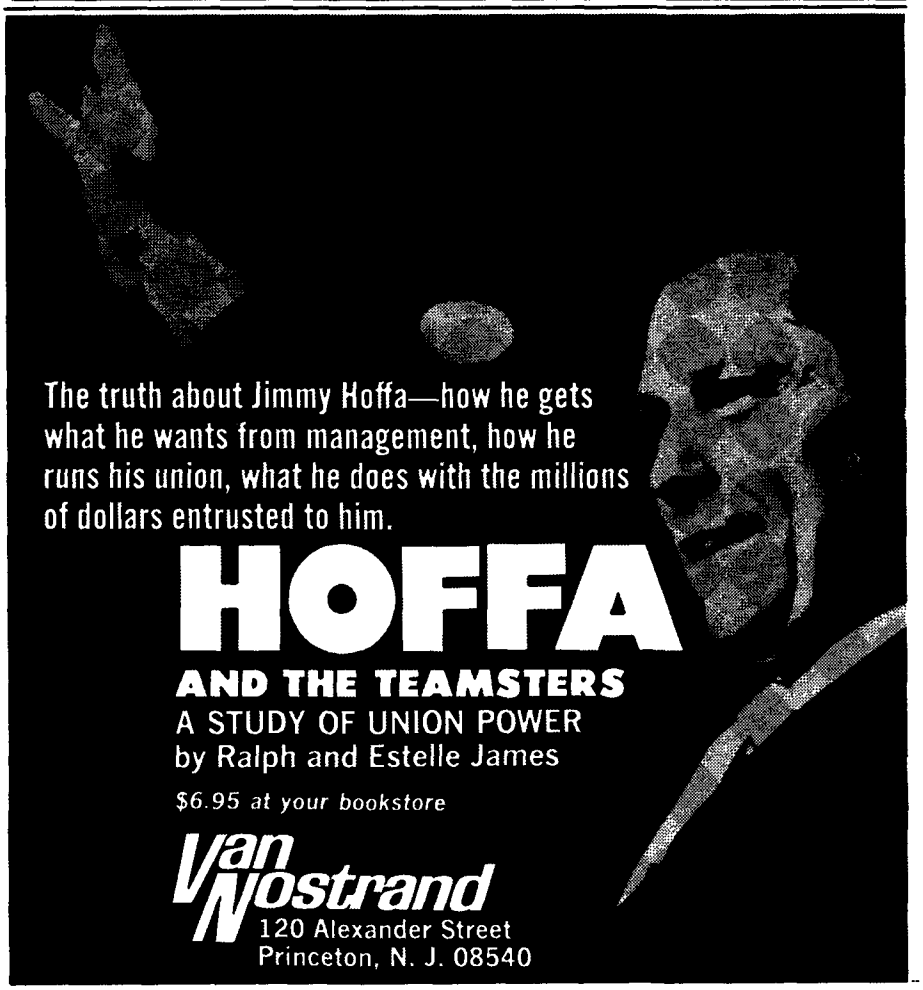
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a systematic investigation of the politics of fragmentation in the Congo. He points out that the difficulties of creating an integrated national community from a multitude of ethnic "selves" are not unique to the Congo; but elsewhere the modern nationalist movements have been sufficiently strongly developed to restrain fissiparous tendencies. "The history of Congolese nationalism is in a large measure the story of an unfinished revolution. For, although independence is now a reality, the task of national integration is only beginning."

The complex process of nationalism which was allowed to develop in the British and French colonies long before independence came, was held back in the Congo until the very end. As a consequence the nationalist forces were too weak and inexperienced to cope with the strains of independence. Not surprisingly, the country virtually fell apart after the disastrous split between President Kasavubu and the late Prime Minister Lumumba in September 1960 over their divergent ideas of how most effectively to deal with the challenge of separatism in Katanga and Kasai.

Although separatism in Katanga was precipitated by the ethnic nationalism of Tshombe's Conakat party, it was aided and abetted by Belgian financial interests and *colons* in the province. In earlier times, Katanga separatism was the policy of local Belgians who were disputing the authority of the colonial regime. Lemarchand's description of this earlier phase of Katanga separatism elucidates the natural alliance between Tshombe and certain Belgian circles.

Lemarchand is equally helpful in describing the multifarious ethnic nationalist movements which produced the splurge of political "parties" in the pre-independence elections. The contest for power to replace the Belgian authority resolved itself into a competition for the support of these ethnic nationalist groups, each of which produced its "favorite sons"; they bargained their alliance for concessions to their particularist interests plus a share of the pork barrel. Thus the contest for power assumed the character of a national

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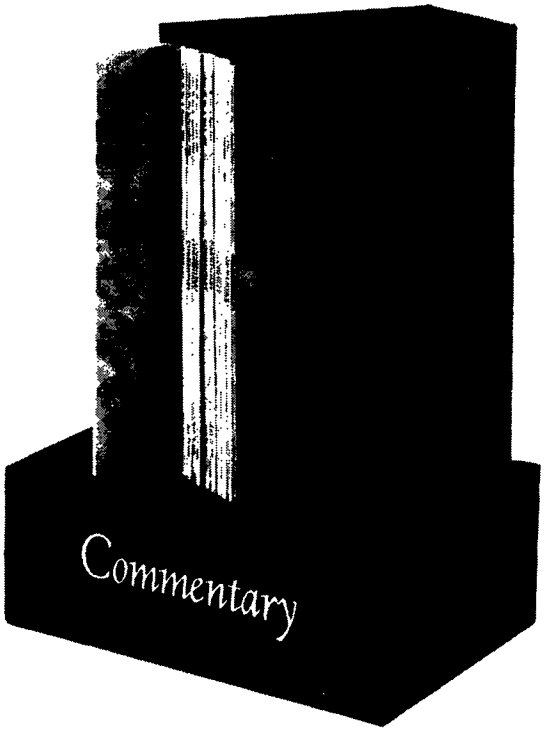

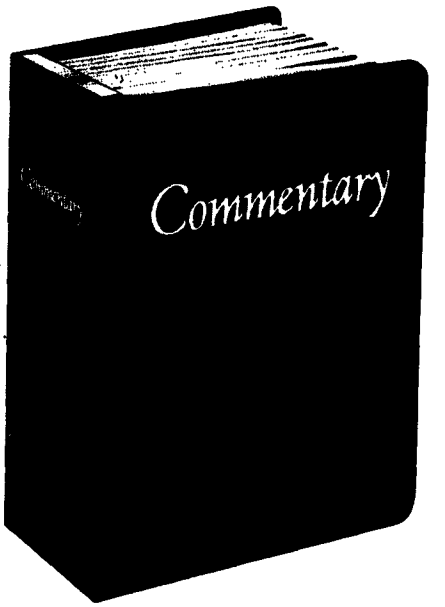

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auction rather than that of a dedicated effort to create a sense of national consciousness and discipline without which no emergent nation can possibly hope to survive. No wonder that Lumumba—a dedicated nationalist if an erratic personality—cracked under the double strain of trying to deal with ethnocentric internal pressures and anxious external intervention.

RAW THOUGH the ideas are in any clash of ethnic nationalisms, nonetheless the emergent Congolese politicians soon began to divide along the same lines as the leaders of more sophisticated societies when faced with the problems of creating a viable nation-state. Lumumba exemplified the radical nationalist who thinks in terms of a strongly centralized unitary state—although he later mellowed under pressure to allow for the possibility of a limited form of federalism. Kasavubu, on the other hand, was always a strong believer in federalism. As the real initiator of Congolese independence, he should have been in a strong position to make the running on this issue. But Kasavubu has not been much of a pace-setter since independence: his role has been more that of an anchor-man. He simply digs in his toes and refuses to give ground—a policy which has kept him close to the center of such power as has existed since independence. Tshombe took a third view—he believed in confederation. With the eclipse of Lumumba, the contest in the Congo turned into one between federalists and confederalists. Where does Tshombe stand on these issues now that he has the smell of power in his nostrils? Sometimes he gives the impression that he may emulate his bitter antagonist, Lumumba, by seeking to centralize power in his own hands—the precipitating factor in causing Lumumba's downfall. If Tshombe should strike out in this direction, the next important phase in the struggle for power in the Congo may be another clash between President and Prime Minister. In the earlier clash Lumumba was broken by Kasavubu; would Tshombe fare better?

Unlike Lumumba, however, Tshombe seems to be preparing a line of retreat: back to confederation. He is consolidating his power in Katanga, and will no doubt seek to reunify it into one state instead of leaving it in the three pieces into which it was carved by his opponents after the UN forces had broken his bid for secession. This would reopen the conflict between federalists and confederalists.

The outcome of these maneuvers will be determined mainly by the nature and the strength of the ethnic nationalist forces, but to an increasing degree also by the factors making for radicalism in a country which is still teetering on the brink of anarchy. Professor Lemarchand's *Political Awakening in the Congo* provides an admirable guide for those who want to know what the real nature of the struggle is among the Congolese antagonists engaged in their "Unfinished Revolution." It is not necessary to agree with all of Lemarchand's interpretations or conclusions to respect the integrity and thoroughness of his scholarship.

GETTING OUT OF POWER

PEOPLE OR PERSONNEL: DECENTRALIZING AND THE MIXED SYSTEM. By PAUL GOODMAN. *Random House. 247 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER LASCH

PAUL GOODMAN'S latest book, like his earlier ones, tends to divorce the idea of politics from the idea of power. His analysis of what is wrong with American society is as convincing as ever, and it is hard not to sympathize with his plea for decentralization and a return to "community"; but how are these things to come about? By putting off the politics of power, according to Goodman, and putting on the politics of love; by learning to live "communally and without authority"; by working "usefully" and feeling "friendly." As so often happens in American radicalism, power and authority themselves are defined as the source of evil. Politics then becomes non-politics; for politics is not "feeling friendly" but that which has to do with power.

Goodman has heard these arguments, of course, and he can reply

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INSIDE THE WARSAW GHETTO

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SCROLL OF AGONY

Twenty years after the Warsaw Ghetto was annihilated, Chaim A. Kaplan's diary was found intact on a farm outside Warsaw, carefully preserved in a kerosene can. Kaplan's notebooks, with their pages of beautiful, unbelievably disciplined Hebrew script, are an eyewitness account of the Nazi occupation of Warsaw, and a unique account of the destruction of the Jewish communities of Poland—for Kaplan persistently, at great personal risk, kept a detailed record of the cumulative Nazi horror. The diary is presented here in English translation by Abraham I. Katsh, the distinguished Hebrew scholar.

Scroll of Agony begins on September 1, 1939, as the author, who had been a respected member of the Warsaw Jewish community for forty years, records the Nazi blitzkrieg that stunned the world—the Jews of Poland most of all. It ends in August, 1942, when Kaplan realized that the Nazi noose was around his neck and determined at all costs to save his diary, although he knew now that he could not save his own life. "I have an inner awareness that I am fulfilling a national obligation," he wrote. "It is a historic responsibility."

Kaplan had resolved to be objective in his account, and he records the politics of occupation; the quartering of the city; the building of the ghetto walls; the growing, choking constriction in all aspects of human life. Yet his orderly script also records the outcry of a man of intellect and passion caught in a world of nightmare, screaming for sanity. This was a world of starvation, forced labor, and epidemics; of capricious death and the planned mass murder in which Nazism excelled. It was at the same time a world in which the struggle for survival included spiritual resistance: maintaining personal dignity in the face of humiliation and danger, holding services behind drawn shades, struggling to keep the schools open, even dancing in the courtyards; holding on to the rich fabric of communal life, in the face of the strongest force of dehumanization that the world has ever seen.

Stern, intractable, and doomed, Kaplan moved through the ghetto, experiencing all he could of this world around him—the fierce extremes of hope and fear; the gallows humor and the wild, conflicting rumors set by the Nazis; secret searches for the lost Jewish communities; the latest news from Reuters, passed hastily from mouth to mouth; indefatigable political and religious arguments; the bitter hatred for collaborators.

This book is itself a fabric, with strands of hope and anguish, of faith in humanity and fear that the world would never know or care what happened in Warsaw, of elegy and Old Testament anathema, of life and death and indestructible humanity.

CHAIM A. KAPLAN was born in 1880 in White Russia. He received a classical Talmudic education as well as a secular one. An educator and writer, Kaplan founded a pioneering Hebrew school in Warsaw and wrote frequently for Hebrew and Yiddish periodicals. He was the author of several Hebrew textbooks for children, two of which are still in print in the United States. It is believed that he died in late 1942 or early 1943.

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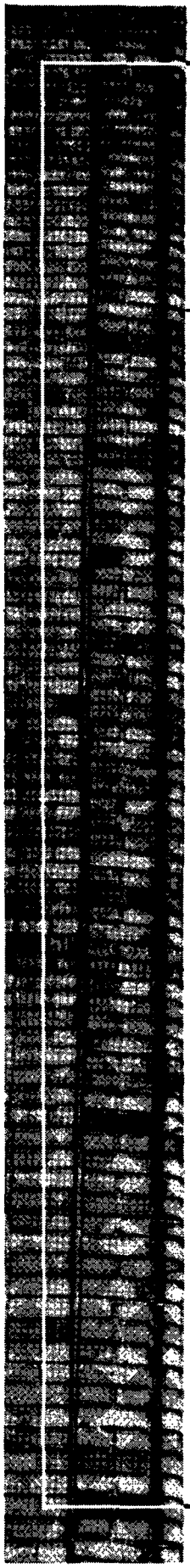

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that the "psychology of power" is itself a "neurotic ideology." So it is, when it becomes an ideology; but an understanding of the neurotic obsession with power should not be used to rule out power, arbitrarily, as a subject of political analysis. Ruling out power simply means that Goodman's proposals become subjects *not* for political discussion at all, if politics is concerned with the institutional relationships among groups of people, but for psychology. Having analyzed the evils of centralization—a political question, because it involves the distribution of power—Goodman prescribes not political solutions but therapy. As Robert L. Heilbroner has pointed out, he does not call on anyone to give up power; he only asks them to give up the psychology of power—an appeal that is not so disturbing as Goodman likes to think.

Two ESSAYS in particular, in the present collection, raise questions about power. One is a fine piece on the Columbia University Seminars, in which Goodman shows that important educational ends can be achieved by an institution that engages neither in teaching nor in research. When they were set up in 1944, the Seminars were supposed to do the things which modern universities consider so important: train advanced students, publish books and papers, solve problems. In fact they have never done any of these things. They exclude students, they sponsor no research, and they have not solved the problems (such as how to keep peace) which they were supposed to solve. Instead, they provide a setting in which scholars can talk and think together, without regard for formal academic boundaries, about what interests them, rather in the spirit of the 18th-century scholarly associations. They furnish a means of reviving the general discourse among scholars which the modern university, with its bureaucratic structure and its insistence on "production," has so much disrupted.

Some of the members of the Seminars have grown impatient with this state of affairs. Paul Lazarsfeld wants to publicize the Seminars, to integrate them into the university, and to use them to

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compete with other schools in attracting students—in other words, to use them to serve conventional academic purposes which have nothing much to do with thinking and talking. Frank Tannenbaum, director of the Seminars, replies that "if this were to become an administrative operation, the Seminar movement would ultimately wither away." Goodman adds that the conflict between these points of view was probably inevitable, "because our society is centralized and bureaucratized and rich, and the Seminars are decentralized and autonomous and poor."

As AN example of the desirability of "spontaneous administration," Goodman's discussion of the Seminars seems completely convincing. The question is what conditions are necessary to bring more such examples into being, or even to preserve this one. Goodman mentions three:

> In any spontaneously administered community, it seems to me, two factors are of major importance: the power of the idea and needs that makes the members cooperate, and the nature—especially the social nature—of the members. (A third important factor is a surrounding environment that allows the community to live and breathe.)

Goodman characteristically states the last of these requirements as a parenthetical afterthought. It would nevertheless appear to be in some ways the most important. If Columbia had not been willing to tolerate the Seminars for twenty years, neither the members' willingness to cooperate nor the ends which united them would have generated very much spontaneous administration. This fact reminds us that the university itself, whatever its defects, in some ways still remains an enclave in American society and devotes itself to objects which are not those of the society as a whole—just as the Seminars are an enclave within Columbia University. But if the business of American society as a whole is production and power, as Goodman says it is, what chance does "spontaneous administration" have outside a university or other intermediate institution which is willing

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to let it exist? In other words, the important fact in the success of the Seminars may be the power of the university to withstand outside pressure (just as the universities, on other occasions, have protected their faculties from witch-hunting politicians). What is distressing, of course, is that the price of the university's power seems to be the very preoccupation with competing for top students and attracting government and foundation money that now threatens to destroy the Seminars. In the face of this situation, one can either resign oneself or try to hold the university to its real purpose—at least to prevent it from encroaching on the few genuinely educational experiments that have sprung up, by accident, in its midst. In any case the power of the university, for good or evil, exists; it cannot simply be ignored.

Another essay in *People or Personnel* deals with H. Stuart Hughes's candidacy for the Senate in 1962. As a diagnosis of the "psychology of power" and of the American radical's preoccupation with "getting into power," this essay, like the one on the University Seminars, is extremely persuasive. But it is not so easy to agree with the proposition that the way to get rid of "our system of government" is to get rid of the psychology of power itself. Indeed it is not easy to agree that getting rid of the "system" ought to be the aim of those who object to it. Not that the system works; but neither can it be overthrown. To put it crudely, nobody has the power to overthrow it—not even the Negroes, even if overthrowing it was what was on their minds. "Pacifism," Goodman says, "is revolutionary: we will not have peace unless there is a profound change in social structure, including getting rid of national sovereign power." This is not politics but day-dreaming.

It is true that many intellectuals, ostensibly critics of the present social order, covet its rewards and envy those "in power." But Goodman cannot show this attitude to have characterized Hughes's campaign for senator. He can only argue that such campaigns fail by definition: even if elected, a peace candidate "could hardly take a Constitutional oath to proceed to ring down the flag." And "nothing less will serve," Goodman argues.

Goodman writes feelingly of the sense of powerlessness that pervades American society, but it does not seem to me that the antidote for a sense of powerlessness is to be told that "nothing less will serve" than ringing down the flag. If we can't have peace without a revolution, then we are powerless indeed. We had better assume that we can have peace by changing our foreign policy; or to go a step further, that we can restore something like democracy without engineering a revolution. A good place to begin would be to persuade people to stop believing everything the government tells them about its defense of the "free world." The sense of powerlessness above all reflects an excessive respect for authority, a deference to "experts," a feeling that our problems are too complicated for ordinary people to deal with. There used to be, in this country, a healthy suspicion of authority, rooted, however, not in the spirit of non-resistance but in the egalitarian belief that one man's opinion was as good as another's. This attitude no doubt ignored certain complexities of government, but its revival seems to me something worth working for, with the traditional techniques of political agitation—writing, speaking, arguing, even running for office. Before anything can be done along these lines, however, one group of social critics—the one Goodman rightly criticizes for its fascination with "getting into power"—will have to stop pretending to be experts themselves and secretly envying the experts in Washington. And another group of critics—the one exemplified by Paul Goodman—will have to stop pretending to be revolutionaries. We need a revolution, but making the need for revolution the basis of political agitation is a good way to defeat even the possibility of meaningful reform.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

GEORGE KATEB, *who teaches at Amherst, is the author of* Utopia and Its Enemies.
V. S. PRITCHETT, *the distinguished English critic, is a new contributor.*
LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ's *book on East European Jews will be published next year by Holt.*
COLIN LEGUM *is the African correspondent for the* London Observer.
CHRISTOPHER LASCH, *another new contributor, wrote* The New Radicalism in America.

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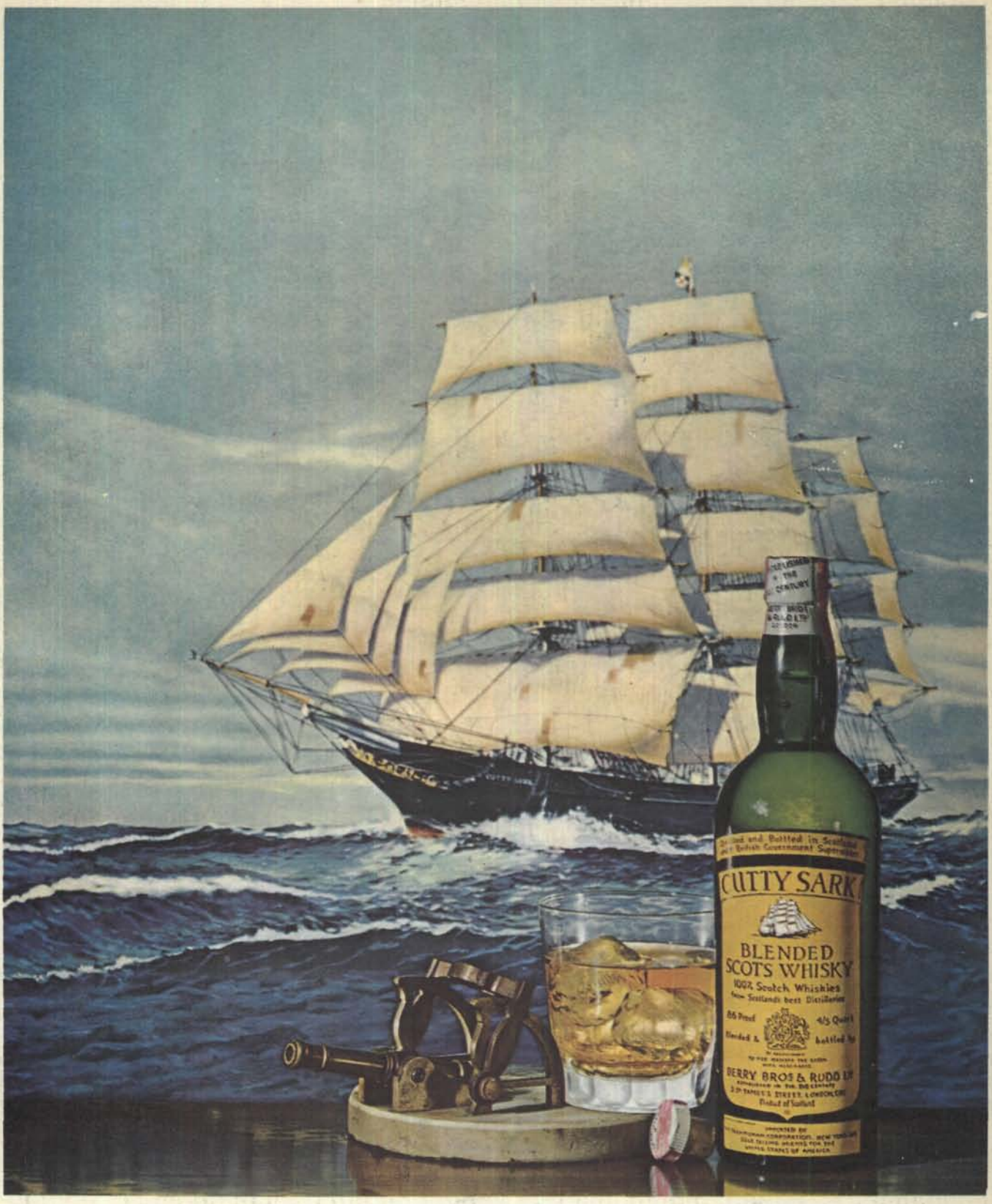

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